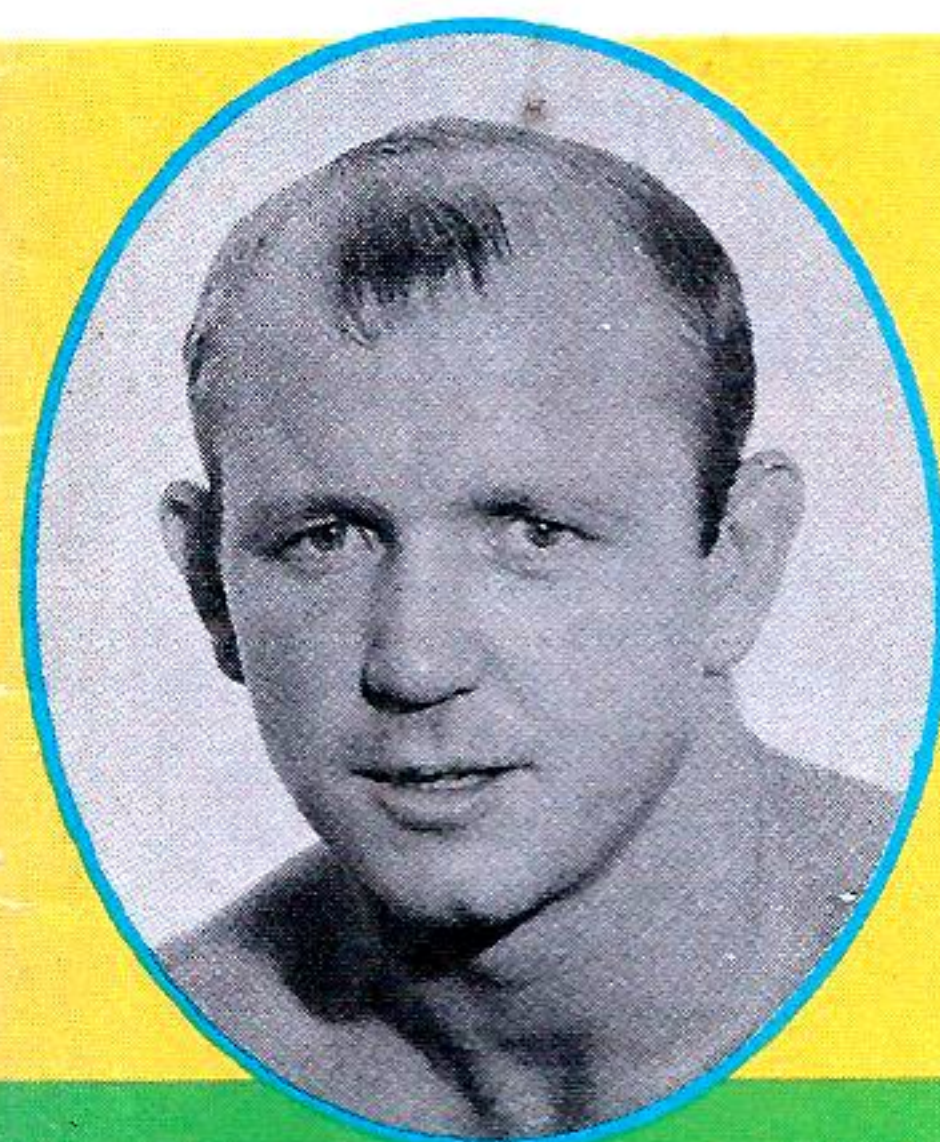
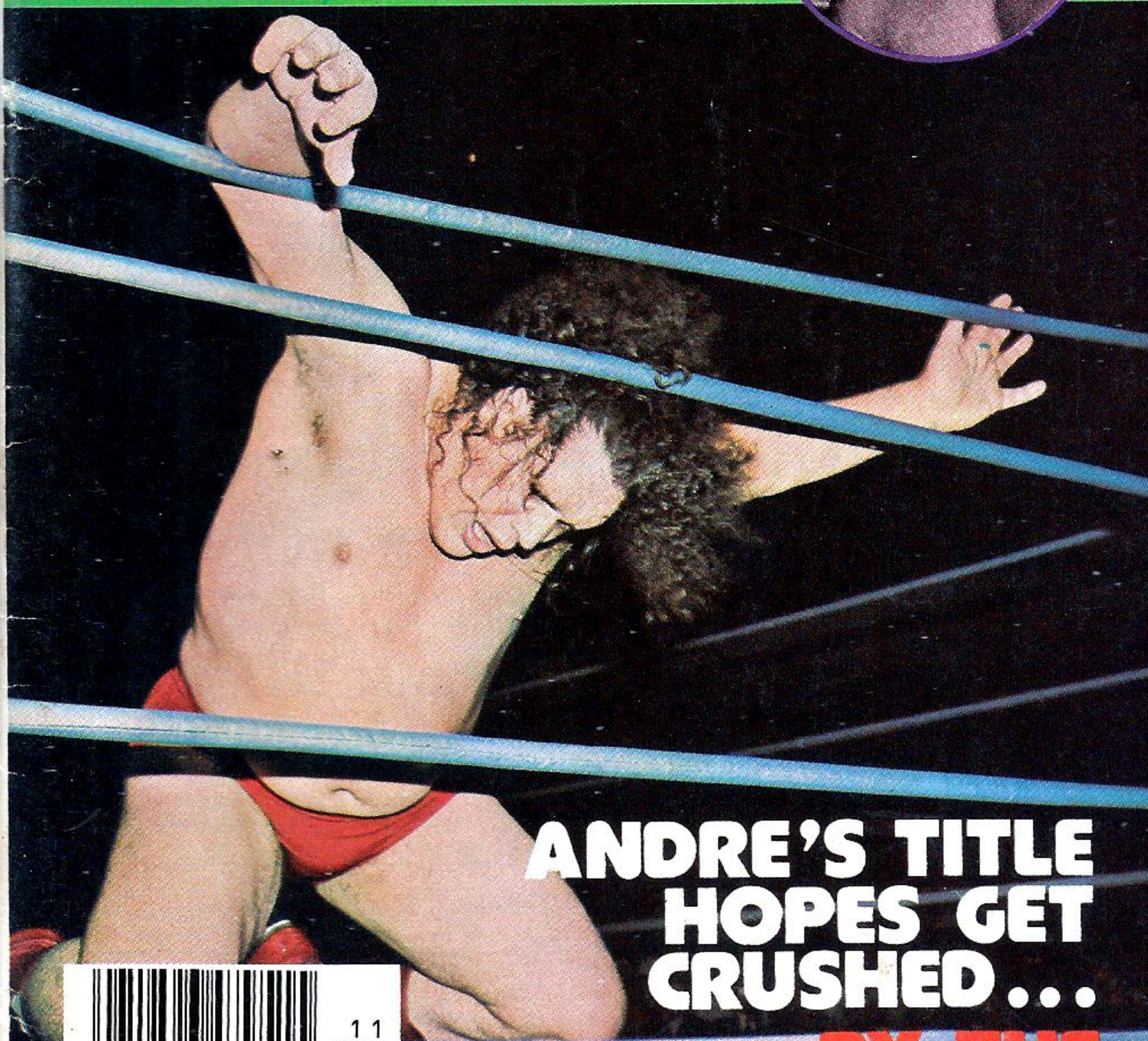
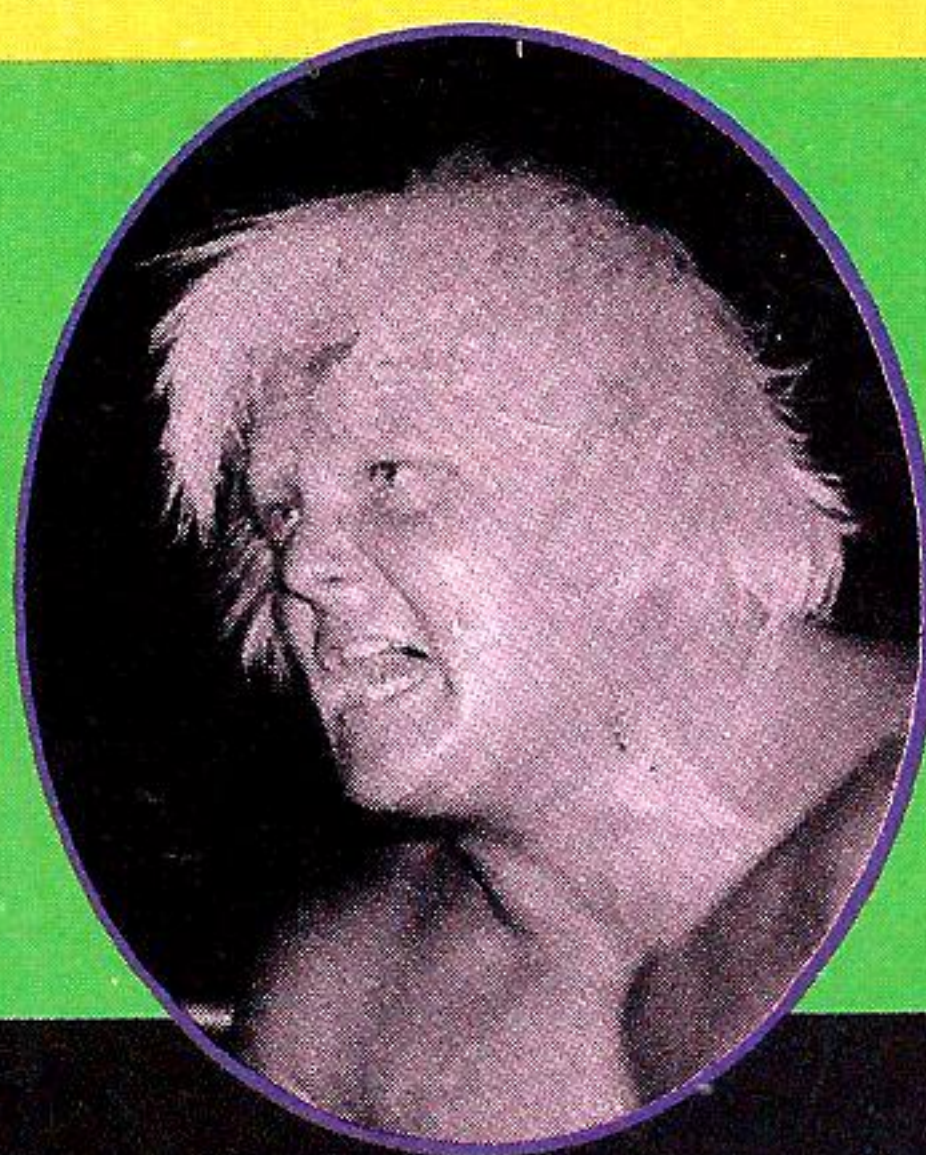


THE Wrestler



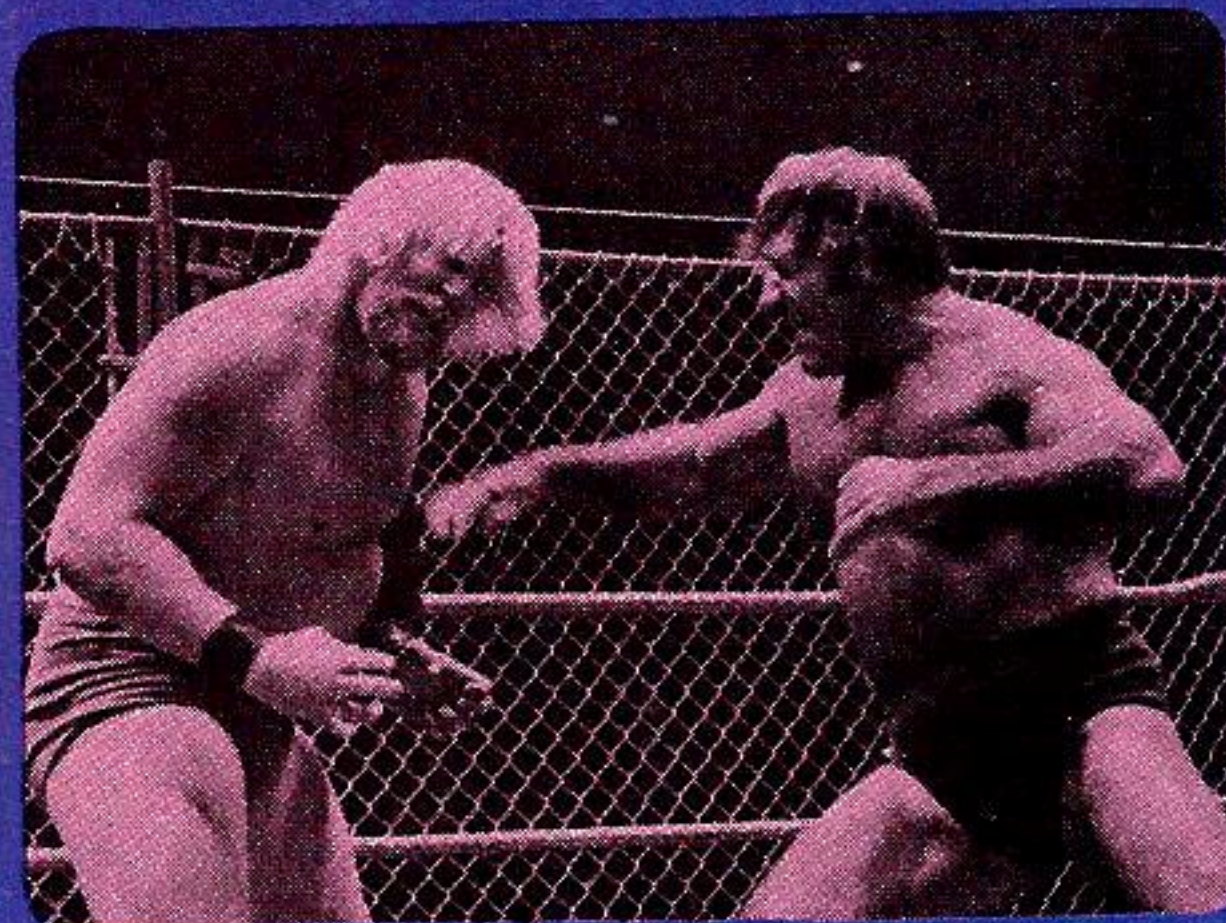
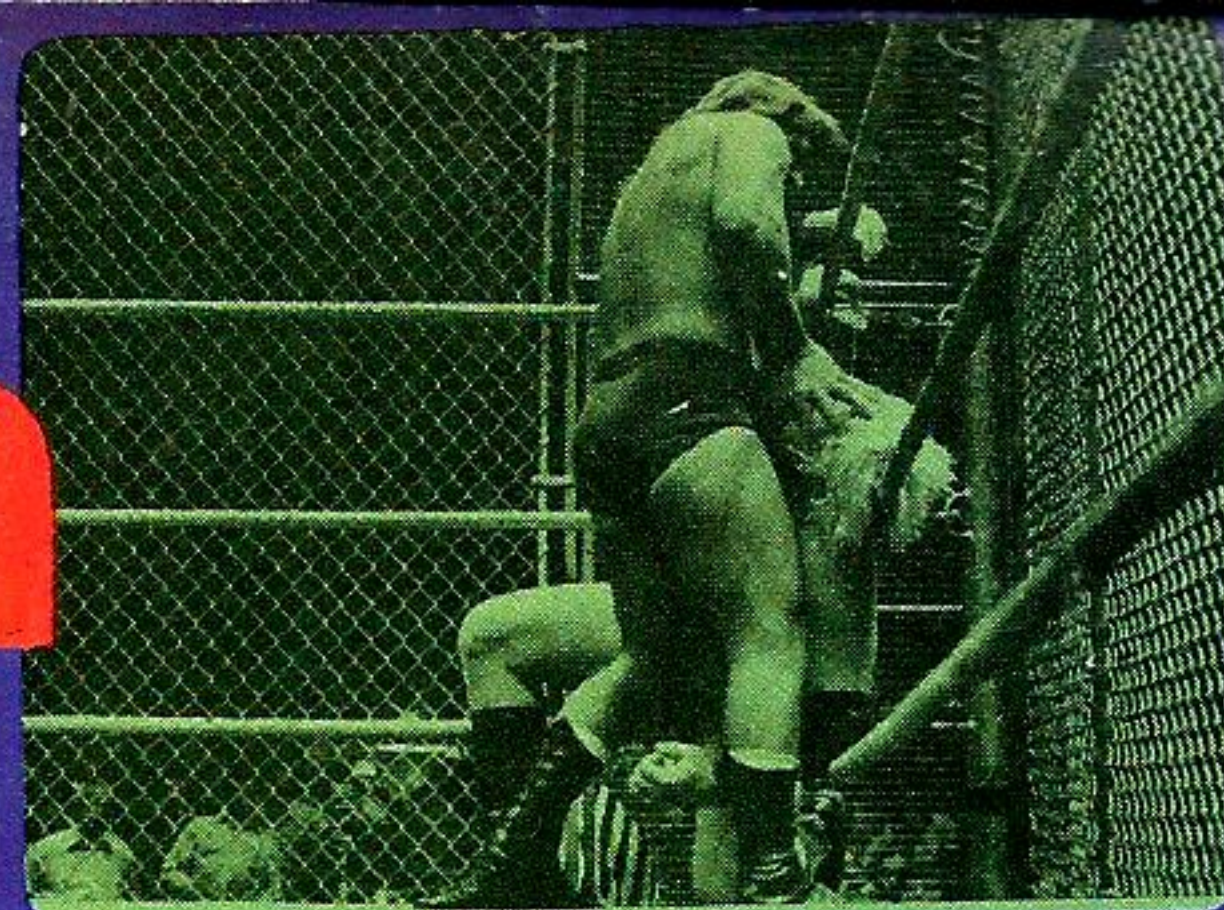
***Dory's Warning to
Top Contenders:***
**"I'M MY BROTHER'S
POLICEMAN!"**

**An Open Letter
to Greg Valentine:**
**YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE
YOUR PAST**



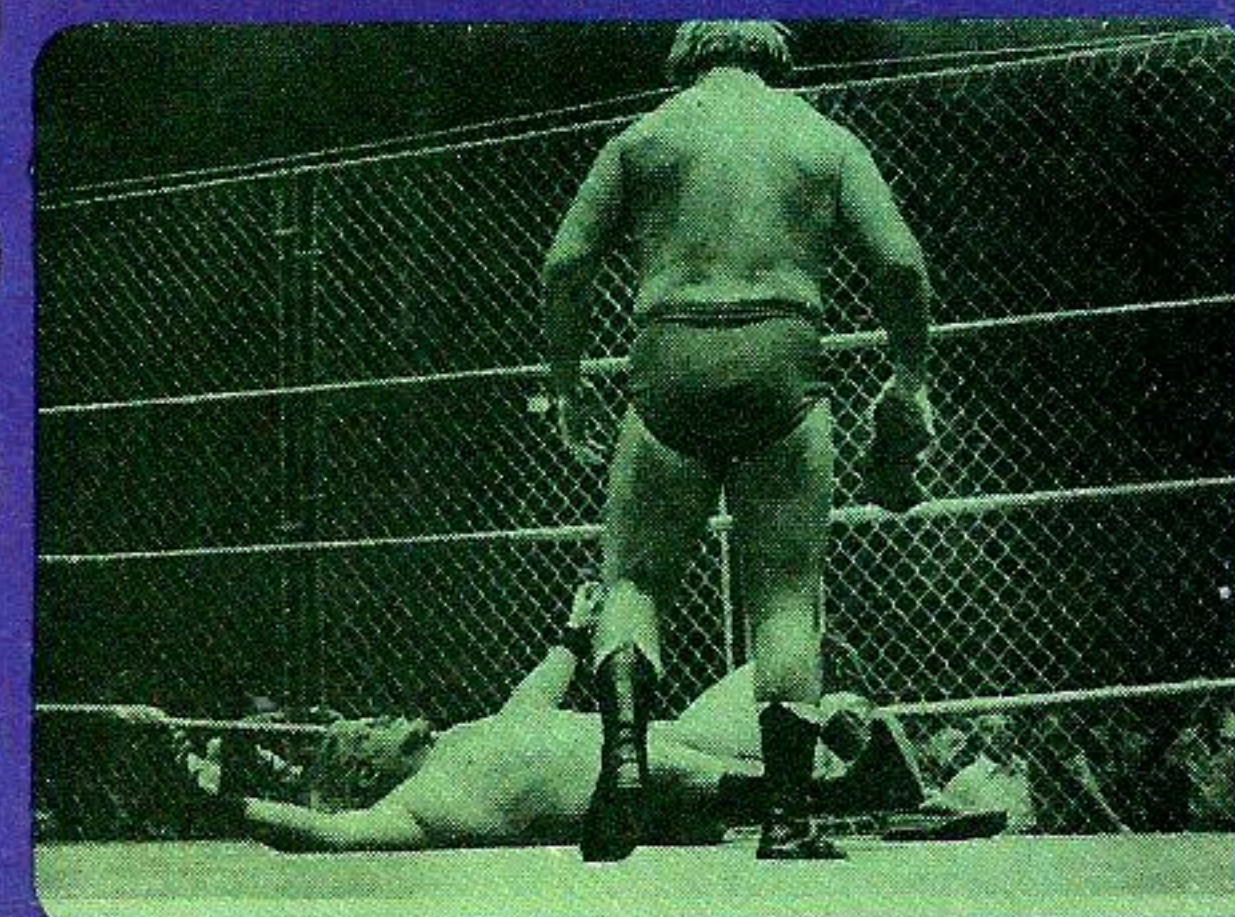
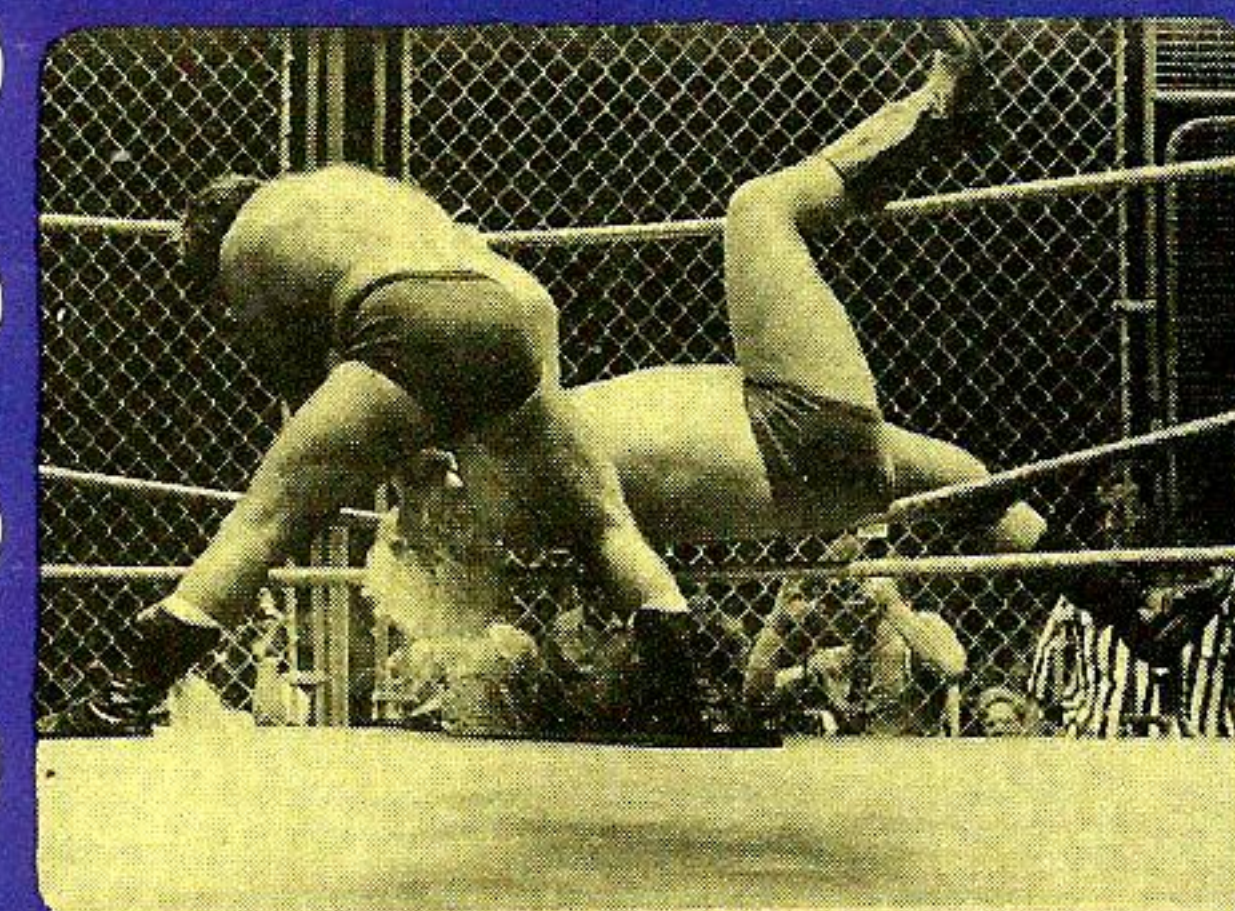
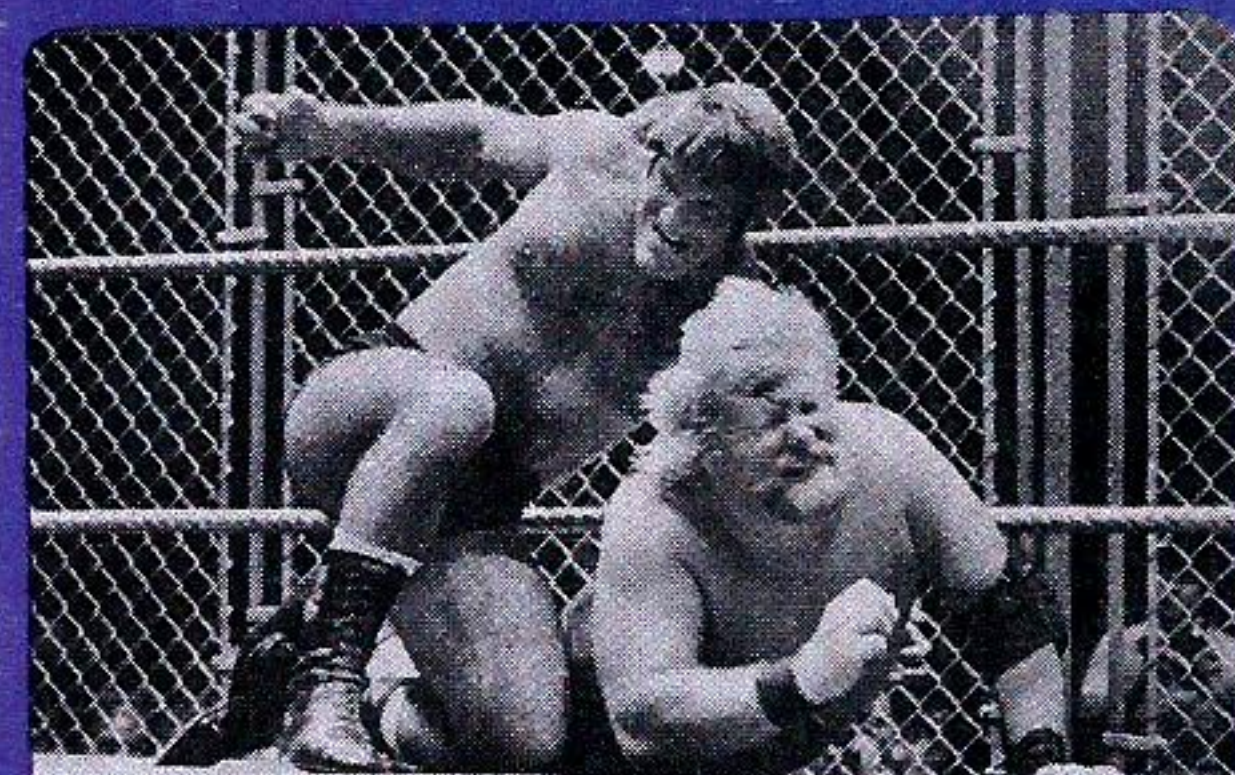
**ANDRE'S TITLE
HOPES GET
CRUSHED...**

**BY THE
RUSSIAN BEAR**



Bruno-Hansen Cage Match

**INCREDIBLE
SAMMARTINO
IS VICTORIOUS
AGAIN!**



Wrestler^{THE}



COVER PHOTOS BY BILL APTER
& THEO EHRET

THE WRESTLER is published monthly by T.V. Sports Inc., Box 58, Rockville Centre, NY 11571. Single copy price \$1.00; annual subscription rate \$9. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage. No part of this magazine can be reproduced without written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved.

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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: BRUNO SAMMARTINO

- 1—BRUISER BRODIE
- 2—STAN STASIAK
- 3—STAN HANSEN
- 4—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 7—BOBO BRAZIL
- 8—BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 9—TOR KAMATA
- 10—DOUG GILBERT

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 2—VERNE GAGNE
- 3—LARRY HENNIG
- 4—JOE LEDUC
- 5—MAD DOG VACHON
- 6—PETER MAIVIA
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 9—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 10—JIM BRUNZELL

MOST POPULAR

- 1—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—MR. WRESTLING II
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 9—MIKE GRAHAM
- 10—PEPPER GOMEZ

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: TERRY FUNK

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 4—THE SHEIK
- 5—FRITZ VON ERICH
- 6—JERRY LAWLER
- 7—HARLEY RACE
- 8—DORY FUNK JR.
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—BILL WATTS

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 2—THE MASKED EXECUTIONERS
- 3—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 4—CHIEF STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 5—BOB BACKLUND & STEVE KEIRN
- 6—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 7—THE MONGOLS
- 8—DEAN HO & KEN MANTELL
- 9—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 10—PHIL HICKERSON & DENNIS CONDRI

MOST HATED

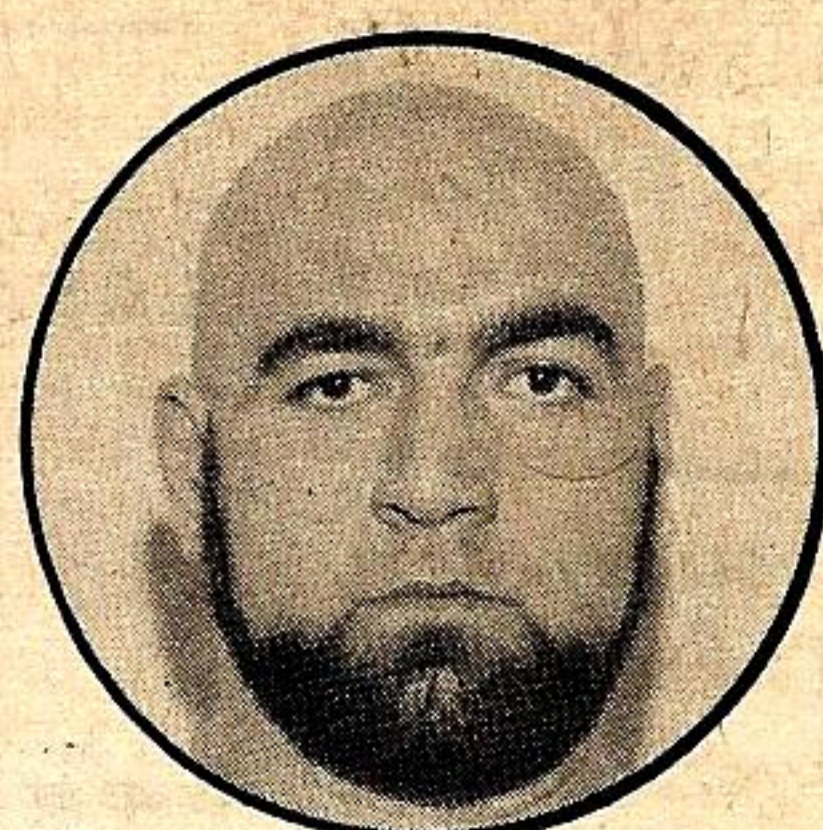
- 1—THE SHEIK
- 2—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 3—TERRY FUNK
- 4—STAN HANSEN
- 5—THE SPOILER
- 6—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 7—STAN STASIAK
- 8—ERNIE LADD
- 9—JERRY LAWLER
- 10—MR. FUGI



BRUISER BRODIE



JACK BRISCO



JOE LEDUC



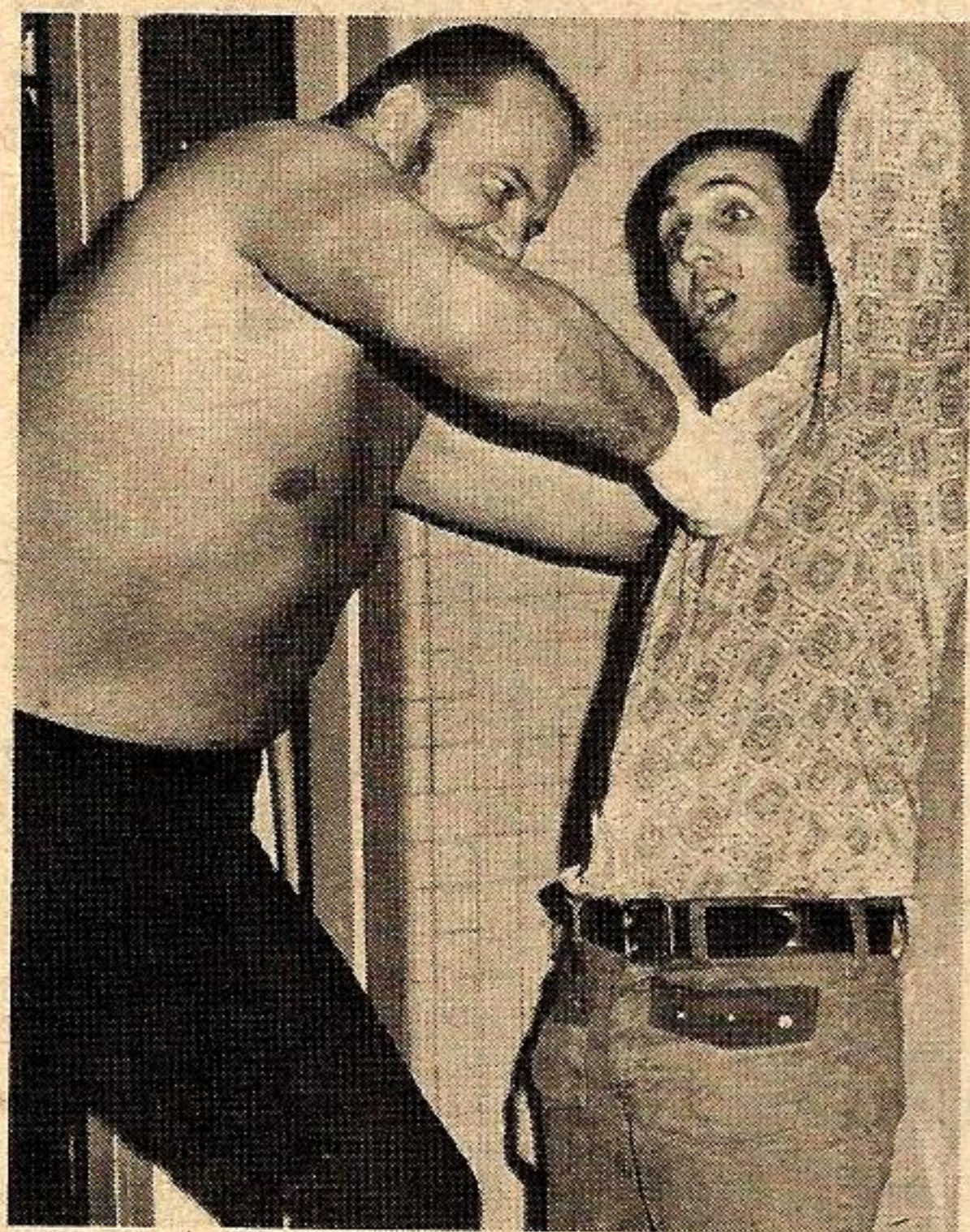
MIL MASCARAS

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

STAN STASIAK IS back in the east and I'm asking for an extra-long vacation. A few years ago Stasiak hit me with his dreaded heartpunch. Stasiak wrote here recently, saying, "I'm burnt up at some of the stories you guys have printed about me. This time I'm gonna finish that damn reporter with my heartpunch. He's got to be taught a lesson." Stasiak, I'm staying far away from you!

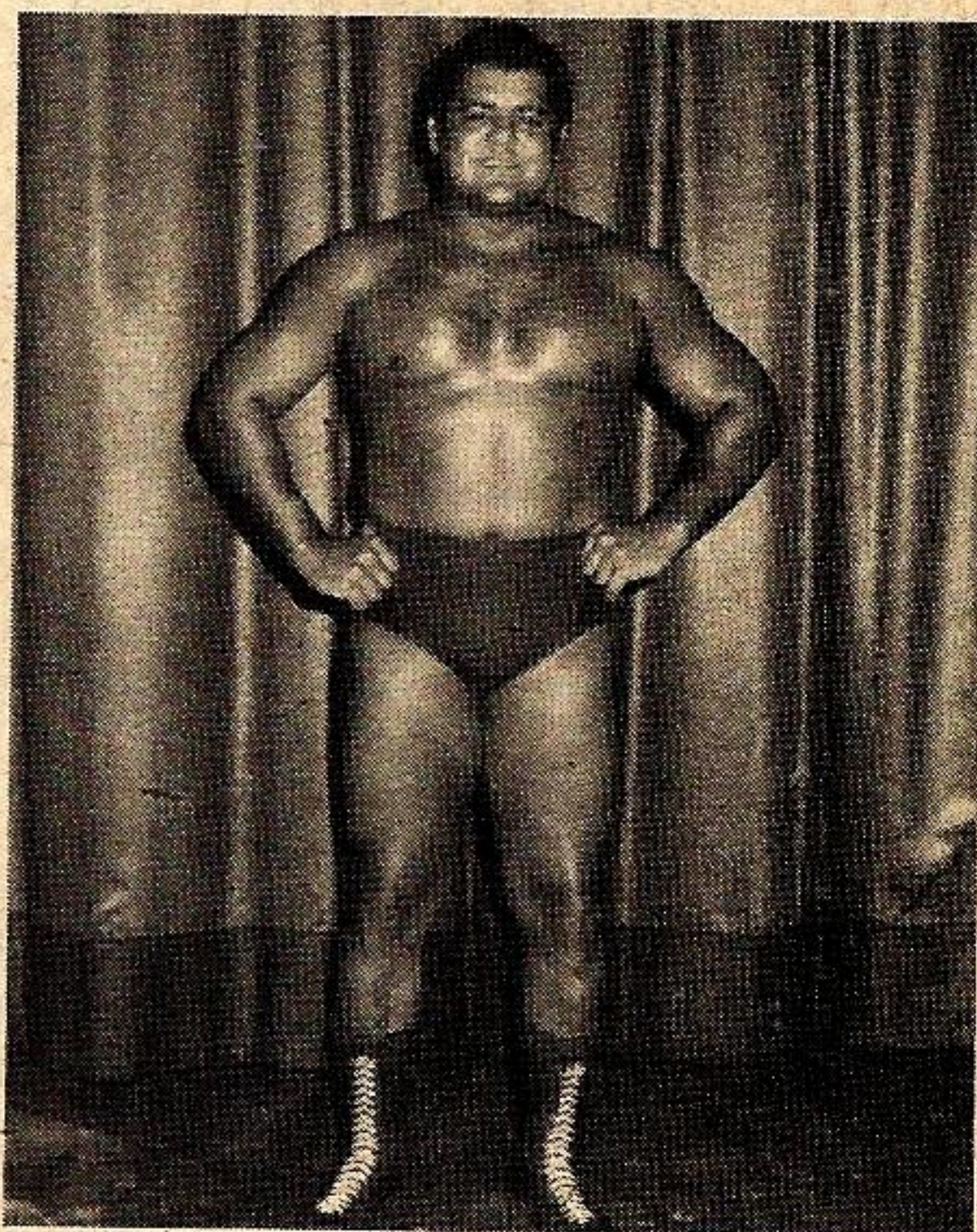
Bobby Heenan is now in charge of



Above left: Stan Stasiak assaults reporter Bill Apter with his infamous heart punch. Apter survived once, but Stasiak wants one more chance! Above right: Pedro Morales may go to the AWA area.

"No way!" exclaims Hansen. "I'm here to stay. A lot of guys chicken out and leave the area after rasslin' Sammartino. Not me buddy. I'm not finished by a longshot!" The lariat expert vows to have another match against Bruno and break the champ's neck again.

Kevin Von Erich, son of the famed Fritz Von Eric, made his ring debut in Texas recently. Kevin won his first match and papa Fritz was all smiles



Tommy Tsuruta quickly making himself one of Japan's most important wrestlers as he defeats top star after top star . . . Billy Robinson is globe-trotting . . . Wrestling experts at our west coast base claim they know the true identity of The Executioners. They say the masked men are Jim and John Valiant. Lou Albano says you're wrong, guys! . . . Blackjack Morris impressed Seattle fans with a technical victory over Francisco Flores . . . The Grand Wizard hoping to pair Bruiser Brodie with Stan Hansen in the near future. He's working out arrangements with Hansen's manager, Freddie Blassie.

Georgia correspondent Dennis Corollo says fans down there want an unmasking match between Mr. Wrestling II and Spoiler.

"I'd agree to it," says Wrestling II.

"That's garbage!" explodes Spoiler. "I've beaten that freak so many times it's pathetic. I don't need that kind of match against him. I don't need any match against him. I'm bored silly beating him!"

Pedro Morales hopes if all goes well and he does go into the AWA areas in the near future, he'll be able to team with his good chum Chief Peter Maivia. Pedro and Peter once teamed quite successfully in California. The fans would surely love to see them take the belts from Lanza and Duncum.

It took a lot of time, but Mil Mascaras has finally announced his choice of the winner in INSIDE WRESTLING'S "Win a Mil Mascaras Mask" contest. See this month's issue of our sister publication for the winner's name and the official presentation of the mask.

In a recent poll conducted by our magazines in arenas all over the country, it was revealed Terry Funk is one of the most unpopular champions in NWA history. How did Terry take

(Continued on page 52)

both the AWA single and tag team championships. While piloting Nick Bockwinkel on to victory after victory, Heenan's team of Blackjack Lanza and Bobby Duncum demolished Bruiser and Crusher and won the tag belts. Heenan fondly refers to his group as "The Family" and, you guessed it, he calls himself "the Big Daddy of the clan!"

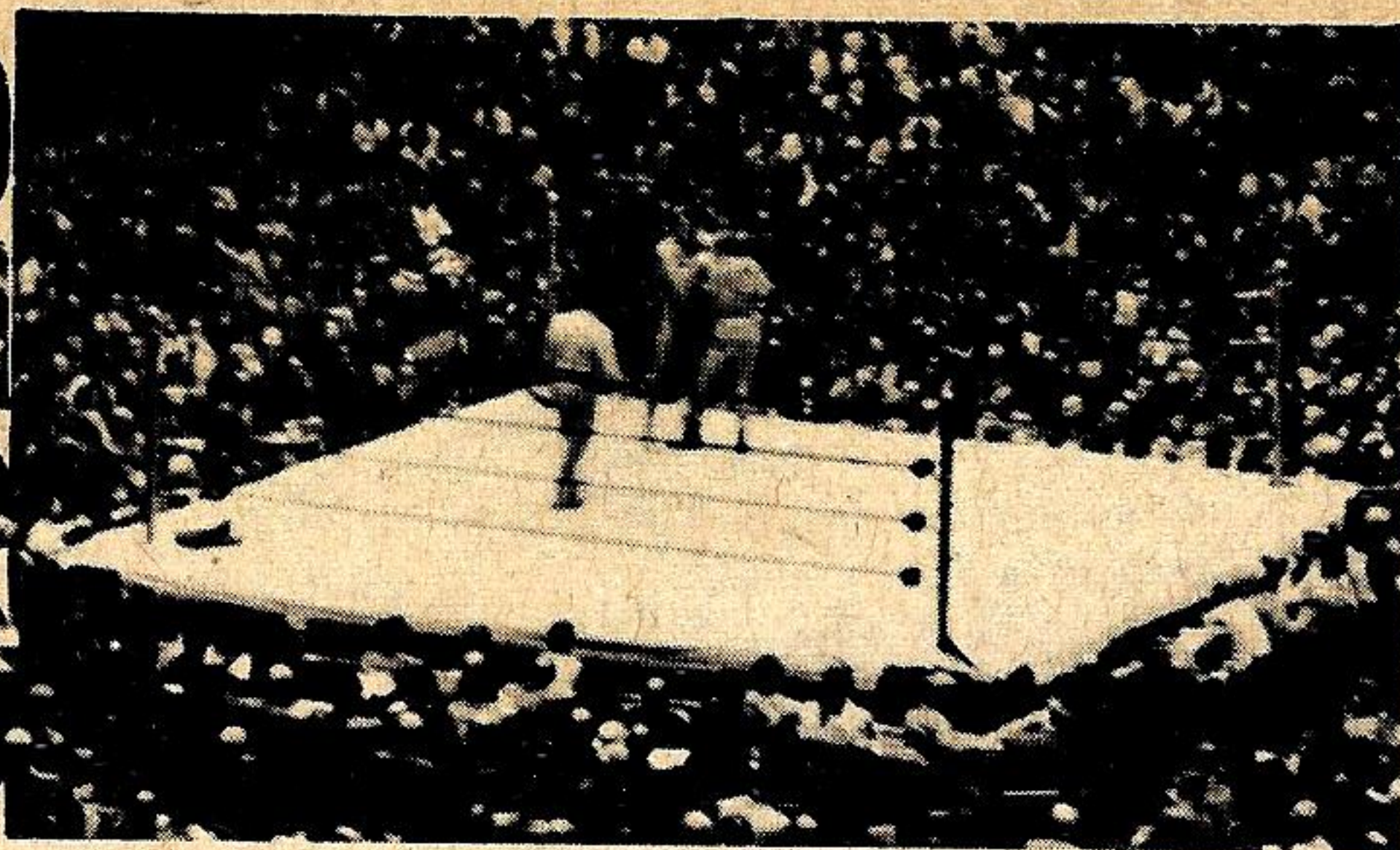
After his brutal cage match against Bruno Sammartino, it would figure Stan Hansen would leave the WWF area.

afterwards. "I hope he'll continue to improve so one day I can be proud of my son, the world heavyweight champion!" says Fritz.

Most tag teams train together many long months before they make it to the top. Some fail even after long sessions. Phil Hickerson and Dennis Condry, Tennessee tag team kings, boast, "We don't have to train. We haven't trained a day in our lives. We are the products of natural ability. We are perfect!"

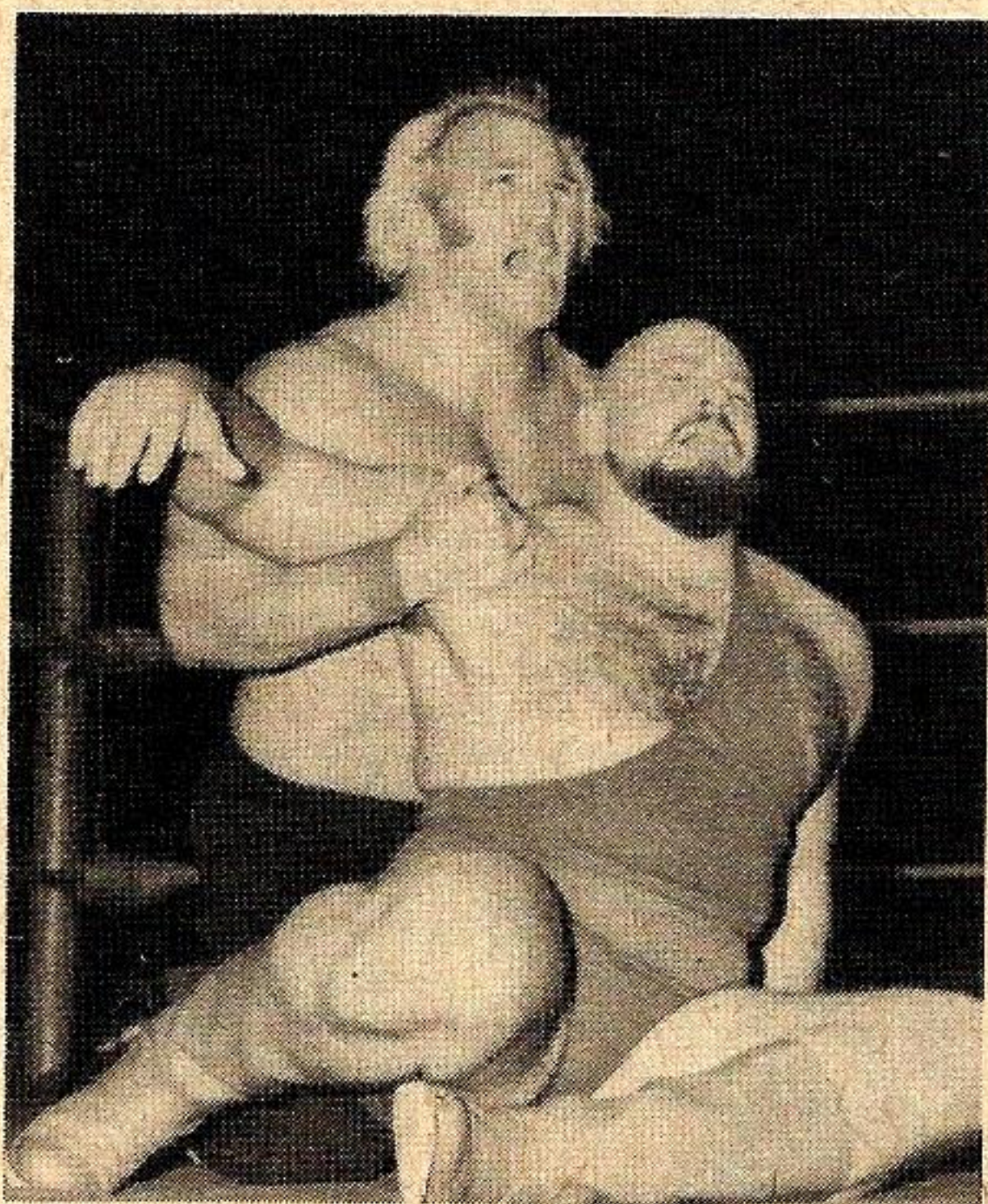
Red Bastien has left his Texas base for a stint in the mid-Atlantic states . . .

YOUR LETTERS



NO TROUBLE PLEASE

In reference to your article, "Is There Trouble Brewin' Between Superstar and Koloff?" (THE WRESTLER/ August 1976), I sure hope not. Superstar Graham and Ivan Koloff comprise one of the greatest tag teams of all time. Here's proof: Superstar Graham has officially defeated Sammartino, Putski, Lothario, DeNucci, Monsoon, Patera, Gonzales, Barrett, Robinson, Wahoo McDaniel, and many, many others. Ivan Koloff has officially defeated Sammartino,



Superstar Graham and Ivan Koloff are rumored to be having trouble maintaining their partnership.

Strongbow, White Wolf, Calhoun, Mascaras, and many others.

As a tag team, they have already defeated Barrett and Calhoun, Putski and Gonzales, and Parisi and Cerdan. If it weren't for Bruno, they, not The Executioners, would have become the new WWF tag team champions. Cerdan was helpless and unable to continue in the corner while Parisi was in the middle of the ring, unable to move. Then Bruno came charging into the ring, a place where he had no right

to be, and interfered in the match, causing the disqualification of Parisi and Cerdan and most of all, costing Superstar and Koloff the last chance to win the belts before The Executioners won the title.

JOE PALESTRINI
Farmingdale, N.Y.

A CLEAN SWEEP

In response to your article, "Will Dusty Rhodes Become a 'Bad Guy' Again?" (THE WRESTLER/ August 1976), the answer is NO! Dusty has swept through Florida without the use of illegal tactics. The "Rhodes Rooters" here will always have faith in Big Dust. Keep up the good work, Dusty!

JOSEPH D.E. PILKONIS
Pittston, Penn.

HE'S HAD IT!

All right, I have had it! I have kept my feelings in long enough. The article entitled "Will Dusty Rhodes Become a 'Bad Guy' Again?" really made me mad. Will he? Hell no! And I'll tell you why he won't.

Living in the WWF territory, I do not see the "American Dream" as much as I would like to, but I can see championship wrestling from Florida on television. A few weeks ago, Sam Steamboat was scheduled to wrestle The Assassin. Sam didn't show, so his little brother Ricky wanted to take on his opponent. But Big Dust tried to get the referee to let him wrestle the masked veteran himself. The referee wouldn't allow it. But Dusty wouldn't stop going after The Assassin. He was trying to protect Ricky. Does that sound like a man who is going to return to being vicious? No way!

You do a great job with your magazine. I just wish you wouldn't print rumors like this.

KEVIN McCOMB
Madison, N.J.



Fans all over the globe hope that Dusty Rhodes will remain a fan favorite and not turn rulebreaker.

Editor's Note: In publishing an honest wrestling magazine, it is our job to make sure EVERYTHING gets printed, Kevin. In publishing the Dusty Rhodes story, we clearly labeled it as a rumor. But it is the policy of this magazine to never suppress any story, no matter how controversial.

NOT DUSTY!

I am a wrestling fan, and have been for quite a while. I also enjoy reading wrestling magazines, and I consider yours the finest the world has to offer.

In all the time I have been a fan, I have never written to any publication before, but I felt compelled to do so after reading the article, "Will Dusty Rhodes Become a 'Bad Guy' Again?" In my opinion, the answer is most definitely NO!

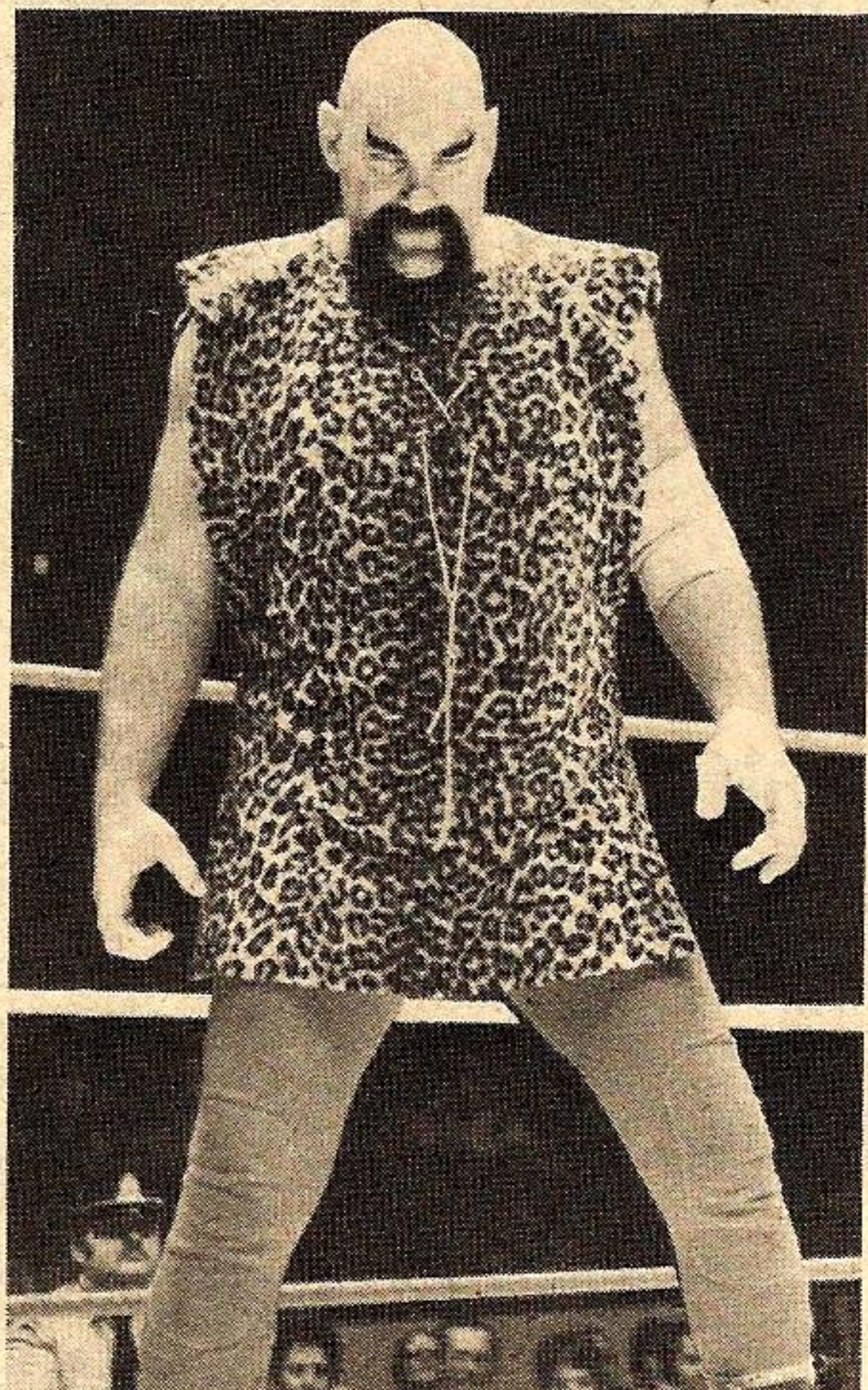
Dusty, at one time, was a dreaded rulebreaker, but the fact that he made

(Continued on page 64)

CORRESPONDENTS Reports

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports, while also being officially credited with your own by-line, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571.



Ox Baker teamed with Killer Krupp. They took on Bruiser and Crusher—and the Ox and Krupp couldn't handle them!

INDIANA REPORT By Brenda J. Lee

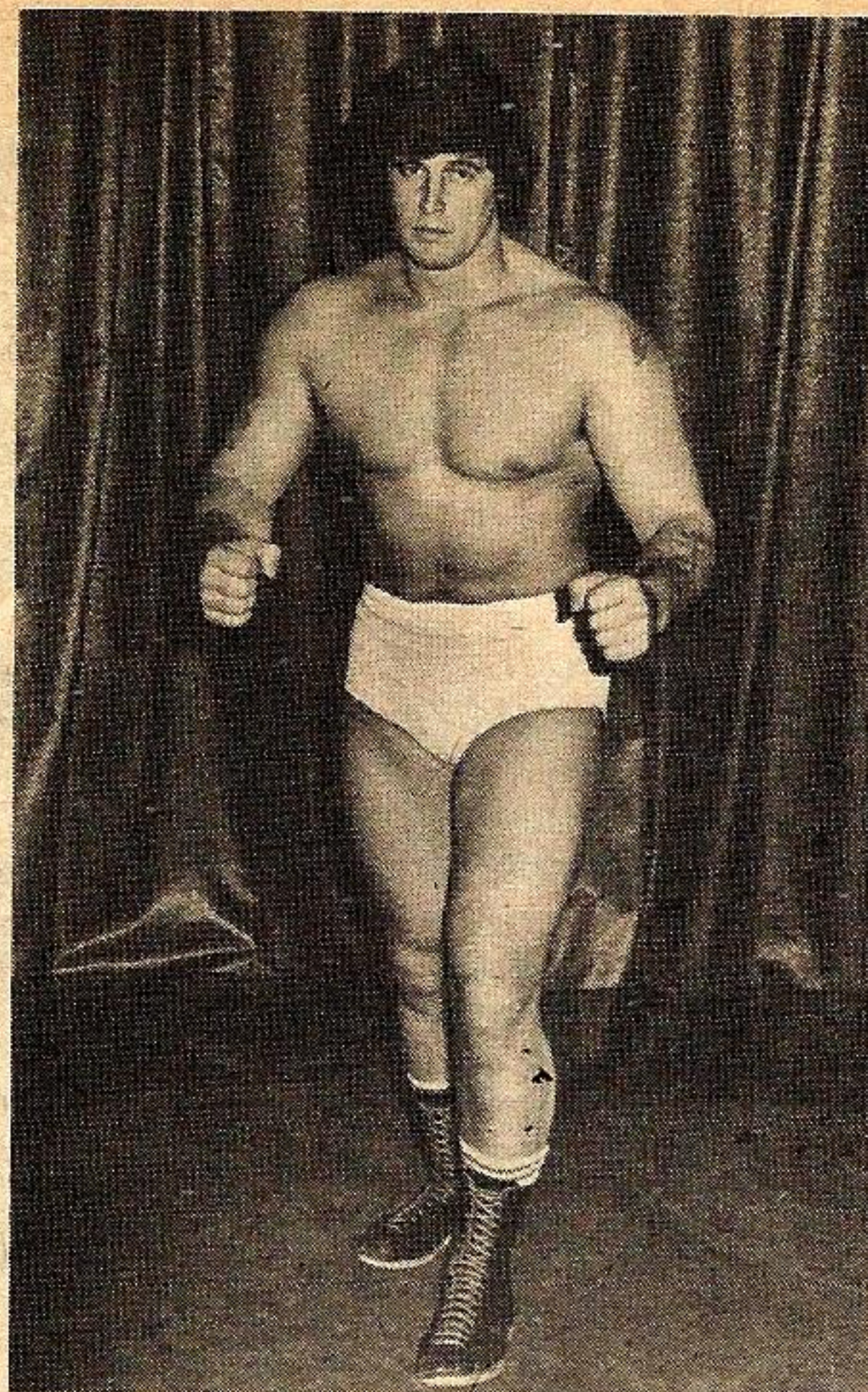
A VICIOUS TAG TEAM was formed as Ox Baker and Killer Krupp combined their considerable illegal tactics. However, their opponents, Bruiser and Crusher, have met and defeated the toughest teams the sport has to offer.

Unfortunately for Baker and Krupp, they found Bruiser and Crusher too tough to handle. After 10 minutes of action, Baker and Krupp decided discretion was a helluva lot better than valor and they left the ring. Bruiser and Crusher, not content with a countout victory, followed the two back to the dressing room in an attempt to inflict more punishment. Therefore both teams were counted out and the match ended in a no decision.

CALIFORNIA MAT NEWS By Al Chapman

Tony Garea, popular mat star from New Zealand, has been trying for many months to win a clear-cut victory over Japan's Mr. Fugi. Tony tried—and failed—one more time in a recent Sacramento match.

After the two had split the first two falls, Tony appeared on his way to triumph in the deciding stanza. Unfortunately, Mr. Fugi's friend and partner, Massa Saito, interfered in the match thereby causing Fugi's disqualification. Although Tony was victorious, he left the ring angry—he felt he was robbed of what would have been an undisputed, clear-cut win over the hated Japanese mat star.



A clear cut victory is something Tony Garea (above) wants to get over Mr. Fugi. The Executioner #1 (below) was beaten by Sammartino.

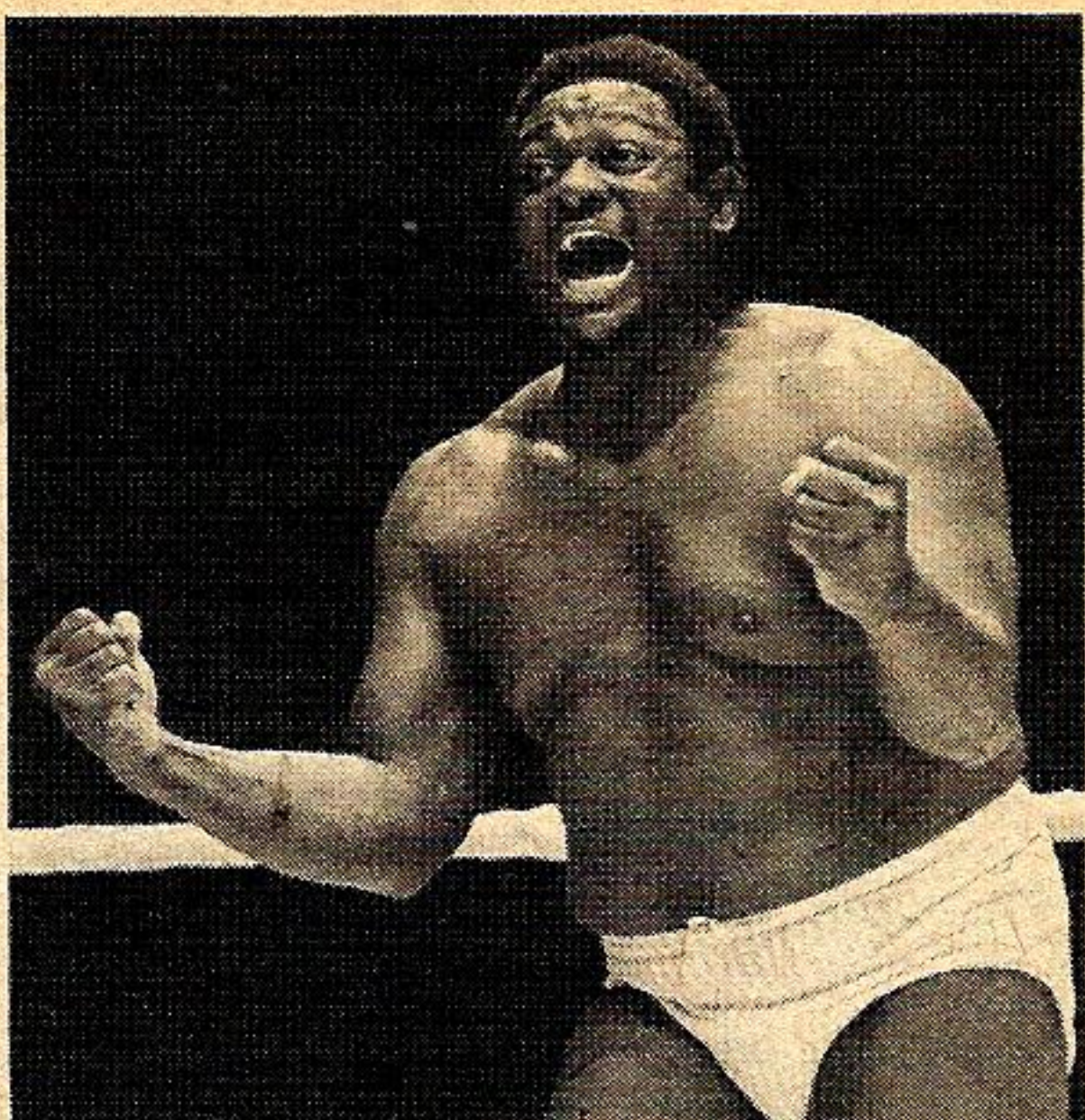


NEW YORK RINGSIDE By John Arnold

Long Island's Nassau Coliseum was the site of an evening of top wrestling attractions, headed by Bruno Sammartino's WWWF title defense against the masked man known only as Executioner #1.

Bruno's bout showed the champion to be in peak form. After absorbing all the masked man could dish out, Bruno brought the Coliseum fans to their feet with a stunning bodypress at 9:32.

In other Nassau action: Executioner #2 won over Chief Jay Strongbow via countout . . . Bruiser Brodie proved too strong for a game S.D. Jones . . . Kevin Sullivan and young Johnny Rivera drew.



Rufus R. Jones is burning mad at Blackjack Mulligan. Mulligan pulled every dirty trick in the book to gain a victory over him.

MID-ATLANTIC NEWS

By Ervin Carter

Rufus R. Jones received a chance to win Blackjack Mulligan's U.S. Championship when Mulligan's originally scheduled opponent, Jack Brisco, pulled out of the match due to an injury.

This looked indeed to be Rufus' night—until Blackjack, knowing well he was on the way to losing his belt, pulled one of his better dirty tricks. At the 15 minute mark Mulligan "accidentally" crashed into the referee knocking the poor official unconscious. Now Blackjack was free to use any and all illegal tactics on the surprised Jones. By the time the referee returned to consciousness, Rufus, who had just been beaten senseless with a chair, was being pressed by Mulligan. The official had no choice but to award the match to Blackjack Mulligan. Rufus, however, has protested the match to the NWA president.

GARDEN STATE GRAPPLING

By Frank Scavillo

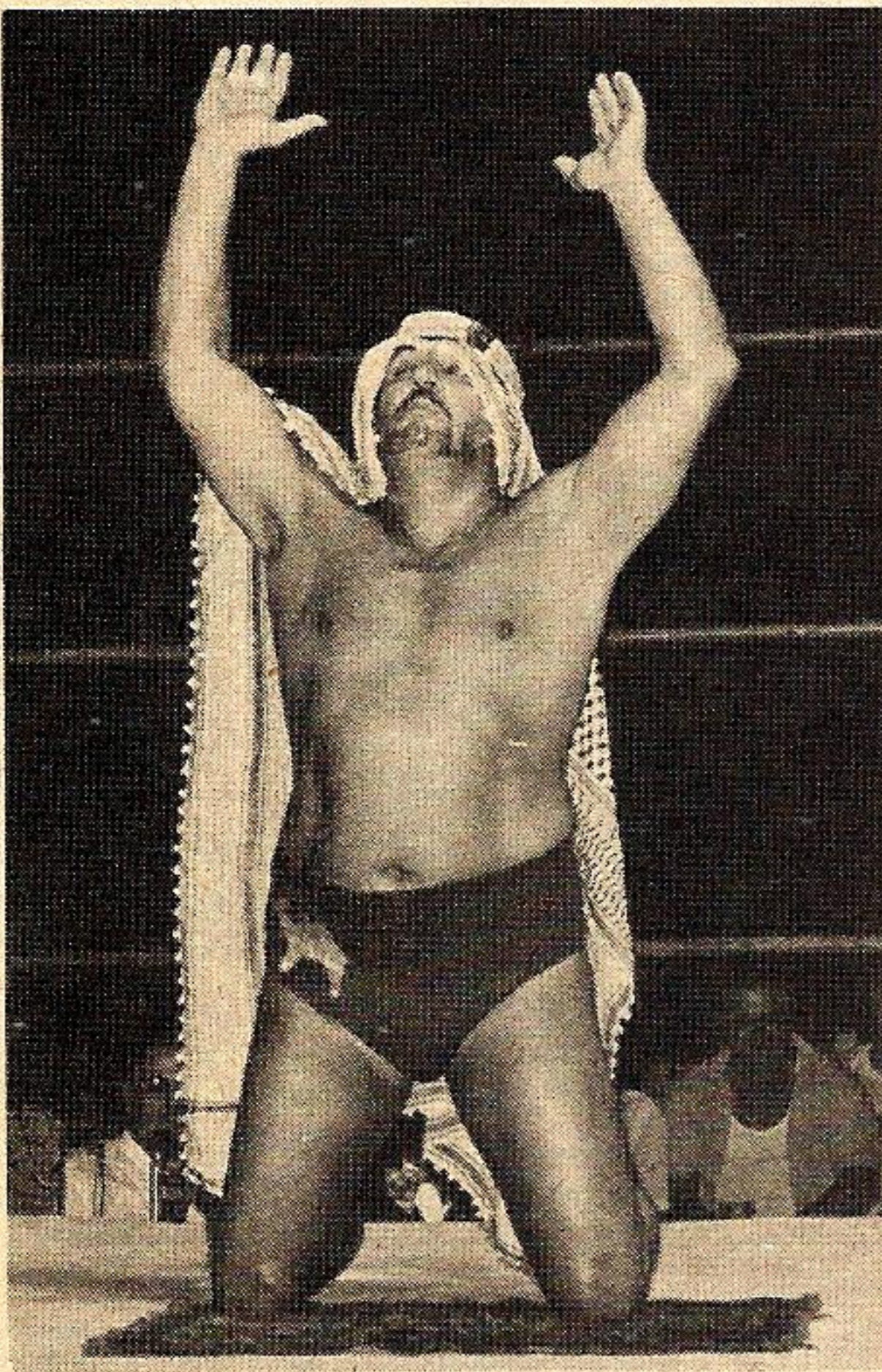
The southern New Jersey shore community of Atlantic City was the host to an incredible battle between Ivan Putski and Bruiser Brodie, who is The Grand Wizard's newest protege.

After 12 minutes of violent action, Brodie lifted Putski high in the air and tossed him out of the ring. Everytime Ivan tried to return to the mat, he was kicked out by Brodie. Finally Putski was counted out.

Ivan stood in the ring after the bout and complained bitterly, claiming Brodie had made it impossible for him to return. For now, however, the decision stands. But the enraged Putski is demanding a rematch.



Ivan Putski (above) is mad about a controversial decision that gave Bruiser Brodie the nod in a match against him. The Sheik (below left) squared off against Andre the Giant (below right). When the dust had cleared, both men were counted out in one of the wildest brawls ever.

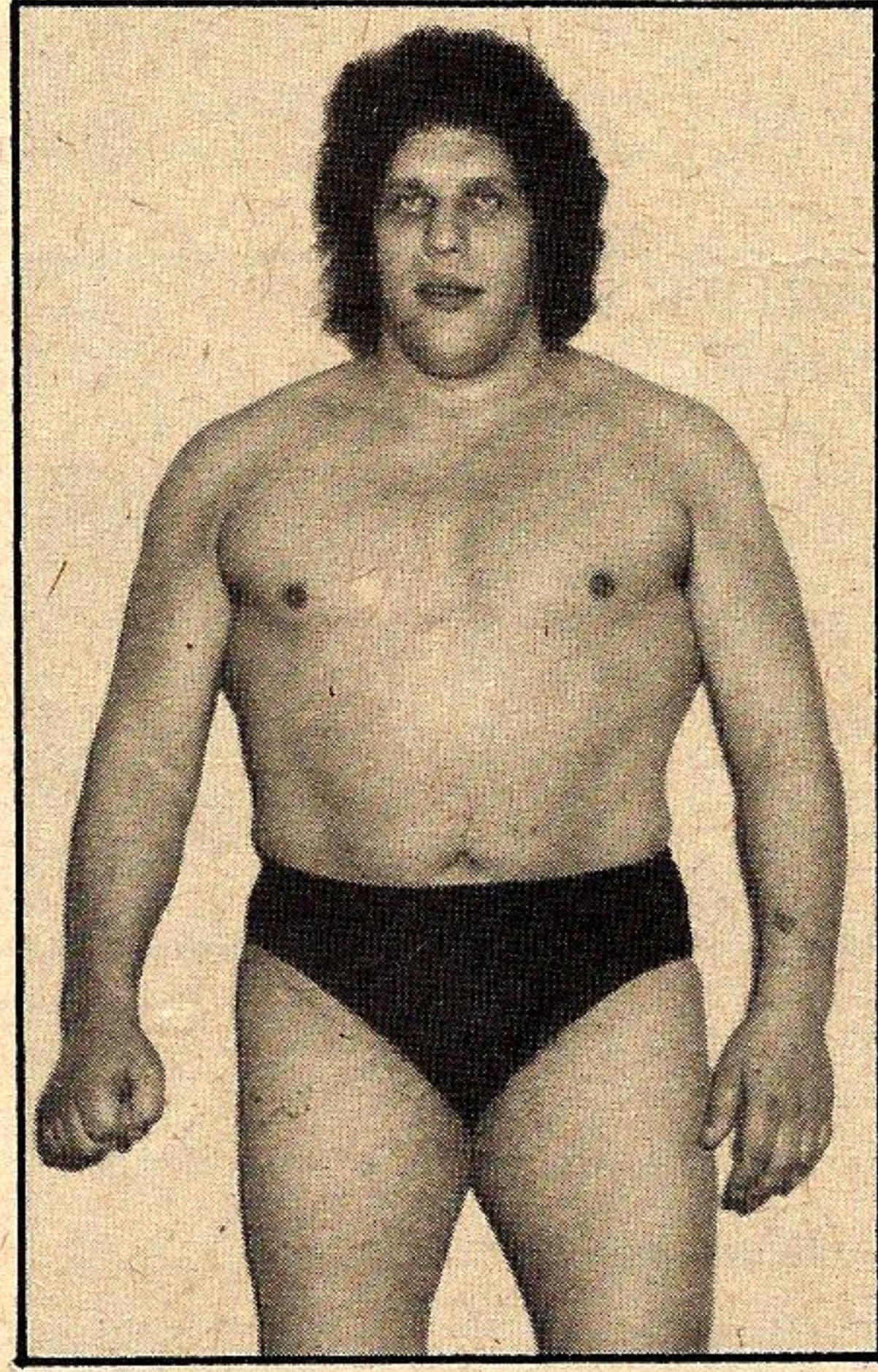


ONTARIO HAPPENINGS

By Neill Spiegel

Fans flocked to Maple Leaf Gardens here in Toronto for the clash between The Sheik and wrestling's biggest attraction, Andre the Giant. Most fans hoped to see the hated Arab get the beating of his life.

At first, it looked as if it was Andre who would receive the beating. He was savaged time and time again by Sheik's



infamous pencil. But soon, Andre grabbed the pencil and bloodied Sheik. The Arab madman then ran from the ring, with the Giant in close pursuit. Andre lifted a press table and threw it at Sheik, burying the Arab under a pile of heavy wood. Although both men were counted out, it was a rewarding night for Andre—he had exacted considerable revenge from wrestling's most hated man, The Sheik. □

YOU ASKED US

Here's the monthly feature which YOU get to write! It's your chance to have a top wrestler answer YOUR question! Only the best questions will be answered—so put on your thinking caps and come up with some good ones! Address your questions—and who you would like to have answer them—to: YOU ASKED US, c/o THE WRESTLER, PO Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Questions will be answered only in this column and at our discretion!



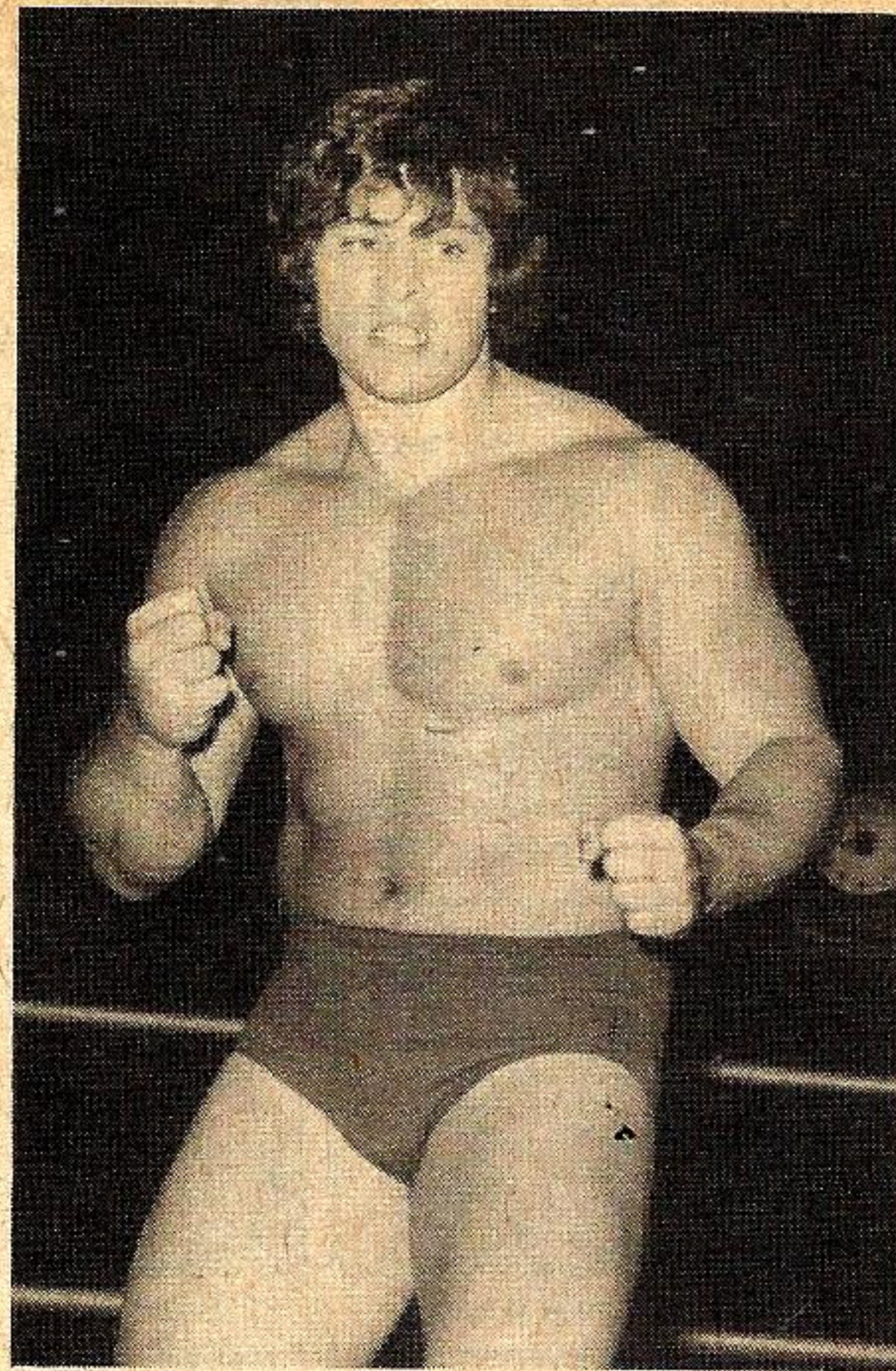
In his rookie days, Ric Flair grappled regularly in the AWA areas. Here he's seen elbowing Greg Gagne. Does Ric plan to return to the AWA? "It's a possibility," Ric says. "No definite plans for now."

Q: Does Ric Flair plan to return to the AWA, the association which gave him his first rookie break?—Jeff Sherman, Apple Valley, Minnesota

A: "Possibly," shrugs Ric. "I became

so bored beating Verne Gagne I decided to leave. As soon as I get bored where I am now, I'll consider returning there."

Q: Has Mark Lewin wrestled Terry Funk for the NWA title?—Deana



The young and talented Dino Bravo hopes one day to make an appearance in the World Wide Wrestling Federation areas. The fans there have made it clear they'd welcome Dino!

Seefrett, Orangeburg, South Carolina

A: Not as of this writing. Mark says, "I deserve a title shot and wonder if I'm ever going to get one."

Q: What is Crusher Verdu's given name?—Ruth Lahoy, Los Angeles, California

A: Oscar Verdu is the full name of the spectacular strongman from Spain.

Q: Ask Bob Orton Jr. why he uses illegal tactics when he's such a fine wrestler with scientific skills—Selina Ryals, Jacksonville, Florida

A: "When you have to wrestle beasts like Mike Graham, Bob Backlund, Eddie Graham, and Steve Keirn, you must resort to their tactics," Bob points out. "You can't wrestle scientifically against rulebusting opponents."

Q: Does Ivan Putski have a manager?—Paul Silverman, Bradley Beach, New Jersey

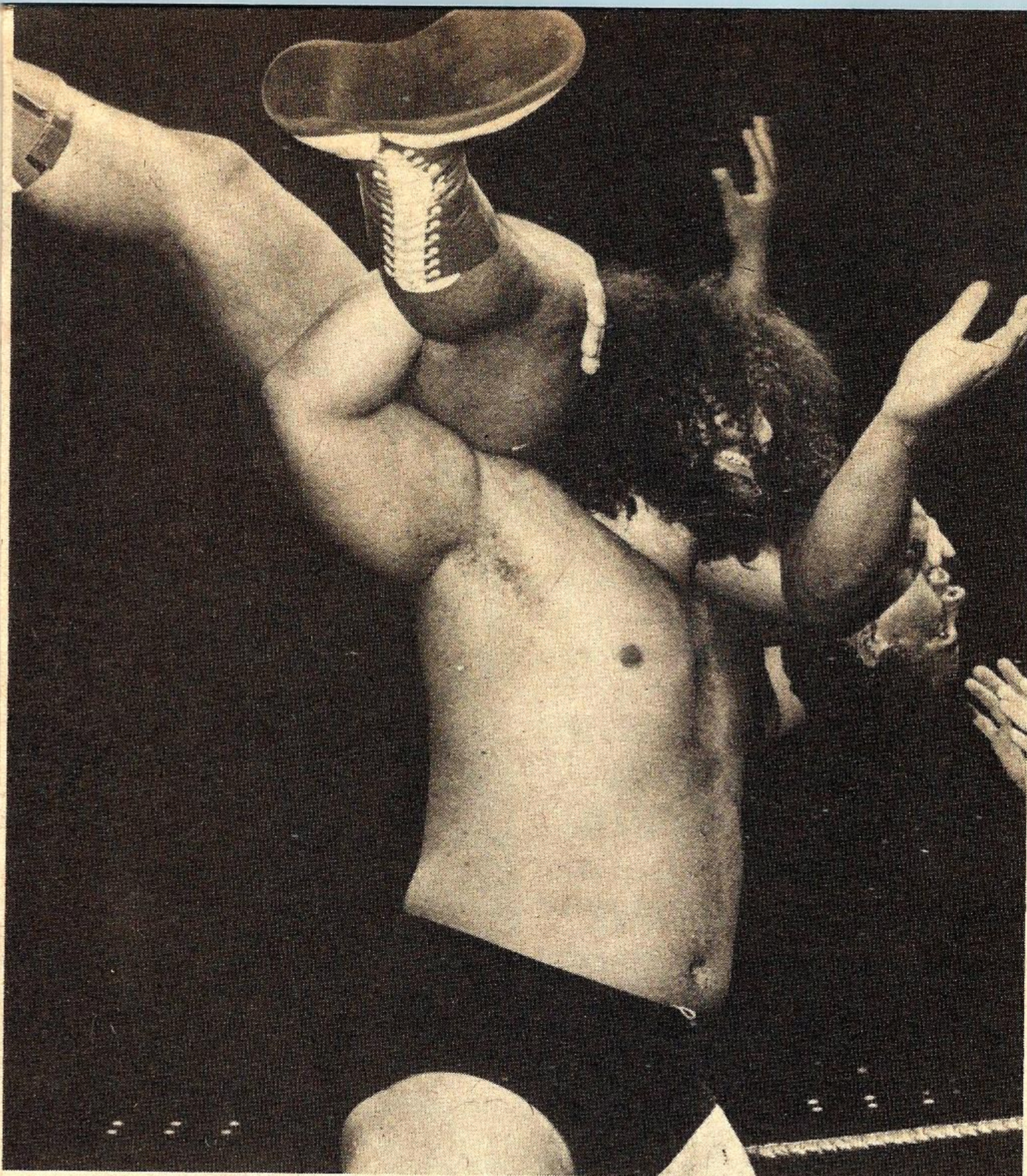
A: The Polish star does not have a manager. He prefers negotiating his own contracts.

Q: Has Dino Bravo ever wrestled in the WWWF?—John Myers, Holbrook, New York

A: No he hasn't. "But I'd look forward to some matches there," Dino says.

Q: Are Dusty Rhodes and Mr. Wrestling II good friends?—Billy Pritchett, Augusta, Georgia

(Continued on page 65)



Bruiser Brodie demonstrates his backbreaker on the unwilling and agonized Jose Gonzalez. A similar backbreaker could very likely cripple WWF champion Bruno Sammartino permanently.

TEARS STAINED THE cheeks of many fans as a young man was carried from the arena on a stretcher. Agony had reduced him to a child; his cries were high and pitiful wails. The man's back was broken. His career was finished. He might never walk again.

In the packed arena, two men who had never met were smiling while all others wept. All the crowd saw was Bruiser Brodie—the man who had broken his foe's back — smiling proudly. The sight made any decent person sick. Few, however, saw or understood the grin spread across the face of Grand Wizard. If they had guessed the reason for that ugly smirk, their cries would have been even louder.

Wizard has spent the last month touring the country's arenas looking for a man expert at the backbreaker. This desired grappler would also have to be cruel, ready to take the

It's no coincidence Grand Wizard has brought Bruiser Brodie to the WWF at this time. There has never been a more diabolical plot ever visited upon the association and its champion, Bruno Sammartino!

WHY BRUISER THE MOST DA MAN IN THE

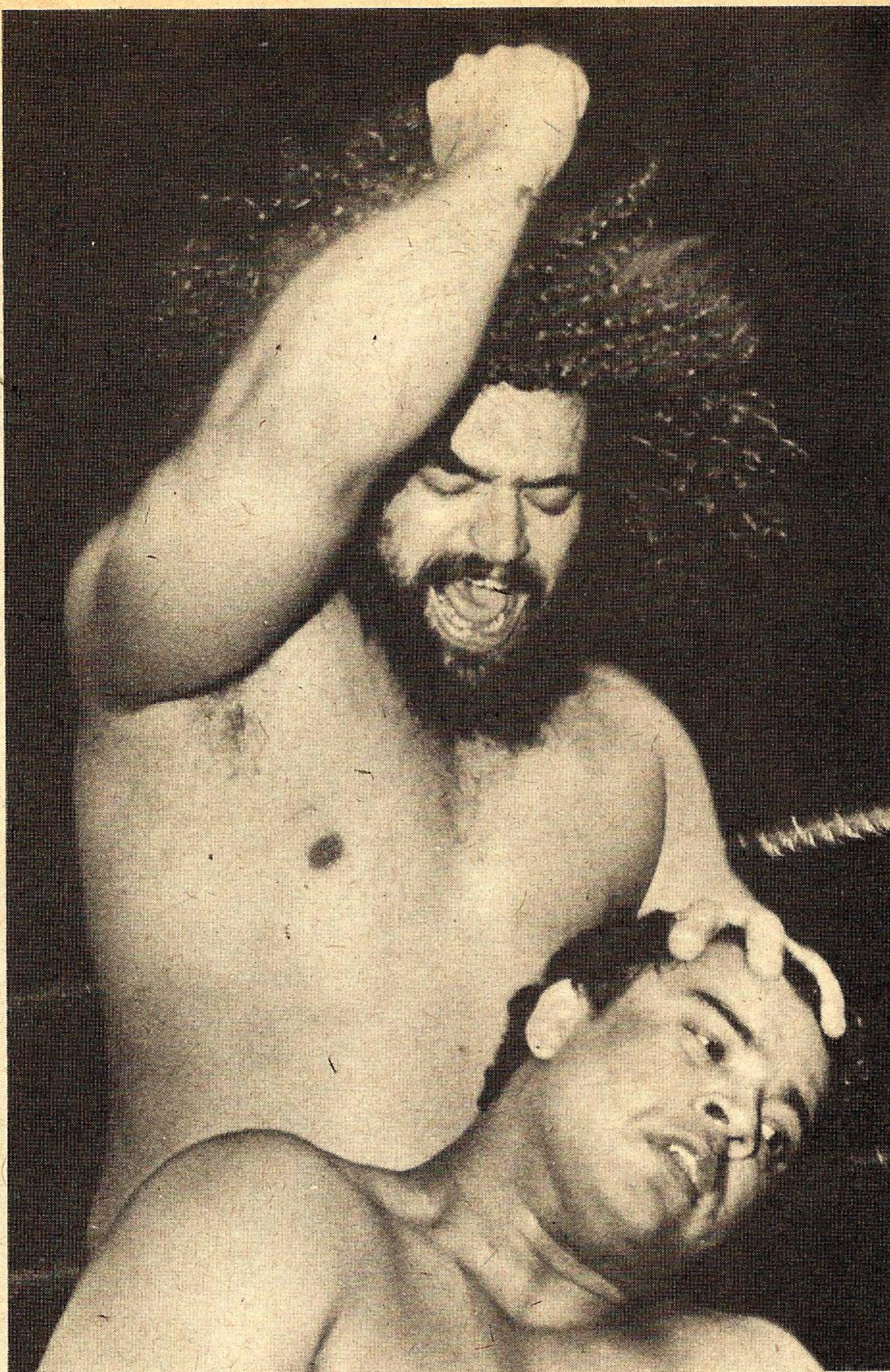
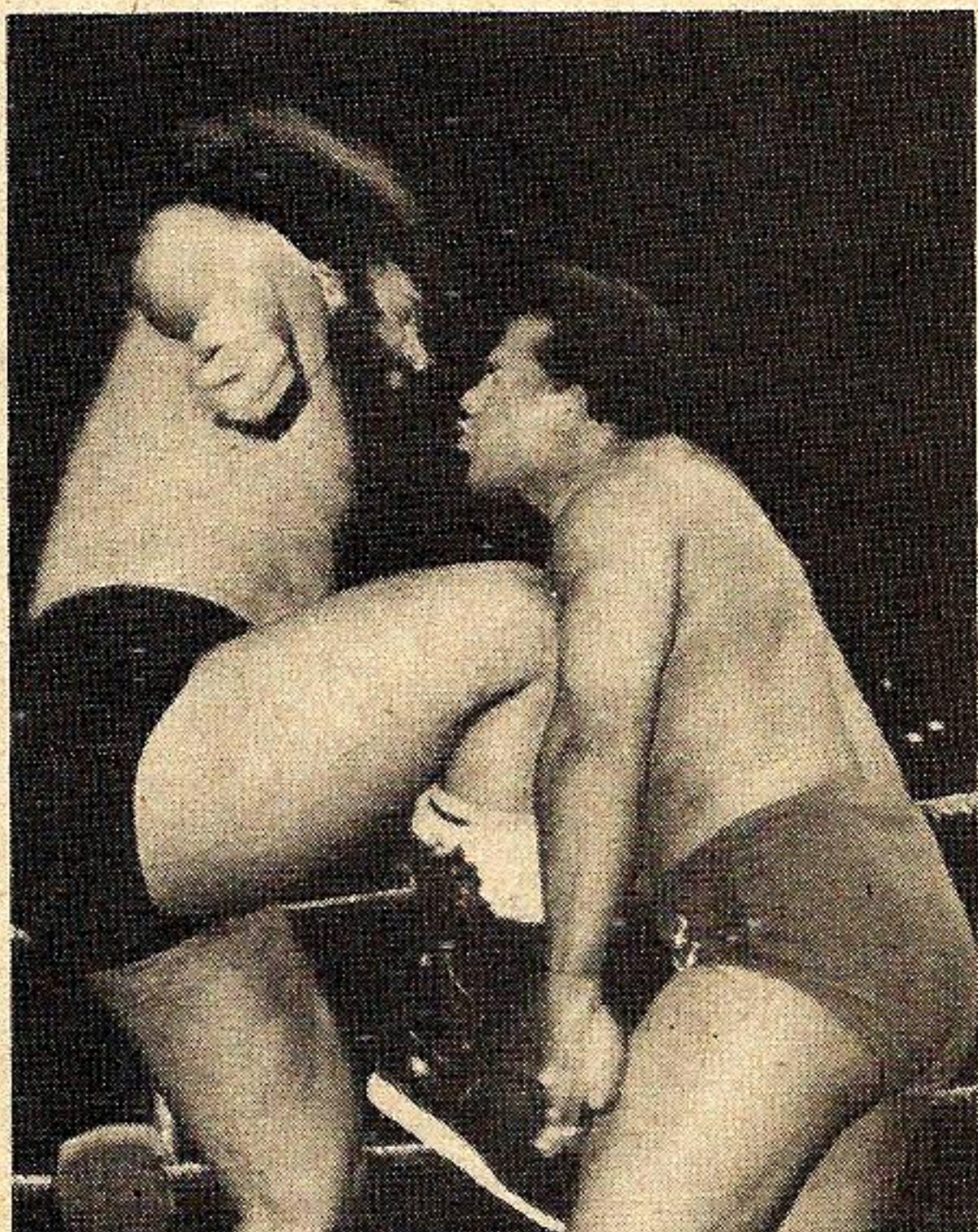
sleaziest advantage. When Wizard saw Brodie glory in savagery, the manager knew he had found his man.

Wizard rushed back to the dressing room after the match, eyes glowing and a contract waving in his hand. His search had ended.

"I'm here to make you champion!" Wizard screamed at Brodie. "With your ability and my brains, we'll own the WWWF. All you have to do is follow my orders

(Continued on page 50)

The backbreaker isn't the only weapon in Brodie's repertoire. He possesses a devastating elbowsmash (right), which very nearly finished Gonzalez. No man could help being staggered by a knee to the chest (below), and poor Jose is no exception.



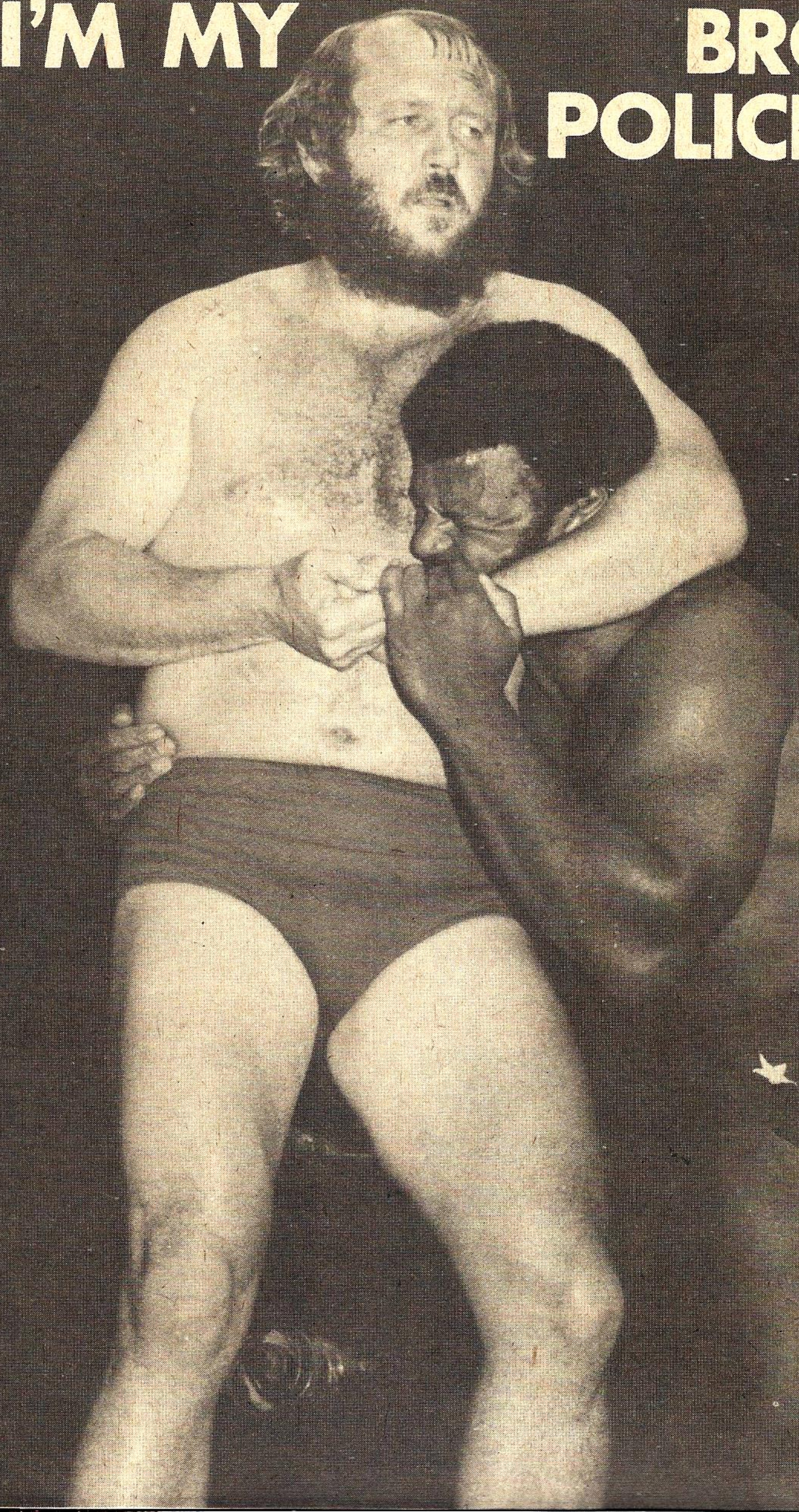
BRODIE IS DANGEROUS WWWF

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

Dory's Warning to Top Contenders:

"I'M MY

**BROTHER'S
POLICEMAN!"**



Terry Funk (oval) has had some rough times against Rocky Johnson. To help his brother, Dory Funk Jr. has taken on Rocky and also had some tough times (below). Funk also roughed up Rocky (far right).



THE CRASH OF valise against locker resounded loudly throughout the dressing room. It had been hurled by Dory Funk Jr. It was a thundeous way to announce his arrival. It was also a challenge to anyone who might object to his appearance.

Silently, Dory began to prepare for his match still hours away. He wanted to have nothing to do with anyone. A person addressing Funk would more than likely be ignored. As far as Funk was concerned, if you were there, you were against him.

Nowadays, the only person Dory trusts is his brother, NWA champion Terry Funk. Grapplers throughout the

NWA have been bitterly critical of Terry. Many see the wrestling arena as the place in which to air their grievances. Most aren't too particular as to how they do it.

Dory will deny his brother is a reckless rulebreaker—but Dory will be the only one to do so. Terry has used every trick in the book—many taken from the sleaziest chapters—to retain his title. Dory doesn't care what his brother does; at least he won't criticize him in public. But Dory will not tolerate insults hurled at his brother or the family name. Nor will he stand by as wrestlers attempt to massacre his brother.

So Dory has become a buffer

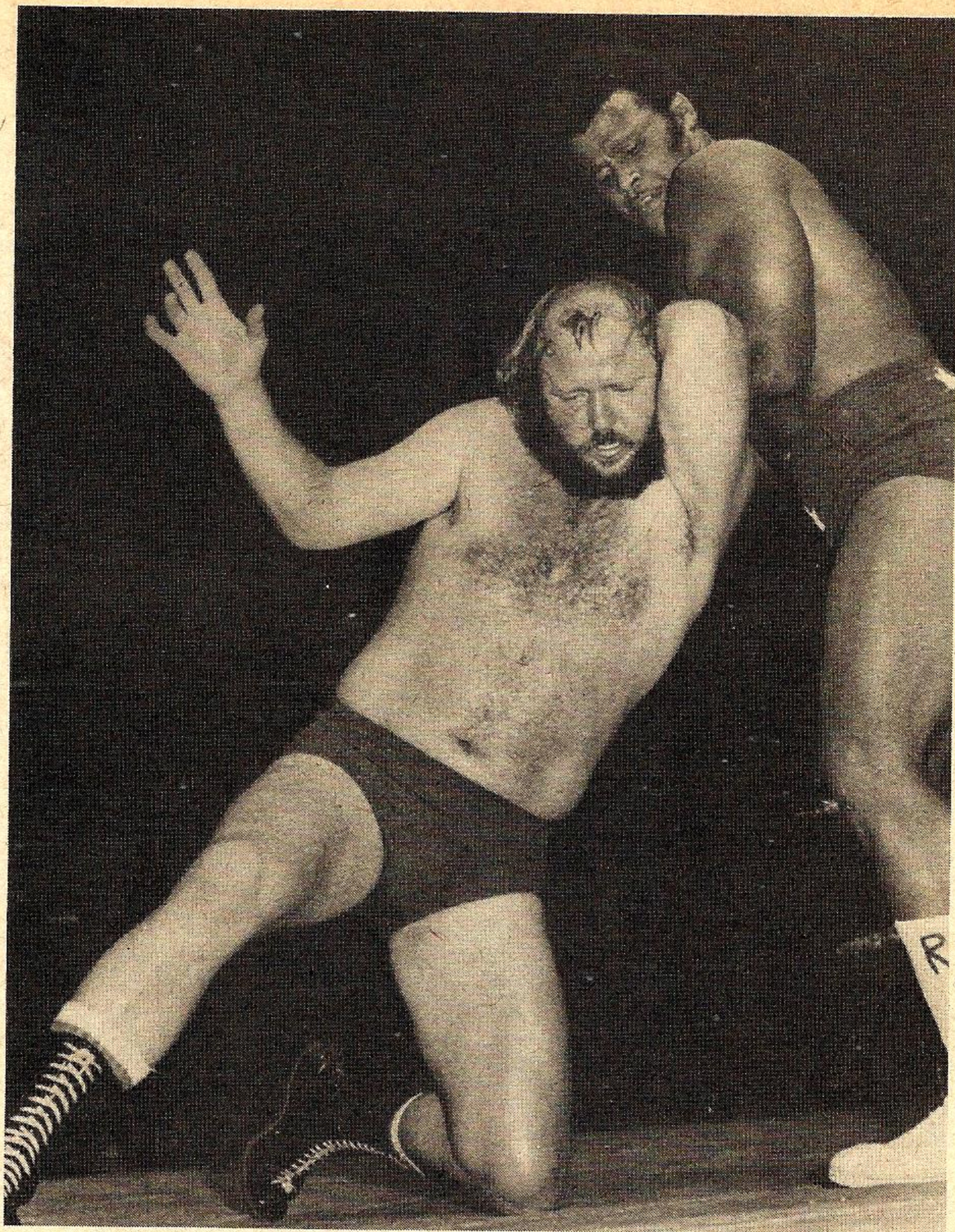
between his brother and the rest of the NWA. If a man threatens Terry, he find himself challenged by Dory. One must first conquer the older brother before getting a crack at the champion. No one envies Dory the task he has. None plan to show him any mercy, and he doesn't expect it.

This situation has naturally led to Dory's isolation from the rest of the wrestling profession. Every man is his enemy. He is the only person defending an unpopular champion. Friends are few and grow more and more distant. To the press, Dory claims he's glad to see them go.

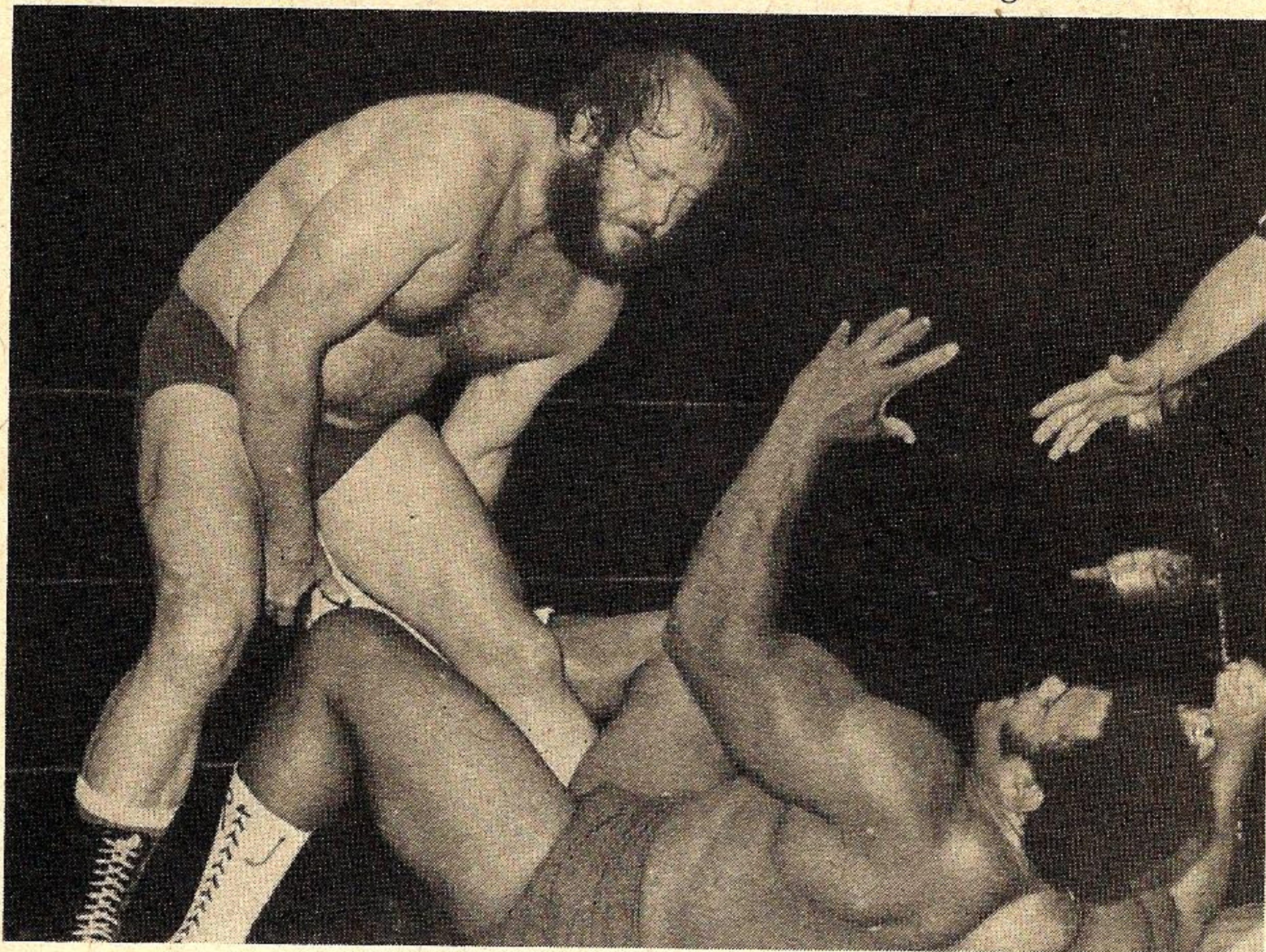
Funk asked reporters to be present on the night he wrestled Rocky

Between NWA champion Terry Funk and the top contenders in that association stands Dory Funk Jr. To get at Terry, contenders must first feel the wrath of Dory, a most brutal roadblock to a championship challenge

PHOTOS BY JIM CALDWELL



Rocky Johnson torments Dory in a painful armlock (above), only to have Dory escape the hold and get Rocky in an agonizing step-over toehold (below). The two men battled furiously while the man who caused the brawl, Terry Funk, wasn't even in the wrestling arena!



Johnson. He wanted the world to see what would happen on this night. And he wanted the world to hear what he had to say beforehand.

"Too many people," Dory began slowly, "have been criticizing my brother. He won't tolerate that. I won't tolerate that. For two generations, Funk has been the most respected name in wrestling. I won't stand for anything that takes away from that reputation.

"They go after my brother, they go after me. We're a team; we have been since we were kids. When they insult his title, they insult me and everything I've done since I started wrestling. And I don't take insults from anyone.

"Rocky Johnson has been one of those clowns with a big mouth and no brains. To make excuses for his losses against my brother, he's insulted and humiliated the family name. I'm going to show him tonight the price he pays for his insults.

"Remember, he's not only insulting the name of Funk, he's dragging the NWA title through the mud. I was fortunate enough to hold that title for four years. I believe it's the most important honor in sports. And I'll be damned if I am going to sit by and watch it be spat upon by idiots!

"My plan is to defeat all the contenders who think a big mouth means a big man. They'll never get a chance to wrestle the champion, or have the opportunity to destroy the title. To get a shot at Terry, they'll first have to defeat me. And they're not going to! I'll beat every last one of them into the ground. I want them to know that as soon as they open their mouths, their chances for a title shot are finished. I won't let them get near Terry!"

Other wrestlers have known about Dory's intentions long before he made his public announcement. They realized it when a public insult of Terry was followed immediately by a challenge from Dory. It didn't take long for them to put two and two together and come up with the reason for Funk's dare. But it didn't stop them from insulting Terry.

After hearing Dory promise to be his brother's protector, the reporters rushed to Rocky Johnson's dressing room to learn that wrestler's reaction. Johnson wasn't surprised.

"It's about time he told the fans what was really happening," was Rocky's first statement. "Wrestlers have known long enough that Dory was fighting his brother's battles. He sees himself as some sort of avenging knight protecting his king. It's foolish, but it's typi-



Rocky Johnson struggles desperately to escape as Funk wrenches his victim's arm by the shoulder. Rocky knows if he doesn't yell, "I submit!" soon, there is great danger of a shoulder separation.

cally Funk.

"Those guys don't seem to realize that all the threats in the world won't change anything. Terry is still a dirty wrestler and an insult to the title. There's nothing Dory can do to change that. Only Terry can bring the family name out of the gutter.

"I don't really care about Dory one way or the other. But I want the NWA title to be something honored once again. If it takes the destruction of Dory to accomplish that, then Dory has to go."

When spectators saw the two men facing each other from opposite corners of the ring, there was no doubt

these men were out for blood. Their hatred and determination could be felt in the air: heavy, oppressive, and ugly. When the bell sounded, two cunning veterans slowly approached each other, their bodies tensing for attack.

When they came within a few feet of each other, the two men stood still for close to a second. They looked like an oil painting. Then, they clashed like two raging bulls. From that moment on, it was non-stop action.

For over 40 minutes the two men waged furious war. Scientific maneuvers were employed when possible; dirty tactics were used when necessary. Winning this match was the

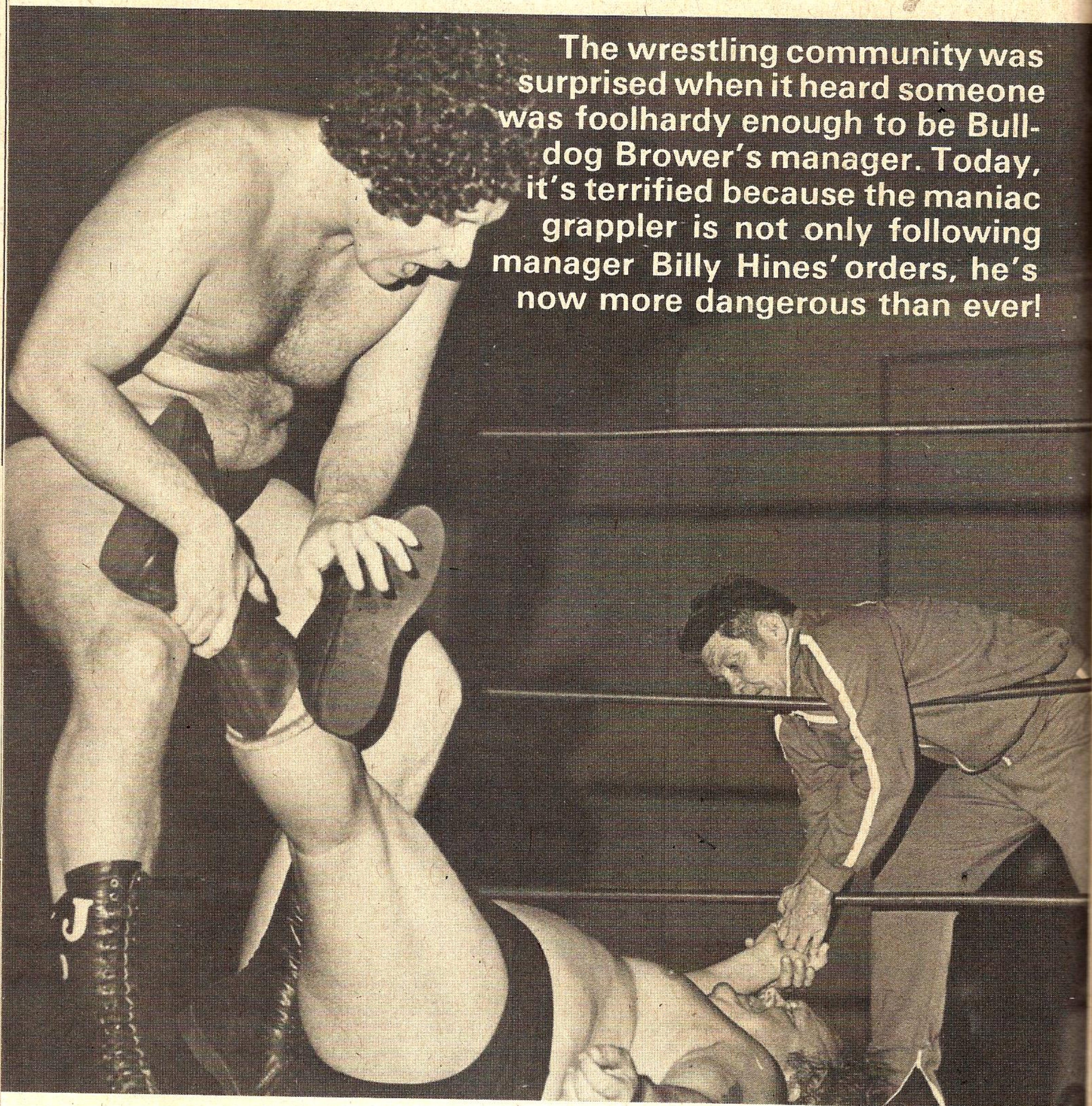
most important thing to both men. Only an overwhelming need for victory could make a man do what these two did. No one could withstand that much punishment normally.

Finally, the time limit expired and the match ended in a draw. Both men begged the referee to let them continue, but the official refused to hear their pleas. He feared what might happen if these two exhausted athletes continued to wrestle. One man would surely suffer great injury.

Dory Funk Jr. has become his brother's keeper. We can only guess what this will mean for the wrestler's future and the future of the NWA. □

THE MAN WHO ON BULLDO

The wrestling community was surprised when it heard someone was foolhardy enough to be Bulldog Brower's manager. Today, it's terrified because the maniac grappler is not only following manager Billy Hines' orders, he's now more dangerous than ever!



BULLDOG BROWER HOLDS THE LEASH

PHOTOS BY GENE GORDON

HE LOOKS AS if he dines on lumber and snacks on nails. One could easily believe he's the toughest longshoreman on the waterfront. What other appearance could you expect from someone who manages Bulldog Brower?

The man in question is Billy Hines, a miracle worker in his own strange way. For years, most wrestling experts believed Bulldog Brower needed the steadying hand of a manager. They also believed no man in the world would be equal to the task of being Brower's manager. It would be a thankless job, comparable to being a victim for a firing squad. That's why the wrestling community was stunned when Hines volunteered for the position.

What makes this one man want to manage the most reckless, unstable, dangerous, traitorous person in wrestling? And how can any man expect to work anywhere near Brower, much less guide him? To learn the answers to those questions, one had best know Billy Hines.

The man is as mean as he looks. He doesn't discuss, he argues. If you said the sky was blue, he would dare you to prove it. Those who've had to interview him leave the room like tired soldiers escaping a massacre. One wonders why the tough personalities of Brower and Hines haven't clashed in a fatal argument. Billy answers that question, almost.

"We're perfect together!" he snarls. "Put that damn pen down and listen to me. You don't have to take notes. What I say you don't forget. Both Brower and I are after the same thing—victory at any cost.

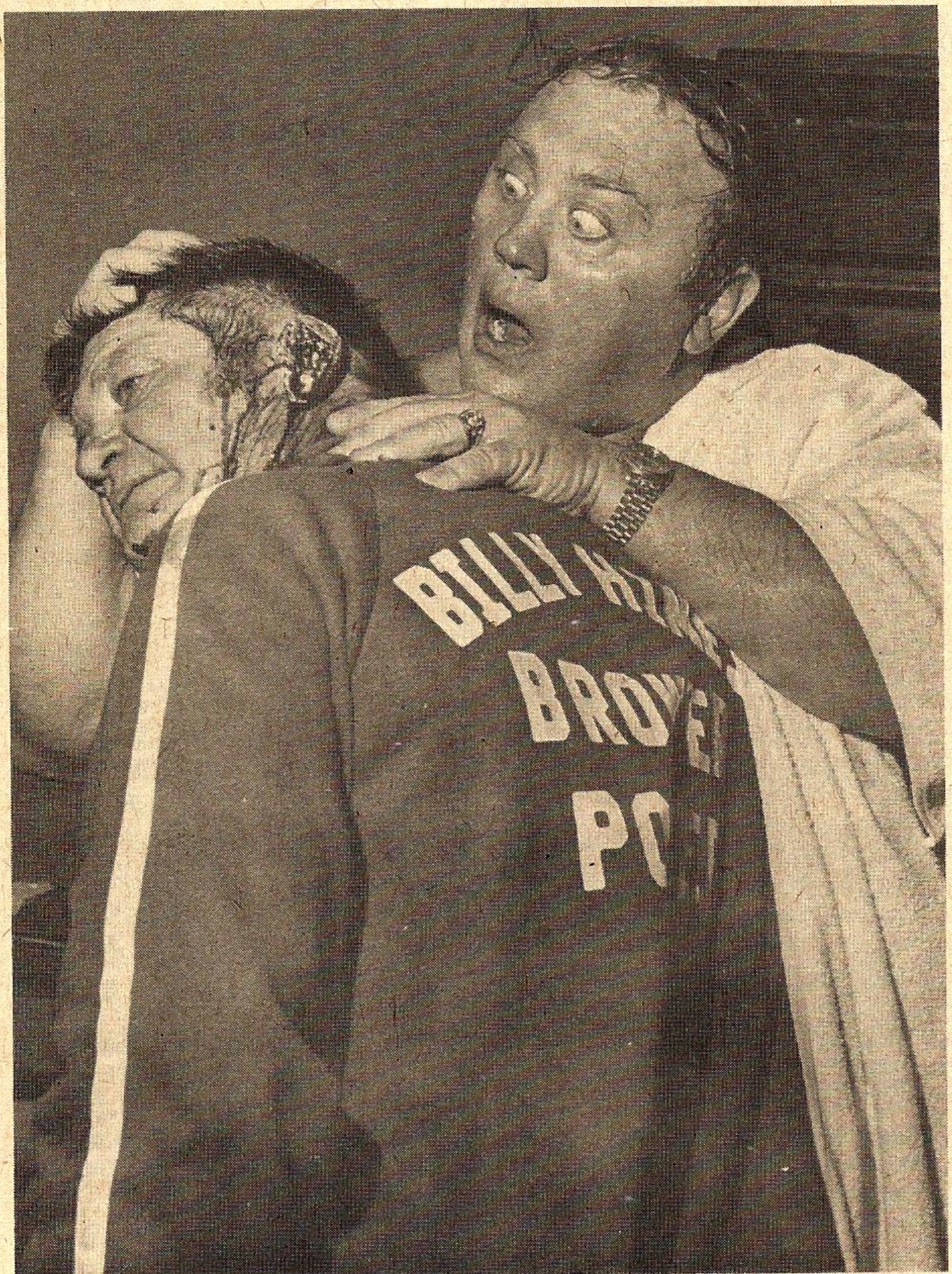
"A lot of morons—meaning most of the world—think Bulldog is crazy, dangerously nuts. Well, why should he be nice to jerks unfit to lick his boots? If it wasn't for the money, Brower wouldn't be within 10 miles of those slobs!

"I've never had any trouble with Brower. We agree on everything. He knows I'm looking out for his best interests because he's the best in wrestling. The two of us are going to the top. No one around is going to stop us."

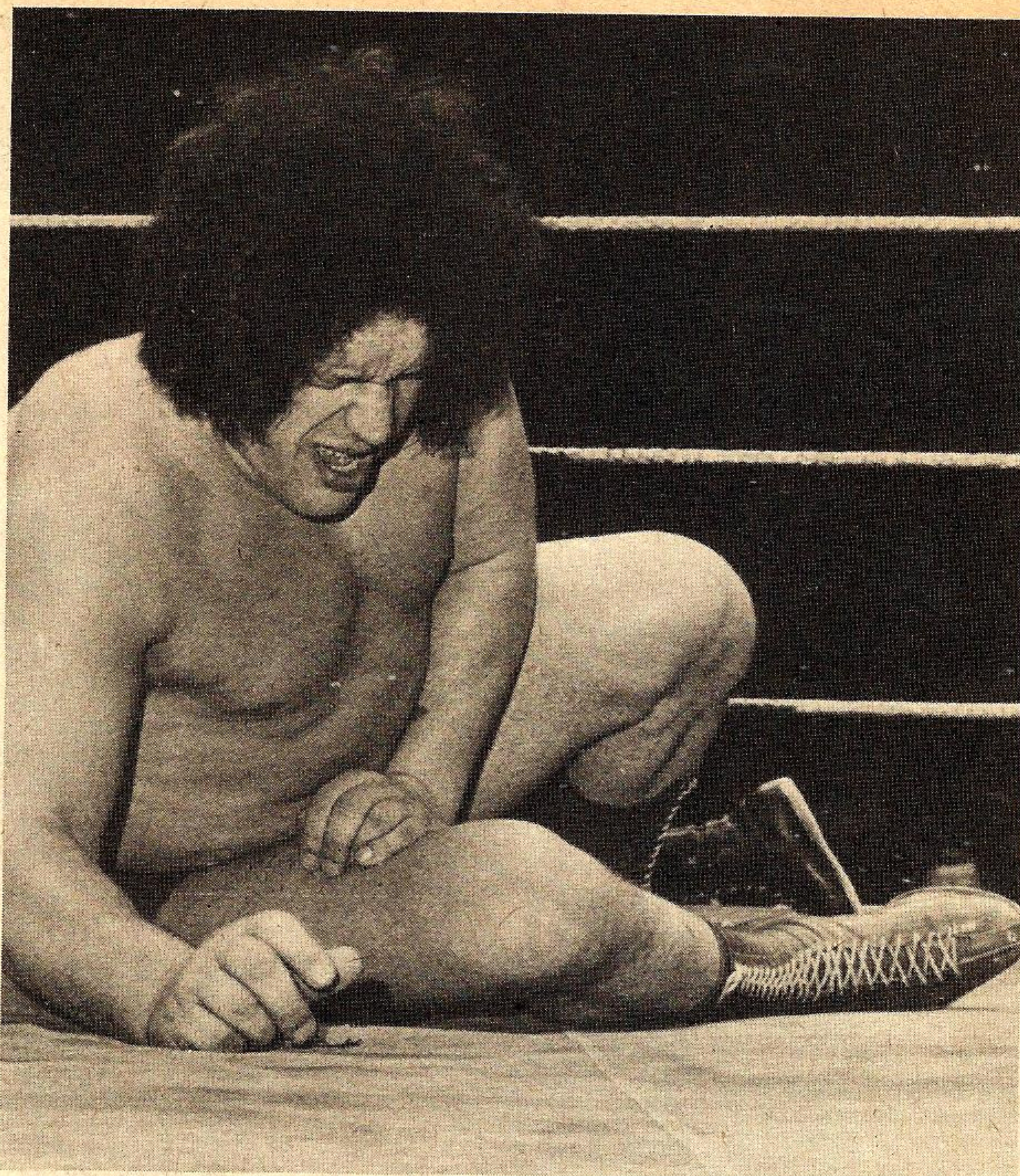
Brower is equally delighted at the union. When one asks why he's decided to take on a manager after all these years, Bulldog is as close to civil as he's ever been. There's no mistaking the new happiness he's feeling.

"This is just what I needed," Brower gloats delightedly, "a manager who knows why I'm great and how to make me greater. It's the most exciting thing that has ever happened to wrestling! I'm going to

(Continued on page 54)



Hines tries to slip a foreign object to Brower (opposite page, left). For his trouble, the manager gets a thrashing from an enraged Johnny Powers (right).



His body wracked with pain, his legs unable to lift his weight, his brain a fog of agony and sorrow, Andre the Giant lays on the mat (left), injured by Ivan Koloff's foul tactics. Koloff was disqualified for the foul tactics he employed.

ANDRE GET BY TH

LIKE A MOUNTAIN torn apart by an earthquake, Andre the Giant crumpled to the canvas. With him fell his dreams for a chance at Bruno Sammartino's WWF title.

Towering over the fallen mat star stood Ivan Koloff. The infamous Russian grappler had been the man to fell the giant, using a kick to the groin. Koloff could take little pride in his accomplishment. The Russian Bear's tactics had been despicable. No decent athlete could hope to withstand this kind of assault when executed perfectly. And on this night, Ivan Koloff was terribly perfect.

Koloff looked at his injured victim and laughed. Andre struggled to regain his bearing, but the agony was too much for him to conquer. Through the haze of his woozy mind, he could hear the cackling of his tormentor. And then he felt intense pain as he never felt it before.

Ivan's foot slashed into Andre's side. Again and again, the heavy boot smashed into the belly, kidneys, back and groin. Andre's huge bulk twisted and writhed in agony. The referee demanded Koloff stop this reprehensible massacre. Ivan ignored the warn-

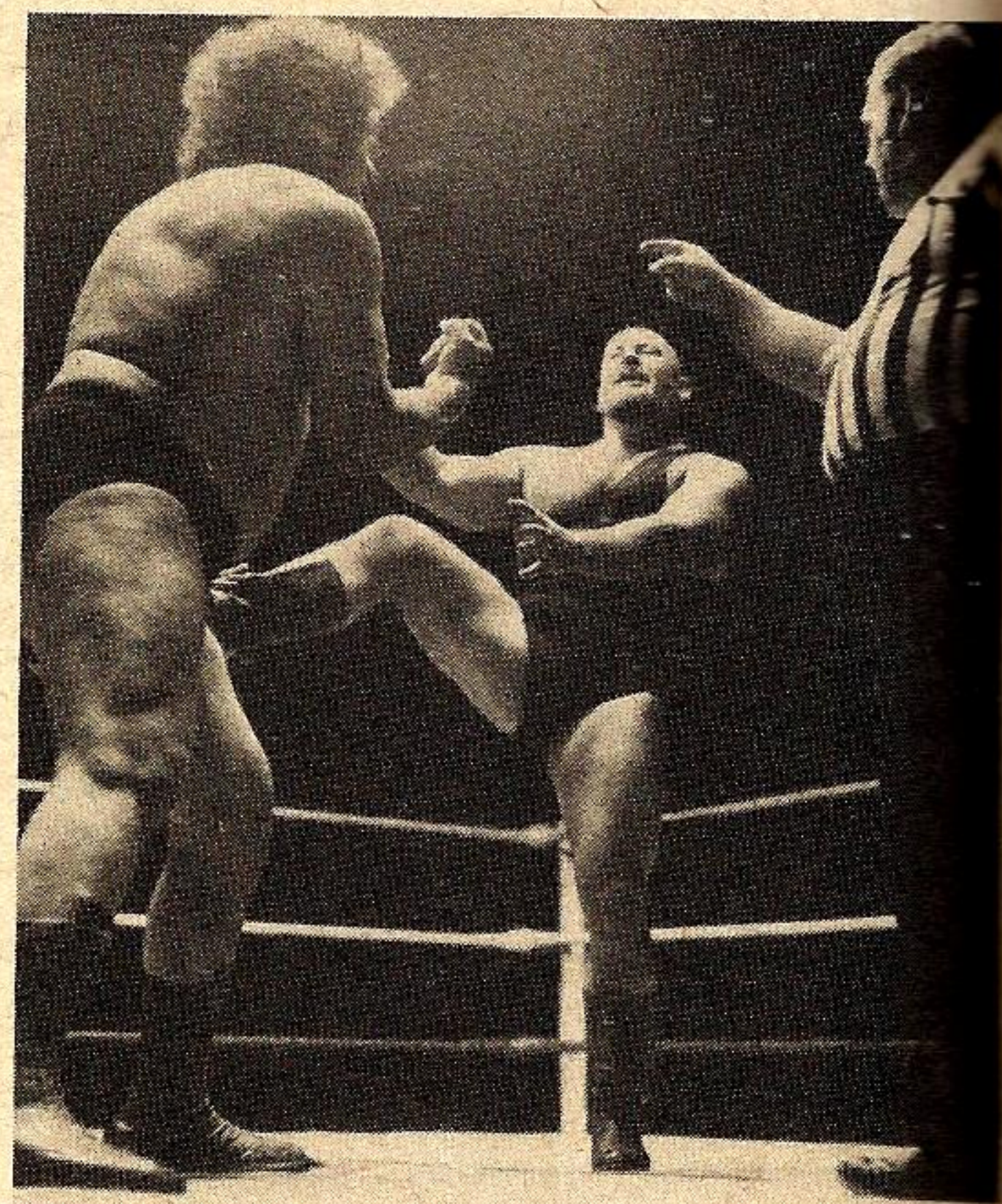
ing and continued to stomp furiously. Finally, the referee disqualified Koloff, threatening the grappler with fines and suspension unless he left immediately. Koloff took one last kick for bad measure and strutted back to the dressing room. Angry shouts from fans accompanied his exit; the jeers were music to his ears.

Slowly, Andre struggled to his feet. His huge thighs and calves trembled as they struggled to support his weight. One could almost feel the pain in his sides as he winced. Andre stumbled toward the ropes and held on to them for a minute. His breath was coming hard and it stung his chest. The referee walked over to him and offered assistance.

"I can . . . get . . . back myself," Andre whispered with a wheeze. "I . . . am . . . not hurt . . . badly. I just . . . need to catch . . . my . . . breath." As he spoke, the giant's legs trembled and began to give way.

The referee allowed the proud grappler to lean on the ropes until he had the strength to walk back to the dressing room by himself. The official realized Andre deserved the chance to

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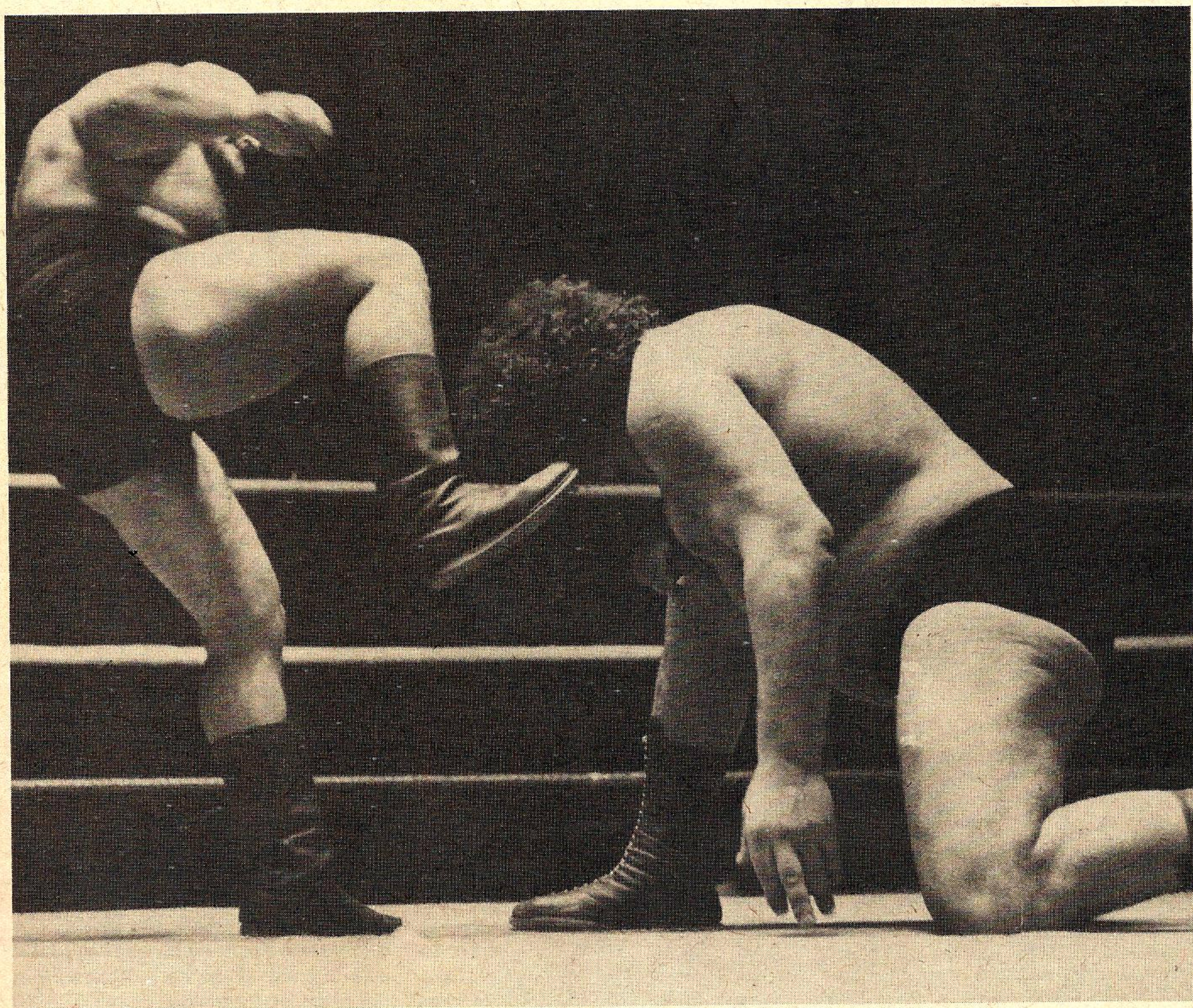


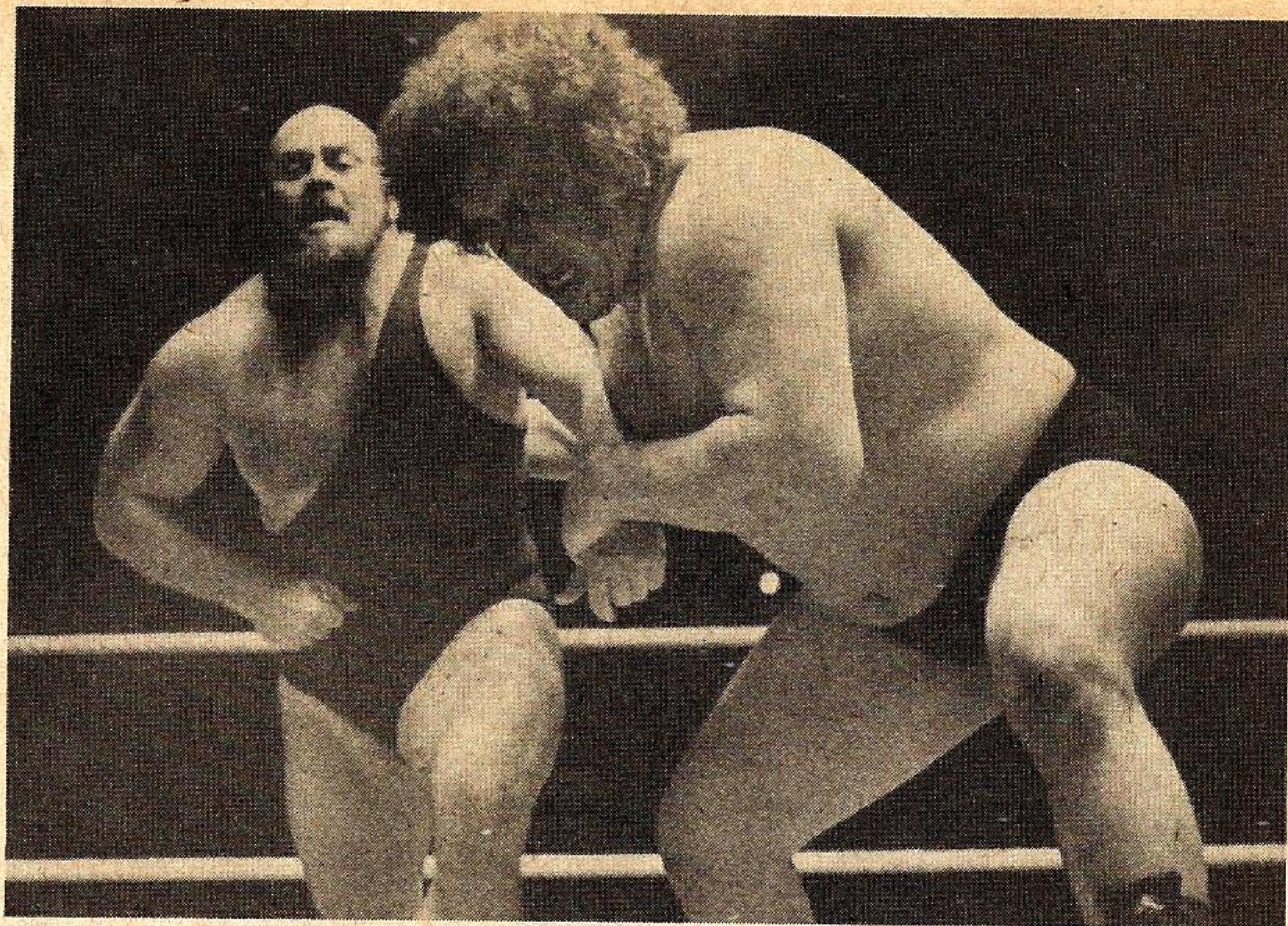
Koloff fails to land with his first kick as Andre catches Ivan's foot in mid-air (above). Andre isn't able to catch all the kicks as Koloff lands a boot into the stricken star's face (right). Before Koloff was disqualified, he almost kicked the giant senseless.

PHOTOS BY TONY LANZA

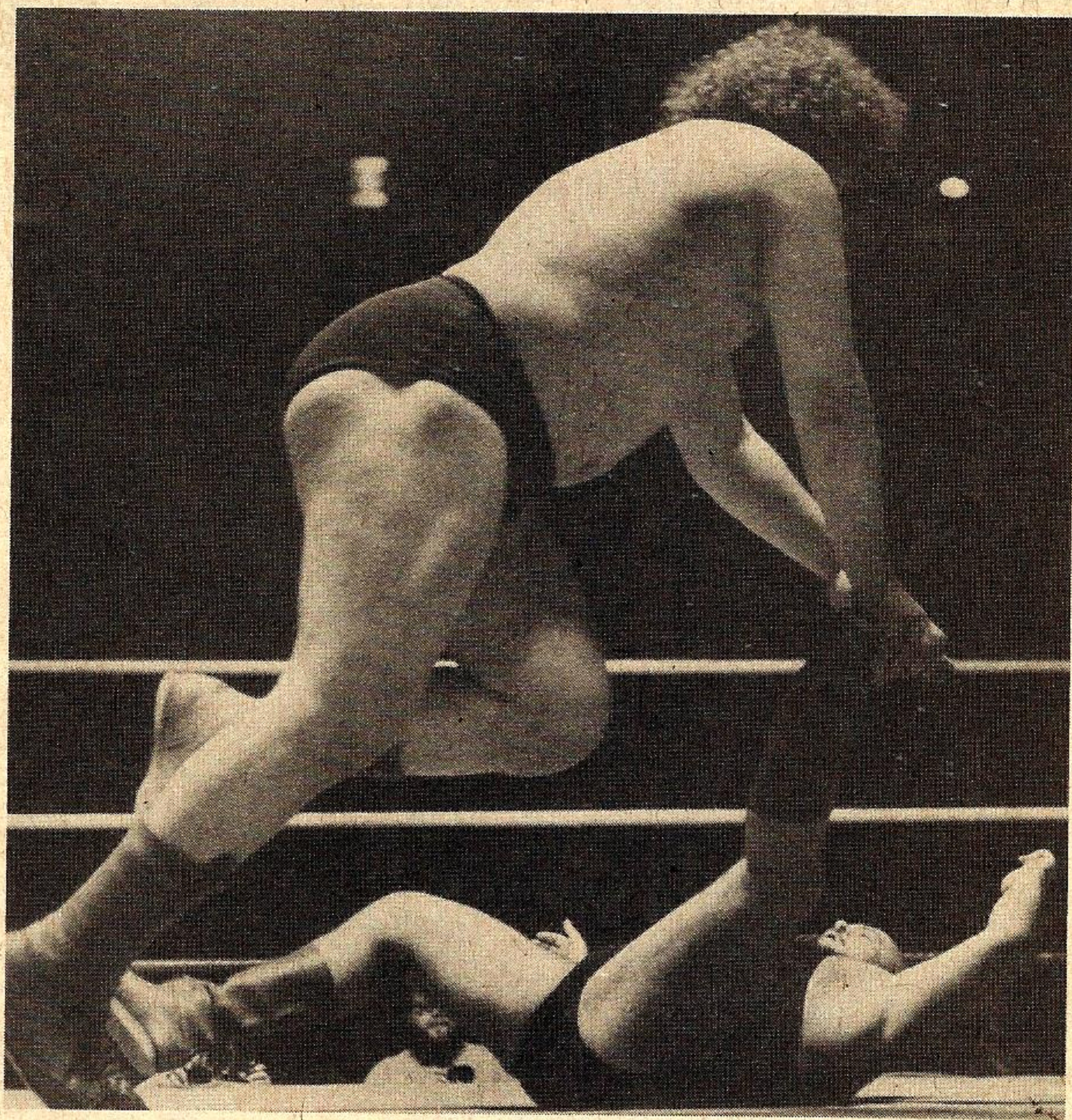
Andre the Giant needed this match to have any chance of fulfilling his greatest ambition. But after this battle against Ivan Koloff, his noble dream may have deteriorated into a hopeless quest

THE RUSSIAN BEAR CRUSHED... HIS TITLE HOPES





Andre controls the opening few moments of the match as he has Koloff helplessly sailing into the ring ropes. Ivan was in deep trouble until he started using grossly illegal tactics.



Andre leaps on Koloff and captures the man in a Marseilles leg stretcher, one of the giant's most effective moves. After being the victim of Andre's complex maneuvers, Koloff believed his only chance for victory was to use the dirtiest tactics he ever knew!

at least salvage his pride.

Like a veteran soldier marching in a parade, Andre stumbled back to the dressing room with his head held high. There is no way of knowing if he heard the affectionate cheers which accompanied him as he limped down the

aisle. It's doubtful his eyes could focus on the tear-stained faces of the many fans who share his agony.

Reporters who stayed outside Andre's dressing room didn't have to be told how serious this setback had been for Andre. The giant would have

gladly suffered twice as much pain if he could have gained a clear-cut victory over Koloff. Ivan is a contender who must be defeated for any man to earn a title shot. And Andre now wants a title shot more than anything else in the world.

A victory by disqualification is like no victory at all. It doesn't entitle the victor to claim he is his foe's better. Without that claim, Andre's title hopes have been seriously damaged, postponed for an indefinite time.

It was more than an hour before Andre was ready to answer questions. The giant was lying on the training table when reporters were allowed in. His side was wrapped in adhesive bandage, though miraculously there were no broken ribs. The doctors assured everyone Andre would be perfectly fine within a week.

"I want Koloff again!" Andre spat through clenched teeth before a question was asked. "I want to beat him worse than he has ever been beaten before. I have learned a lot about him in this match. I know how to beat him. I know how to finish him off once and for all. I promise my fans I will get even."

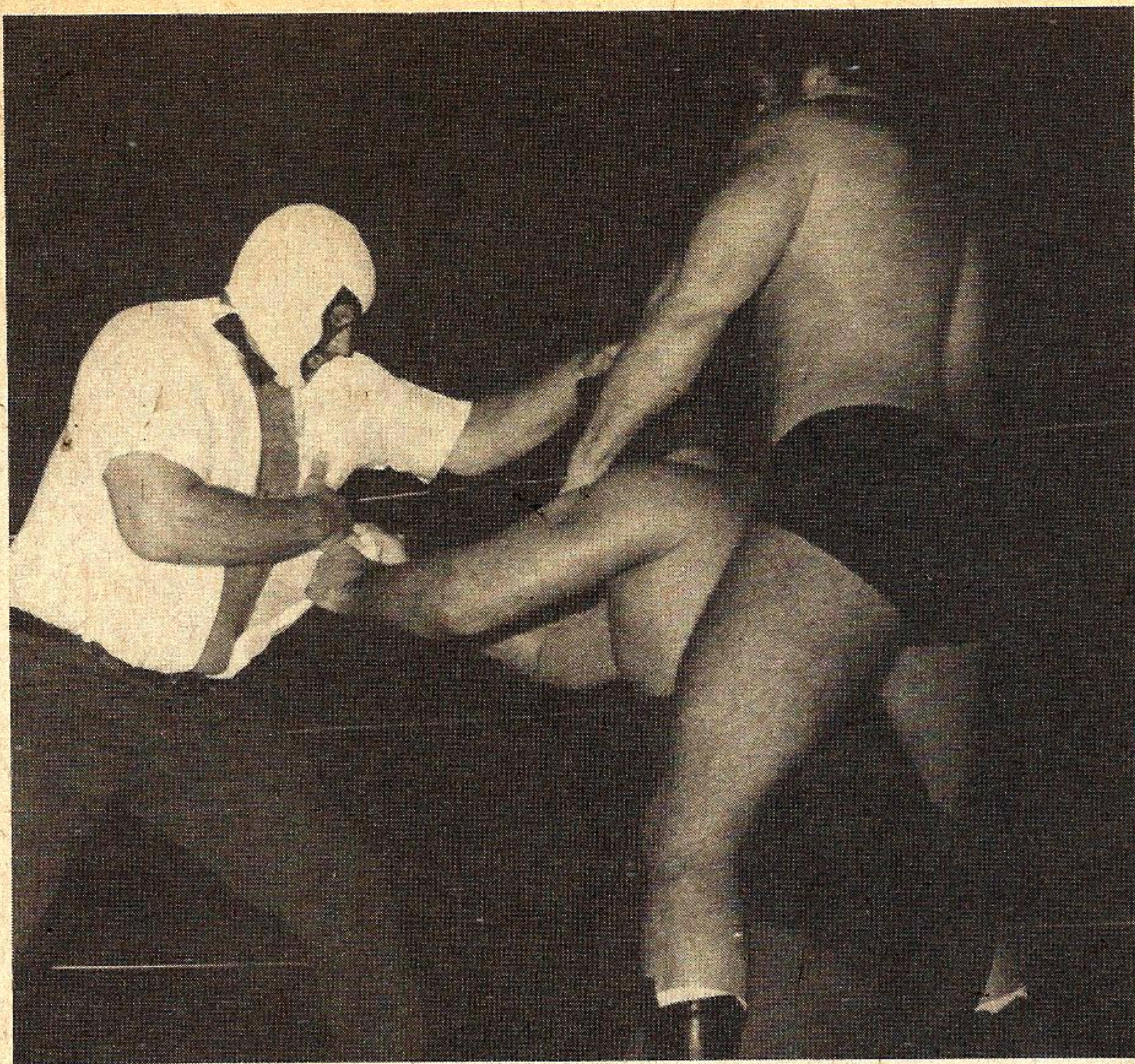
"Will your war against Koloff stall your title plans?" one reporter asked.

"I hope not," Andre said softly, "I hope to be champion soon. I cannot imagine not being champion by this time next year. I have promised my fans I would win a title. I always keep my word."

The interview lasted only a few minutes; Andre's agony was too great for him to concentrate for an extended period of time. Mercifully, the reporters left quickly, allowing the grappler to rest.

There were only a few people in the arena when Andre wearily trudged out of the dressing room. It was pathetic to see a human so huge and in so much pain. Those present had to turn away from the sorrowful sight. Andre's pain was just too much to bear.

Across the city, Ivan Koloff was celebrating. Friends and hangers-on congratulated him and filled his champagne glass time and time again. The celebration might have been less joyful if they knew of the hatred burning in the heart of Andre the Giant. □



Mr. Wrestling II has his shirt ripped open by Spoiler while Mark Lewin tries to pull the masked grappler off the guest referee. From being a referee, Mr. Wrestling II soon became a combatant.

WITH A LOOK of disgust, Mr. Wrestling II took off his torn shirt and threw it into the garbage can. The expensive custom-made garment was ripped beyond repair. The masked grappler grinned when he realized, better the shirt than himself.

Mr. Wrestling II didn't have to be told how close he came to being permanently injured. What had started as a favor for a good friend had turned into an unreal nightmare. A few feet from him, Mark Lewin was also assessing the damage done. Lewin was the man for whom Mr. Wrestling II had done the favor.

"I owe you one," Lewin said quietly to his friend. "No matter what you need, no matter what you want, no questions asked, I'm your man. You put everything on the line for me, tonight."

"I only did what the sport demanded," replied the masked grappler. "Someone had to make sure a man could get a decent chance to defeat Spoiler. I failed. You shouldn't be doing me favors. I should be asking you for a second chance."

"You did more than any other man would do," Lewin said, "and everyone knows that. Remember, Spoiler failed also. And when that louse doesn't succeed, all wrestling is helped."

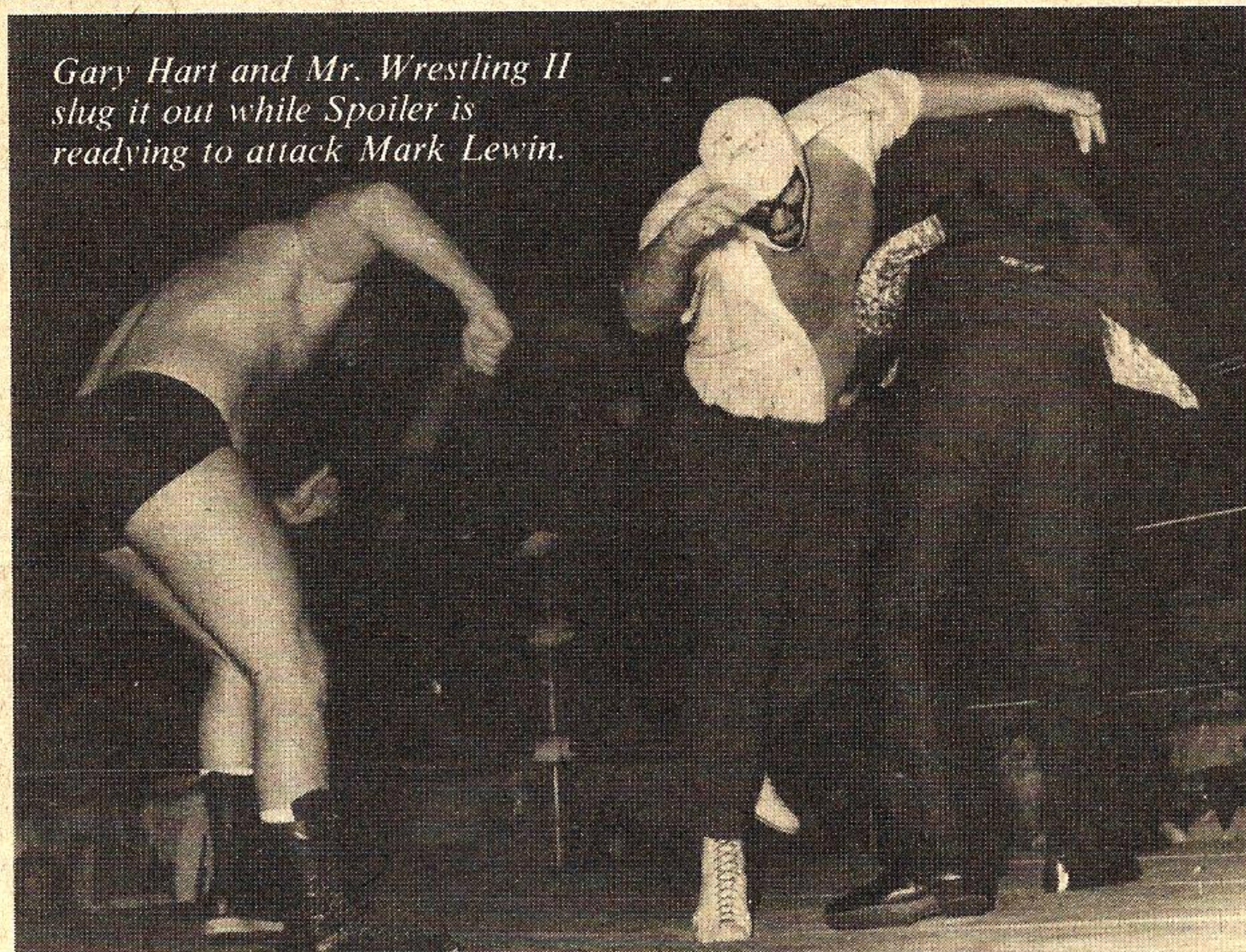
"I was the referee," Mr. Wrestling II countered, "and it should have stayed a scientific match. Instead, it turned

THE NIGHT MR. WRESTLING II REFEREED A RIOT!

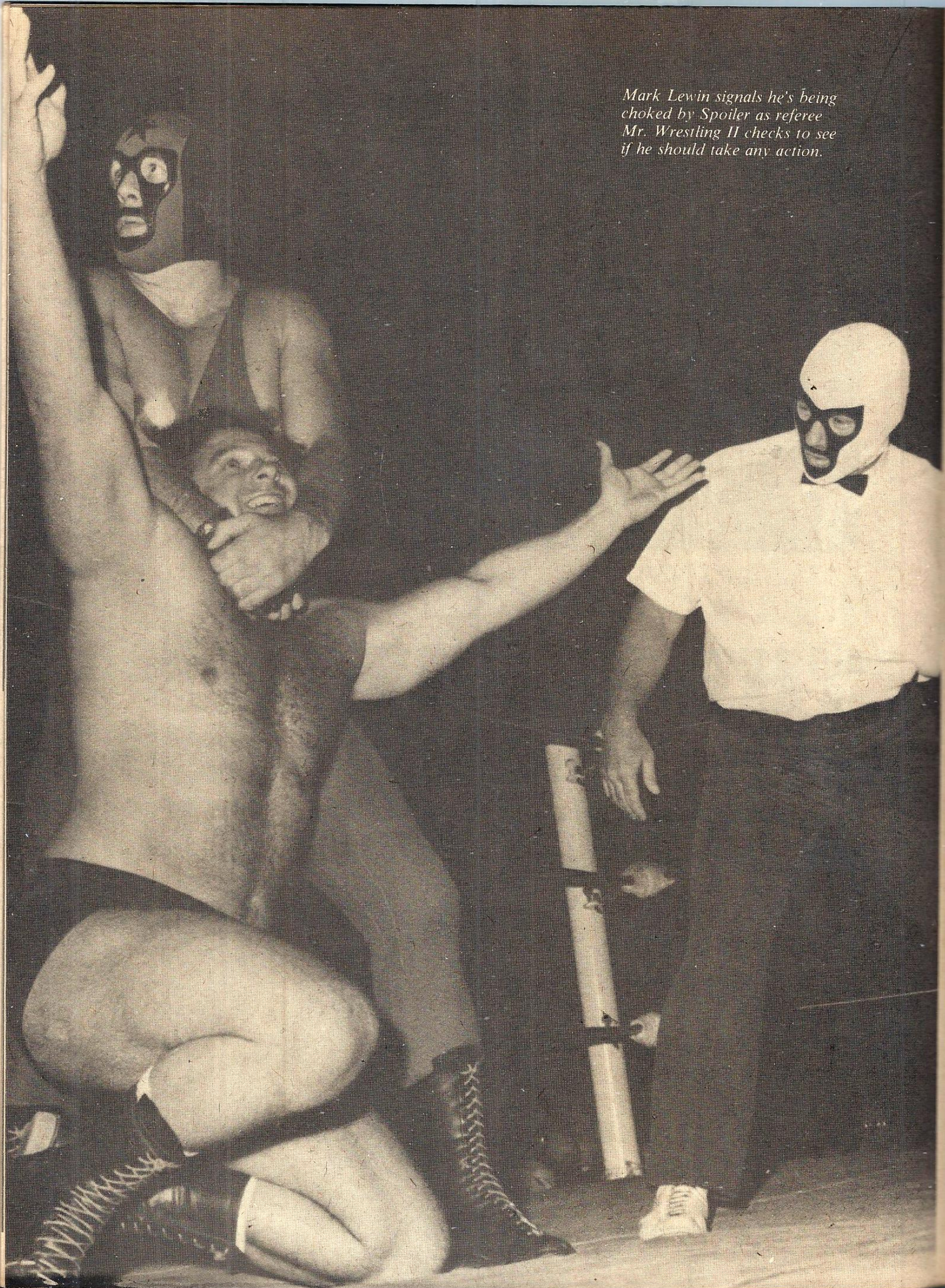
For Mark Lewin to get an even break against Spoiler, he needed help. Yet, even the aid of Mr. Wrestling II could not ensure it would be a scientific match

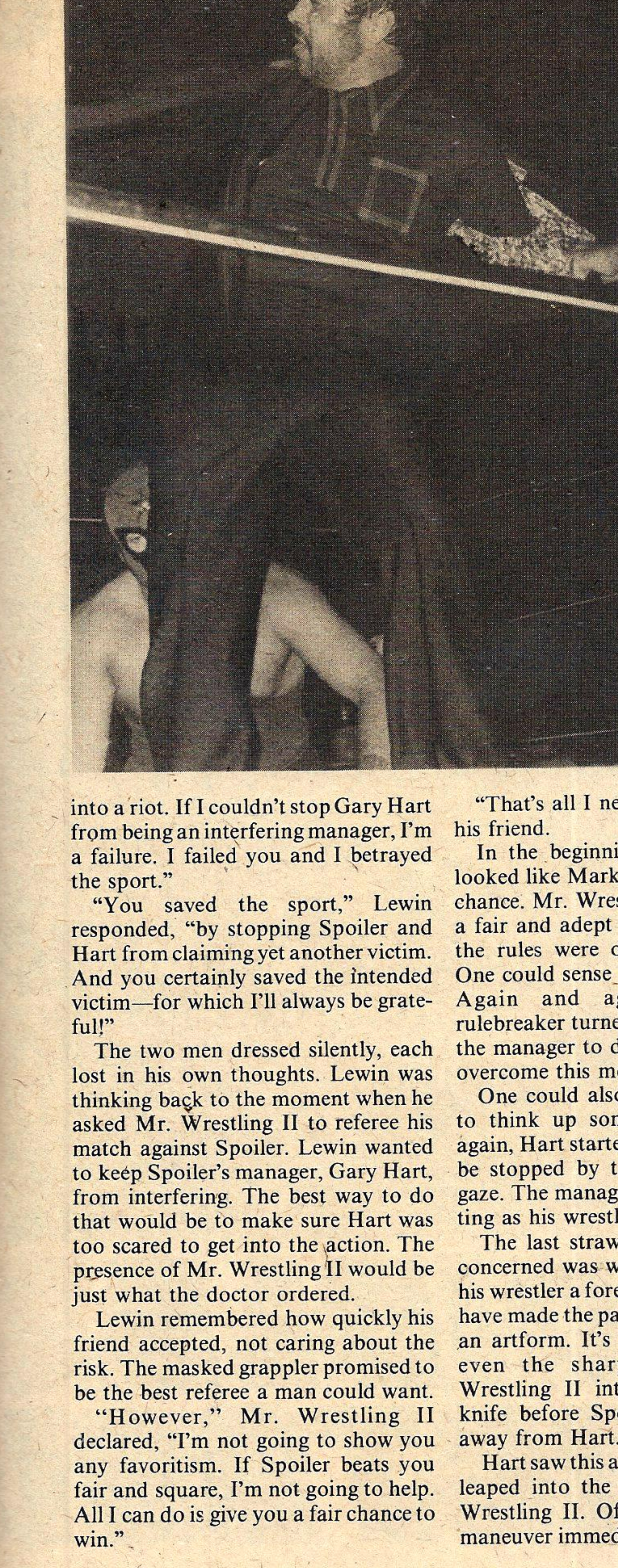
PHOTOS BY DANNY GODDARD

Gary Hart and Mr. Wrestling II slug it out while Spoiler is readying to attack Mark Lewin.



*Mark Lewin signals he's being
choked by Spoiler as referee
Mr. Wrestling II checks to see
if he should take any action.*





Gary Hart tries to interfere, but he is pulled away from the action by Mr. Wrestling II. A full-scale brawl would result from this attempt by the masked referee to keep the match fair.

into a riot. If I couldn't stop Gary Hart from being an interfering manager, I'm a failure. I failed you and I betrayed the sport."

"You saved the sport," Lewin responded, "by stopping Spoiler and Hart from claiming yet another victim. And you certainly saved the intended victim—for which I'll always be grateful!"

The two men dressed silently, each lost in his own thoughts. Lewin was thinking back to the moment when he asked Mr. Wrestling II to referee his match against Spoiler. Lewin wanted to keep Spoiler's manager, Gary Hart, from interfering. The best way to do that would be to make sure Hart was too scared to get into the action. The presence of Mr. Wrestling II would be just what the doctor ordered.

Lewin remembered how quickly his friend accepted, not caring about the risk. The masked grappler promised to be the best referee a man could want.

"However," Mr. Wrestling II declared, "I'm not going to show you any favoritism. If Spoiler beats you fair and square, I'm not going to help. All I can do is give you a fair chance to win."

"That's all I need," Lewin had told his friend.

In the beginning of the match, it looked like Mark would have that fair chance. Mr. Wrestling II proved to be a fair and adept referee, making sure the rules were obeyed scrupulously. One could sense Spoiler's frustration. Again and again, the cowed rulebreaker turned to Hart, imploring the manager to discover some way to overcome this most difficult referee.

One could also see Hart struggling to think up some ploy. Again and again, Hart started to interfere, only to be stopped by the referee's warning gaze. The manager became as frustrating as his wrestler.

The last straw as far as Hart was concerned was when he failed to pass his wrestler a foreign object. These two have made the passing of weapons into an artform. It's barely detectable by even the sharpest referees. Mr. Wrestling II intercepted the plastic knife before Spoiler took two steps away from Hart.

Hart saw this and lost all control. He leaped into the ring, tearing at Mr. Wrestling II. Of course, this blatant maneuver immediately got Spoiler dis-

qualified for having outside interference. Hart didn't want the victory—he wanted Mr. Wrestling II's scalp.

From that moment on, the four men engaged in all-out war. There was no way to stop the brawl until two men were forced to flee or were left for dead by their conquerors. The riot was on!

After several minutes of furious savagery, Hart and Spoiler beat a bloody retreat to their dressing room. They had been bested in the most primitive of combat. They could only leave and attend to their wounds.

It was a weary Lewin and Mr. Wrestling II who returned to the dressing room. Mark was delighted Spoiler had not been allowed to claim another victim illegally. The reign of terror had at least been temporarily halted.

Mr. Wrestling II had more complex emotions. Does a man succeed simply by not failing? Or would his only success have been a scientific match in which Hart had been kept outside the ropes? He had been appointed to maintain control yet the night had ended in a riot.

No one could say Mr. Wrestling II had lost. But could anyone say he had won? □

THE WORKMEN WENT about their job with efficient dispatch. Quickly, the ring was surrounded by a high steel fence. It looked forbidding, stark, as if the ring had suddenly become a prison compound. The harsh arena lights made the sight even more ugly; the glistening cold metal was daring anyone to escape it.

The ring was now ready for a cage match. The fans filling Madison Square Garden on this humid summer night were beginning to shout for the match to start. Soon, the entire crowd, more than 22,000 fans, would be standing and screaming.

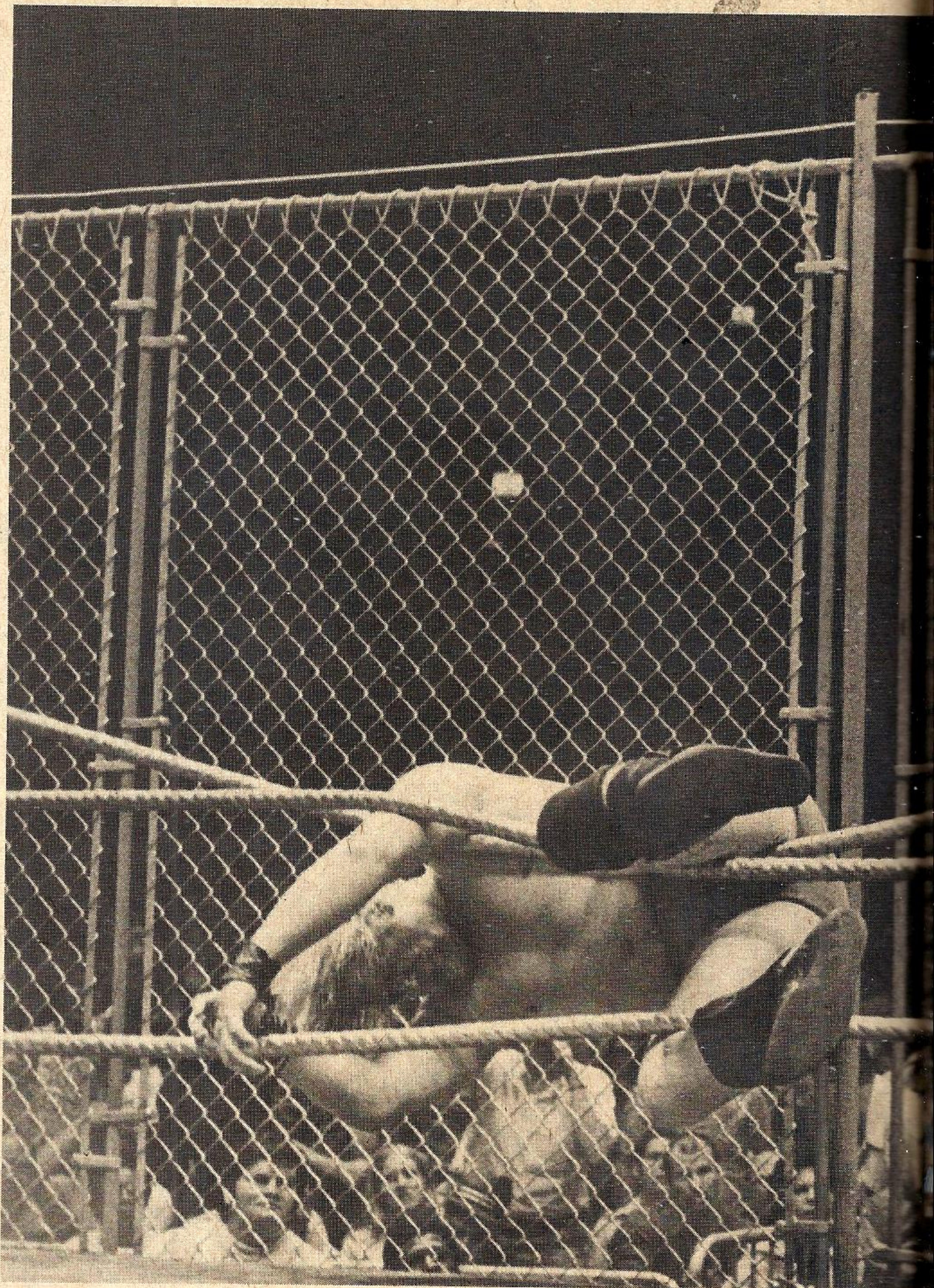
The excitement was thick enough to be felt on the skin. Each person seemed to be driven further by the tension of the person next to him. Excitement was a real force, a separate entity born from the fans yet with a life of its own. An observer couldn't help but be awed by its majesty.

The causes of this extraordinary sensation would soon make their appearance. The first man to enter this steel shrouded field of battle was Stan Hansen, the most hated man in recent wrestling history. On his elbow was an athletic pad, looking harmless. Yet everyone in the arena knew what that pad could do when it hid a steel plate beneath the rubber padding. When this loaded weapon was used in Hansen's notorious maneuver, the lariat, it could cripple.

The man who discovered its crippling horror would follow Hansen into the ring. The boos had not quieted when Bruno Sammartino, beloved WWF champion, entered and changed the boos to exuberant cheers. Sammartino had recently returned from suffering a broken neck at the hands of Stan Hansen's lariat. This would be Bruno's ultimate chance for revenge.

The two had met since Sammartino's recovery. The first match Bruno

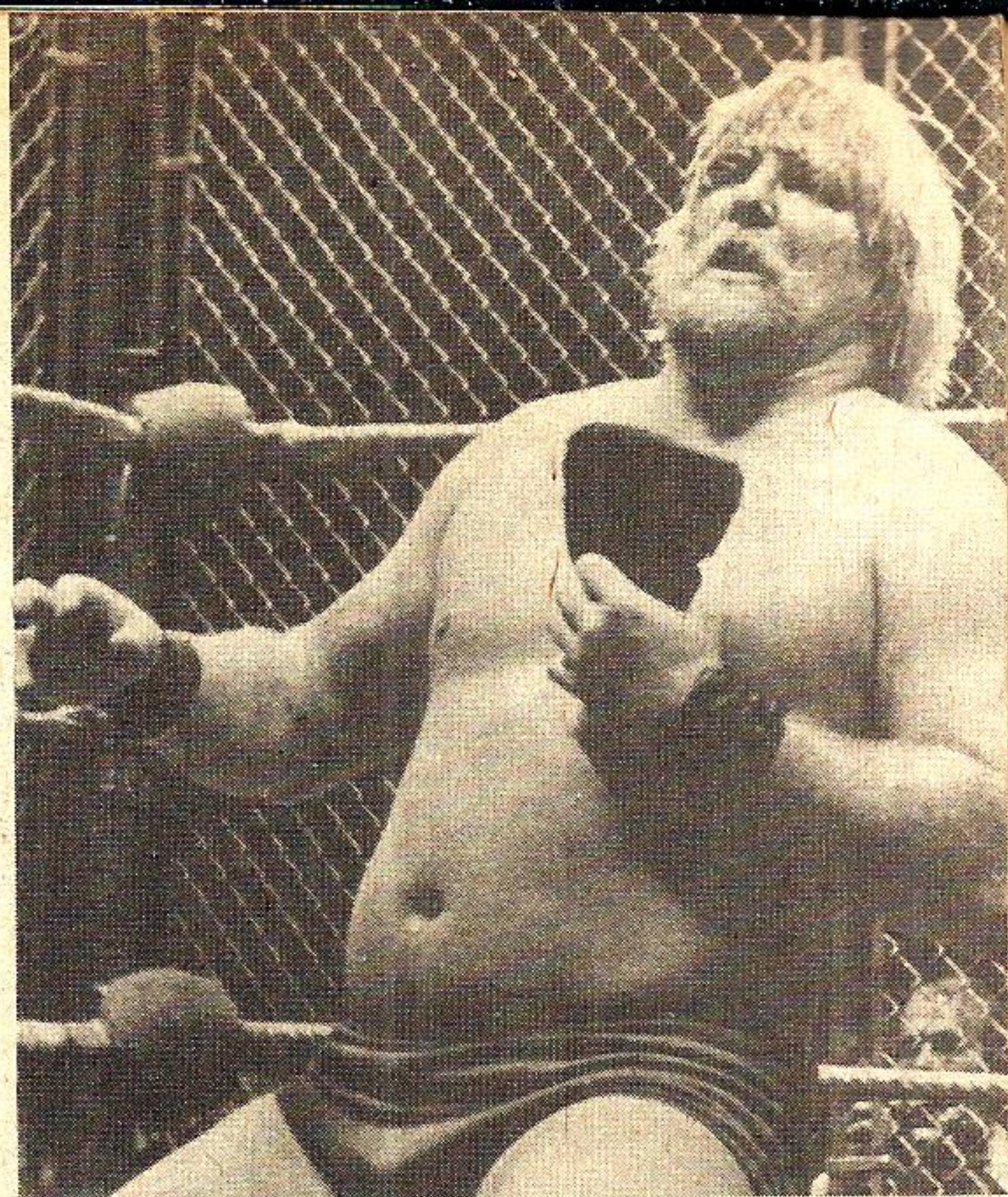
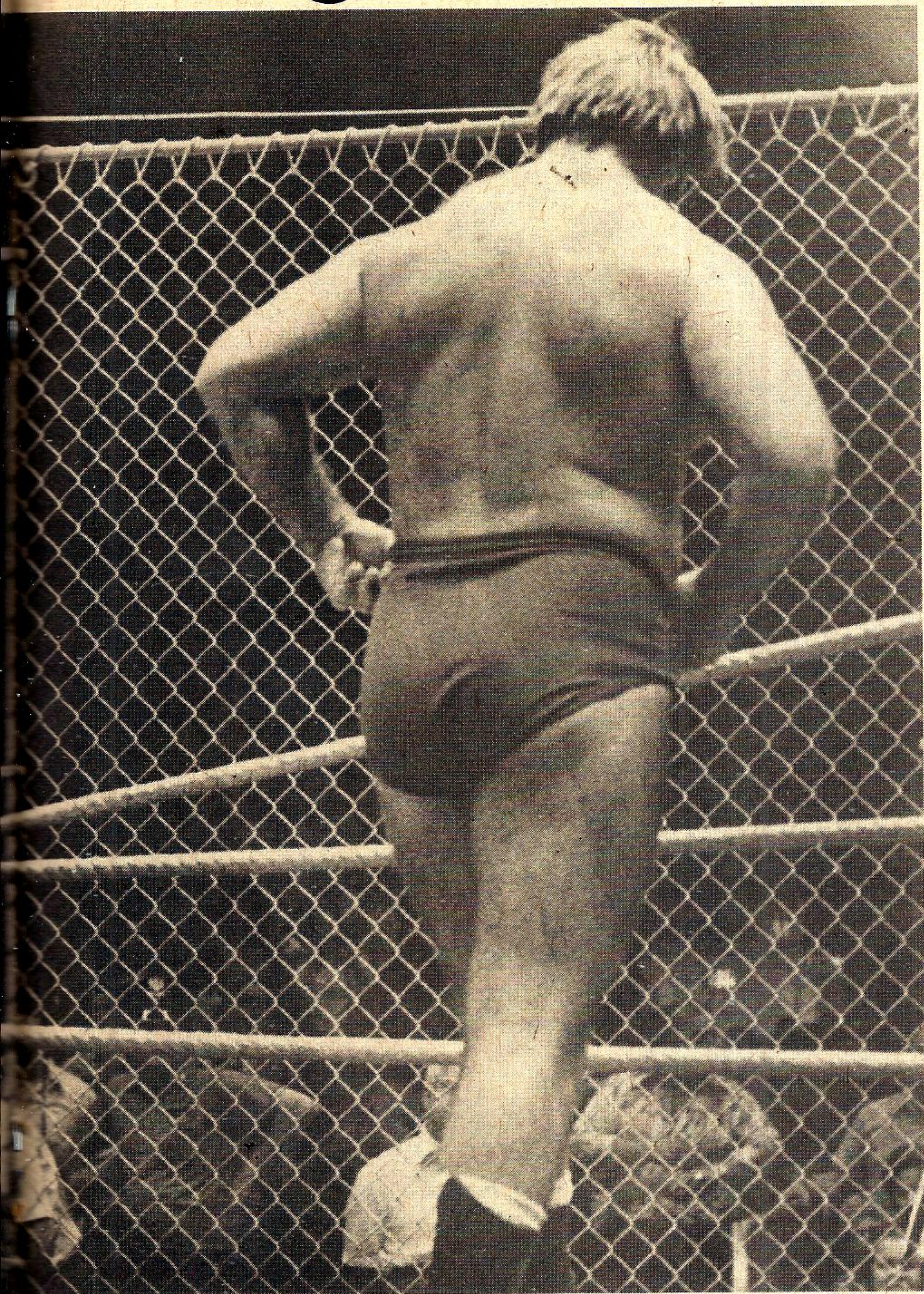
Bruno - Hansen



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

INCREDIBLE IS VICTORIOUS

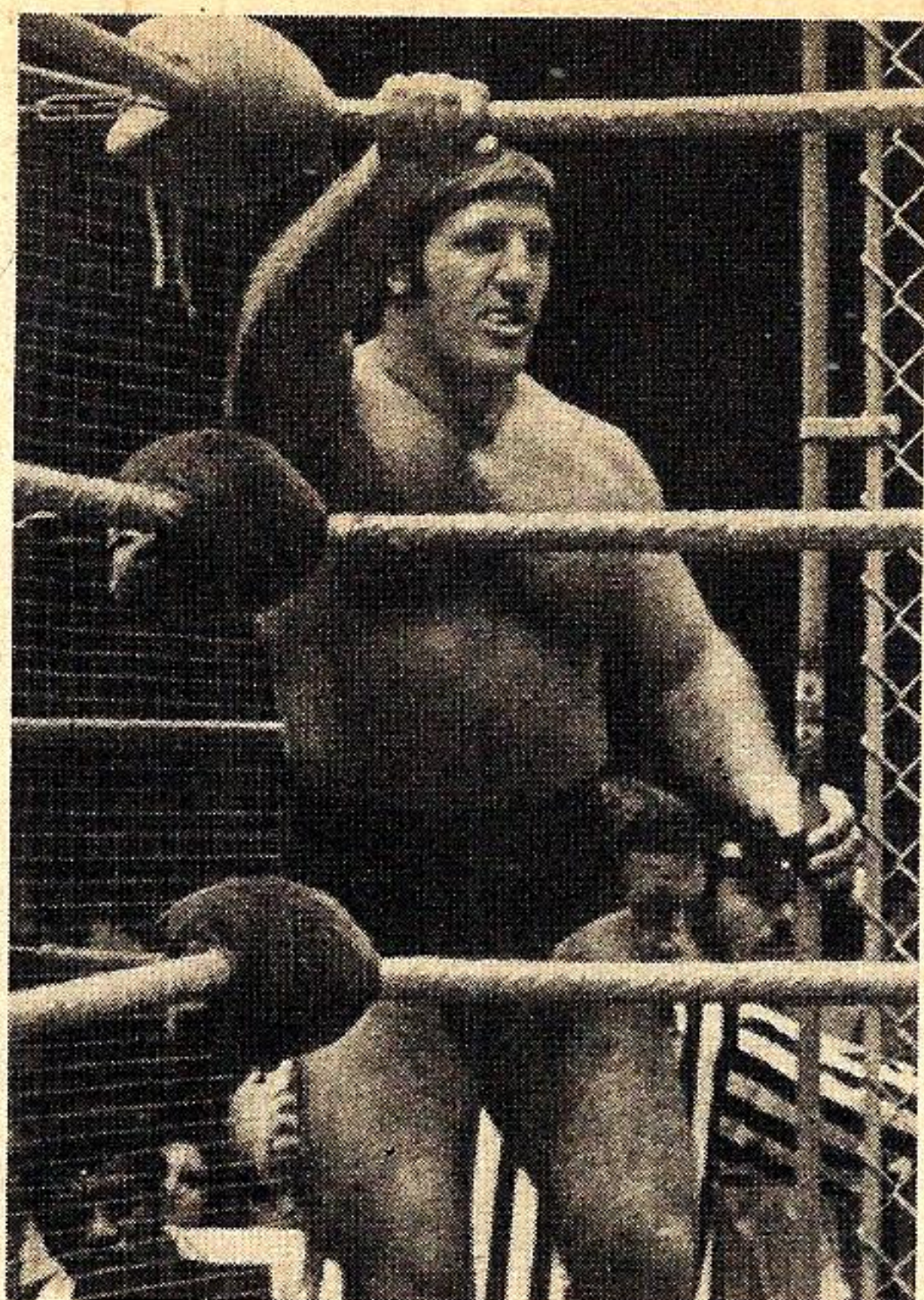
n Cage Match



Once again having proven his superiority, WWWF champion Bruno Sammartino strides out of the cage, leaving hapless Stan Hansen ensnarled in the ropes (left). When Hansen is able to free himself (above), all he can do is moan about being bested by Sammartino.

**Two warring
battlers filled a
cage of hate. After
the explosion,
Bruno Sammartino
stood proud, once
again the
unquestioned king
of WWWF
wrestling.**

SAMMARTINO OUS AGAIN



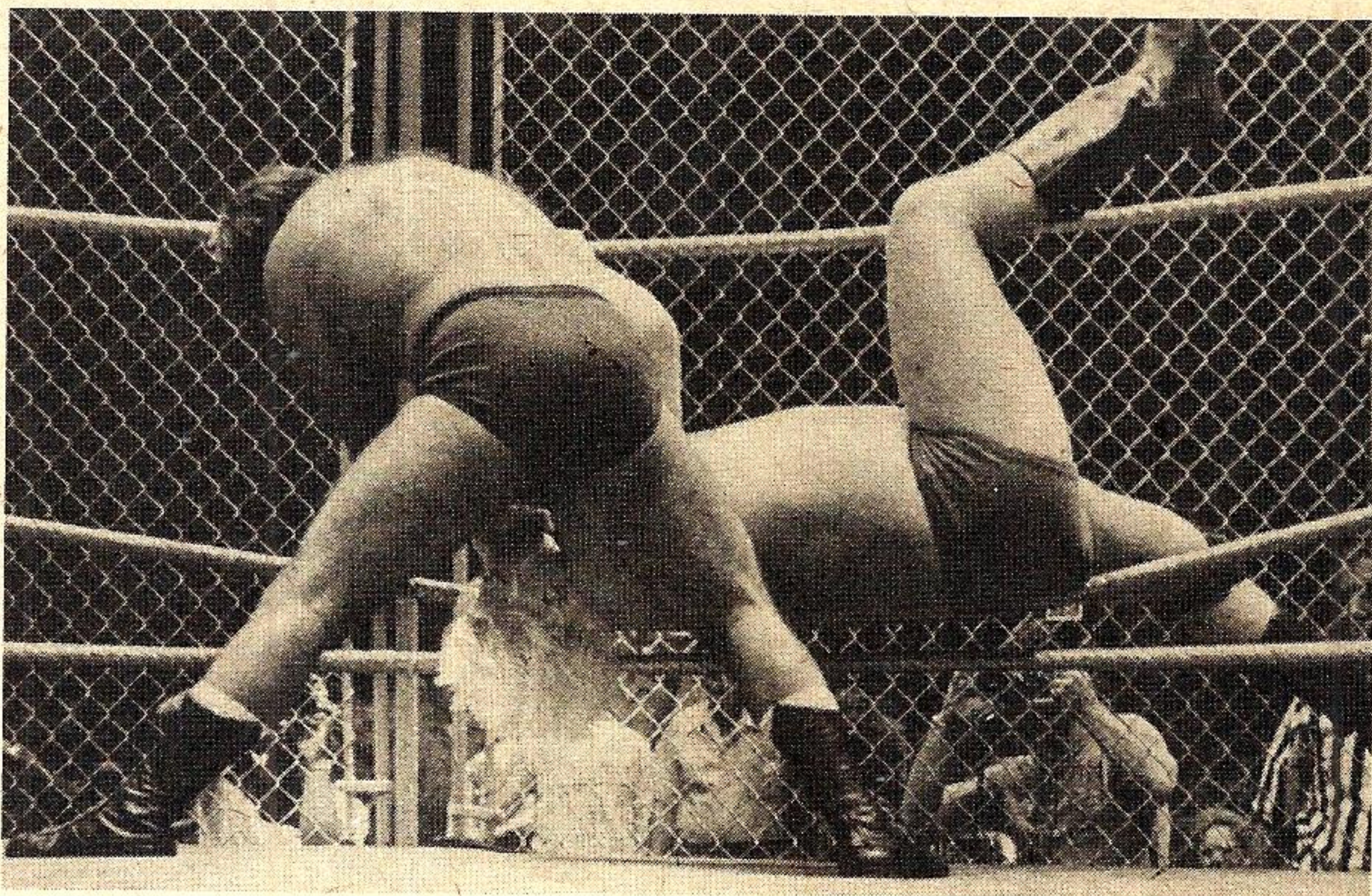
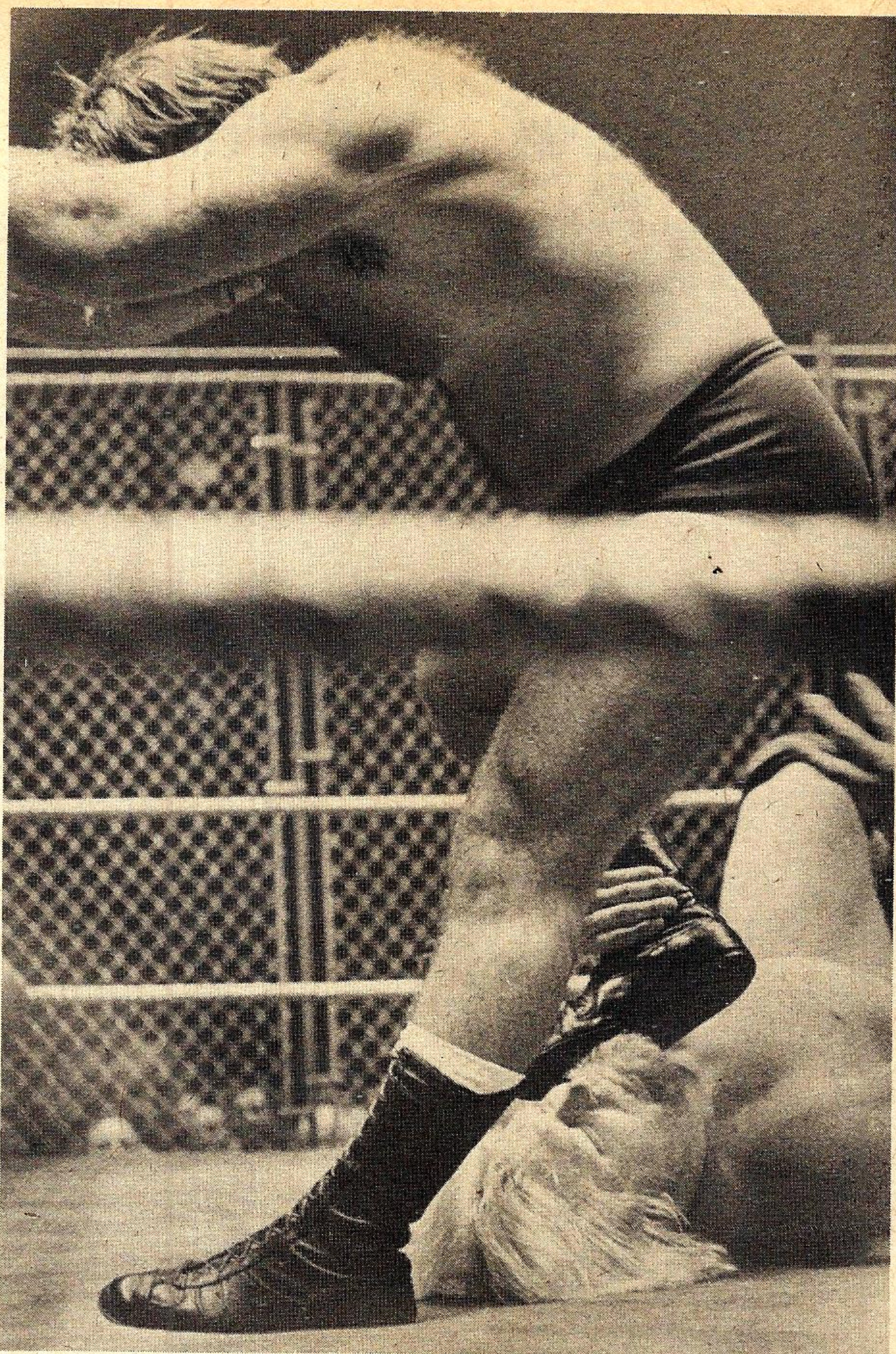
Determined to humiliate, as well as defeat, Bruno Sammartino enters the cage (above). It is not long before he is raging, stomping Stan Hansen on the throat (right). When there is no more strength left in Stan, Bruno captures him in the ring ropes (below right). Stan is finished for this tough night!

battled after being released from the hospital had been against Hansen. Many thought Bruno should not have come back so quickly, and given his neck more time to heal. Sammartino listened to these people, all good friends, but in the end ignored them. His need for revenge couldn't wait.

Many of the fans in Madison Square Garden had seen that classic confrontation in Shea Stadium. They had yelled with delight when Bruno had overwhelmed Hansen, driving him repeatedly from the ring.

This time Sammartino didn't want Hansen to get a chance to run. That was the reason for the cage. The two men would have to stay and battle. There would be no easy escape. To win a cage match, a man must climb over the fence or go out a door. It gives his opponent plenty of time to recover and continue the match. One man would end the evening satisfied. The other would leave broken and battered.

As Hansen stood in the ring, he was alone . . . all alone. There was no referee. This was brawling at its most primitive, savage level. There was no pretense of any rules or regulations. Two men who hated each other were



going to settle scores in the most brutal way possible. This match wasn't for victory, it was for destruction.

When Sammartino entered the cage, the two men faced each other like jungle beasts. The crowd was already on its feet. What they were screaming couldn't be understood, though their meaning was perfectly clear. They desperately wanted Bruno to be victorious, to avenge the reign of terror unleashed upon the WWWF by Hansen.

Before the bell, Bruno turned to acknowledge the cheers of the fans. It was the first and last mistake he made all evening.

Hansen saw Bruno turned away from him and attacked. He leaped on the champion's back and started to pummel him. Fans shrieked as Bruno reeled from the blows. Hansen kept up the attack, sensing a quick and total victory.

Hansen's hopes proved to be dreams.

Bruno, using all the knowledge and power at his command, slowly but surely battled back. His defensive maneuvers soon turned to counter-attack. Hansen felt the match's momentum slipping from him.

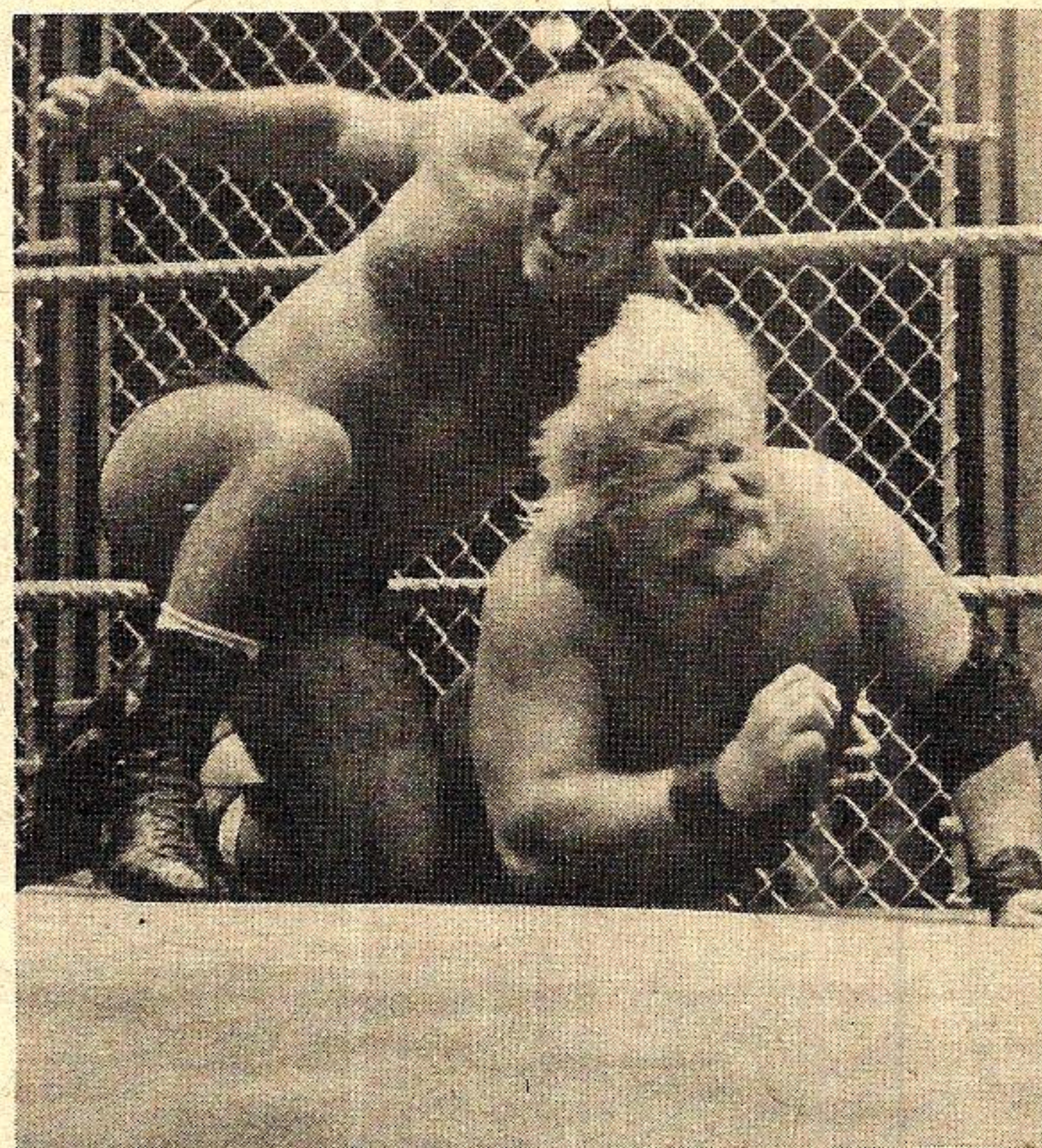
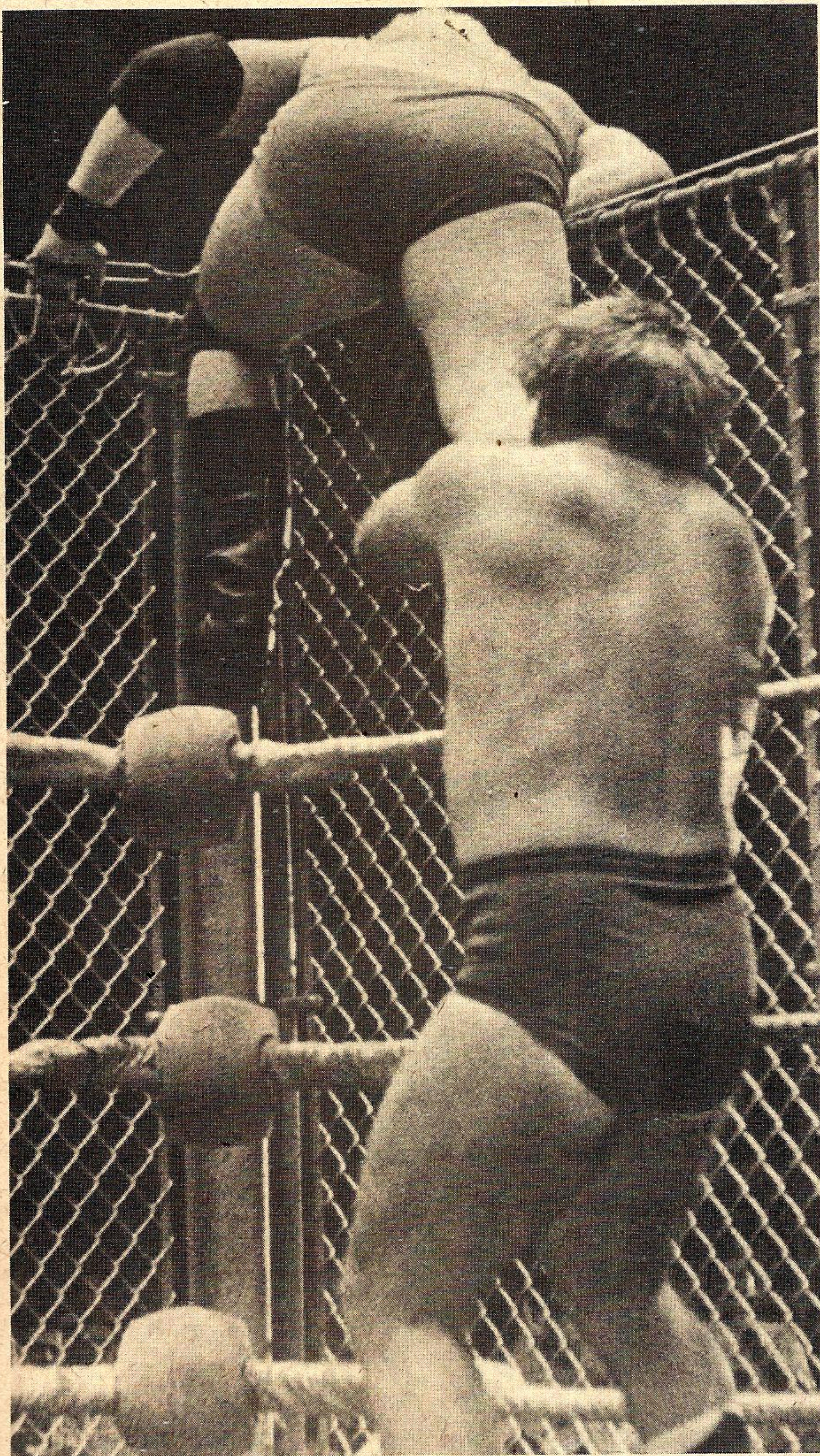
Stan grew desperate almost immediately. Panic could be seen in his wide, crazily glassy eyes. He became reckless and foolish. It was clear how badly Hansen needs a manager to keep him calm. But Stan's manager, Freddie Blassie, wasn't there. Blassie had decided not to come to this match for private reasons.

Swinging wildly, his strategy merely desperate instincts, Hansen struggled to stay alive. Sammartino remained the controlled professional, allowing Hansen to rage harmlessly. Stan was wasting precious strength waging his berserk attack. Bruno neutralized him while at the same time goading him on, driving Stan to an exhausted oblivion.

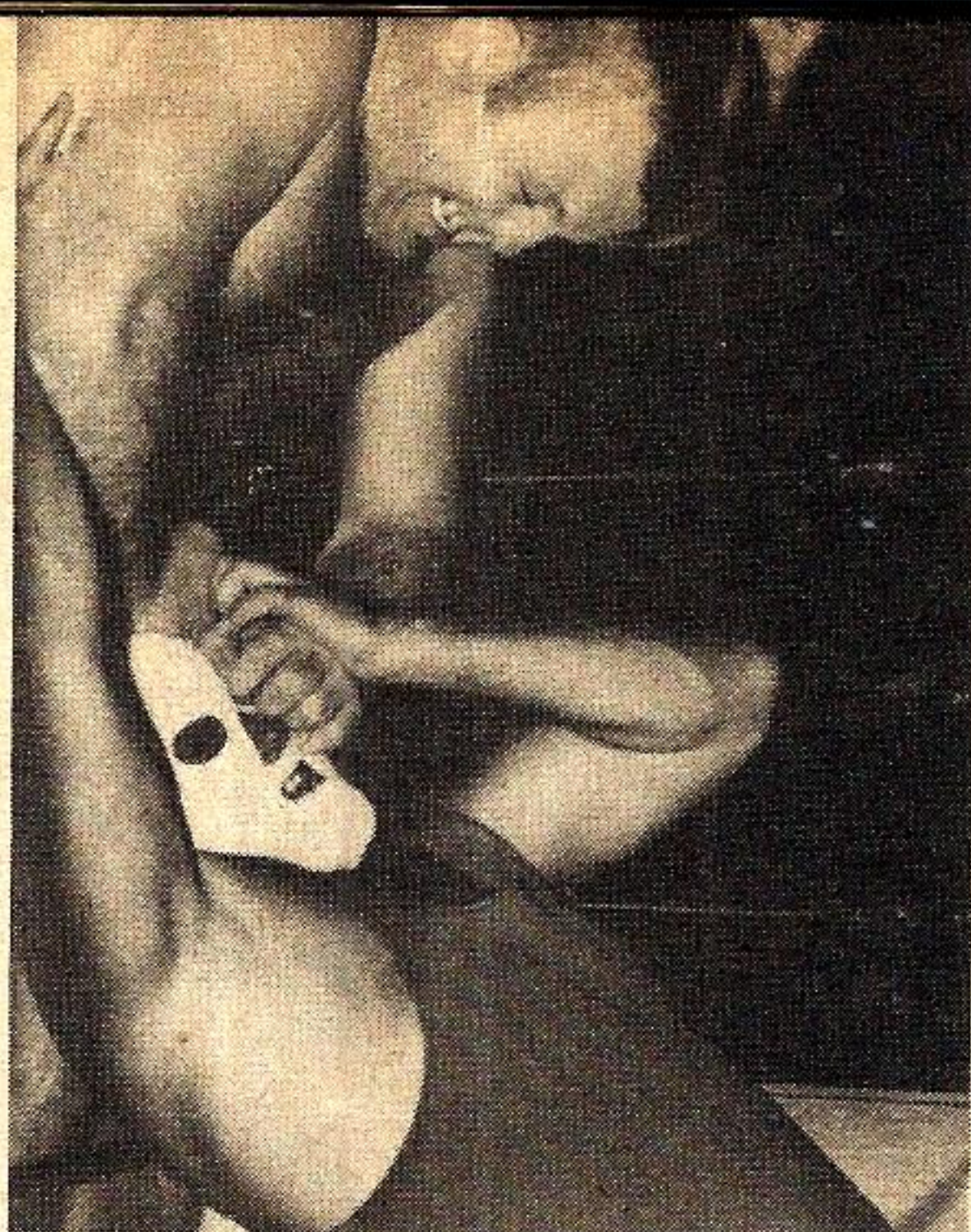
When Bruno saw by Hansen's sluggish movements that the time was right for attack, he leaped at Hansen. The crowd was now screaming wildly, knowing its wishes would be granted. Sammartino would reign supreme.

Hansen also knew he was doomed. Time and time again, the hapless grappler tried to struggle over the fence only to be brought down by Bruno. The champion was almost contemptuous of his foe's efforts to flee, each yank seeming more effortless yet hurling Hansen harder to the canvas. Fin-

(Continued on page 56)

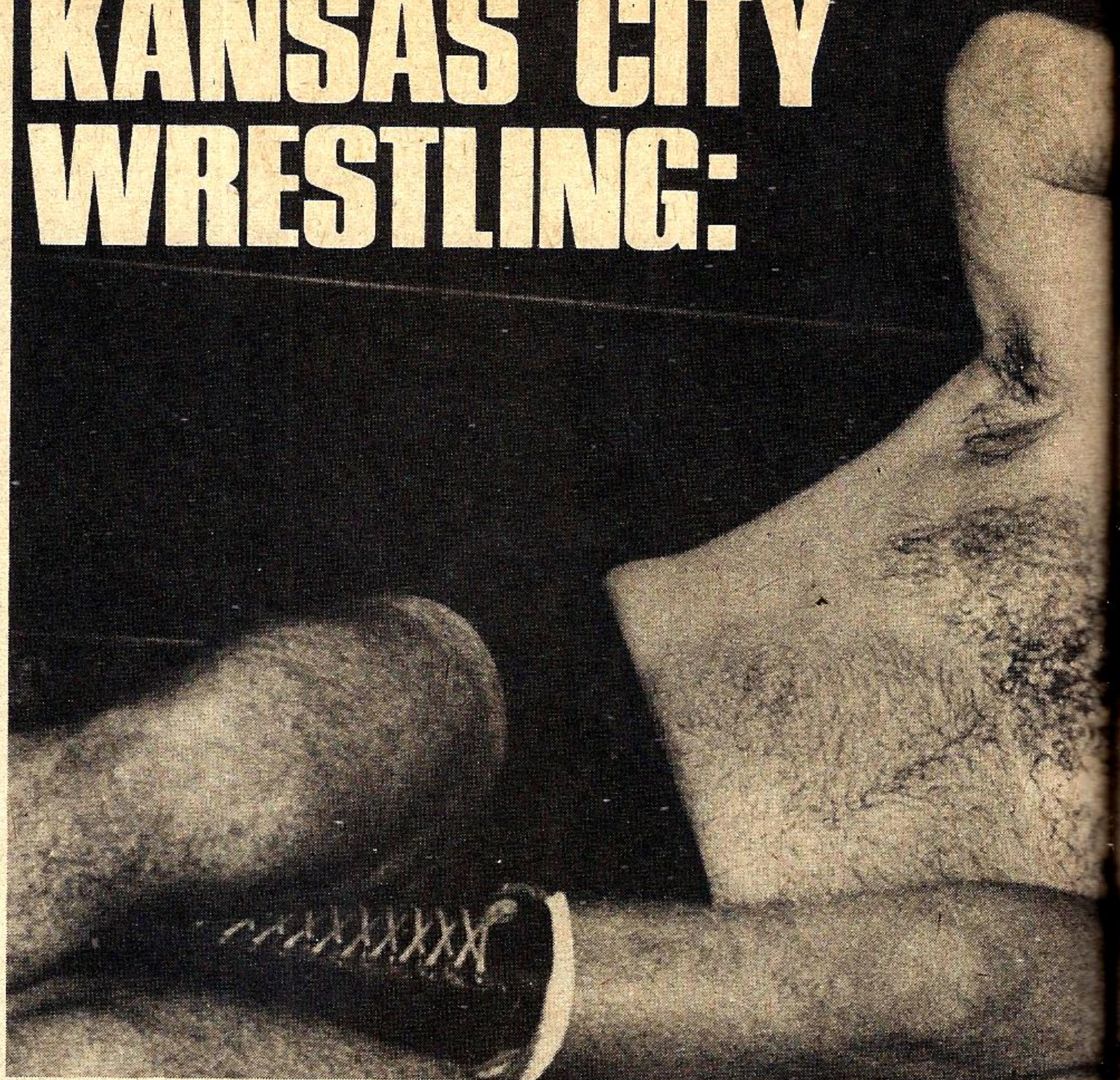


Sammartino grabs Hansen before Stan can get out of the cage (left). Bruno brings his foe to the canvas and smashes his fist in Hansen's head (above), almost knocking Hansen out.



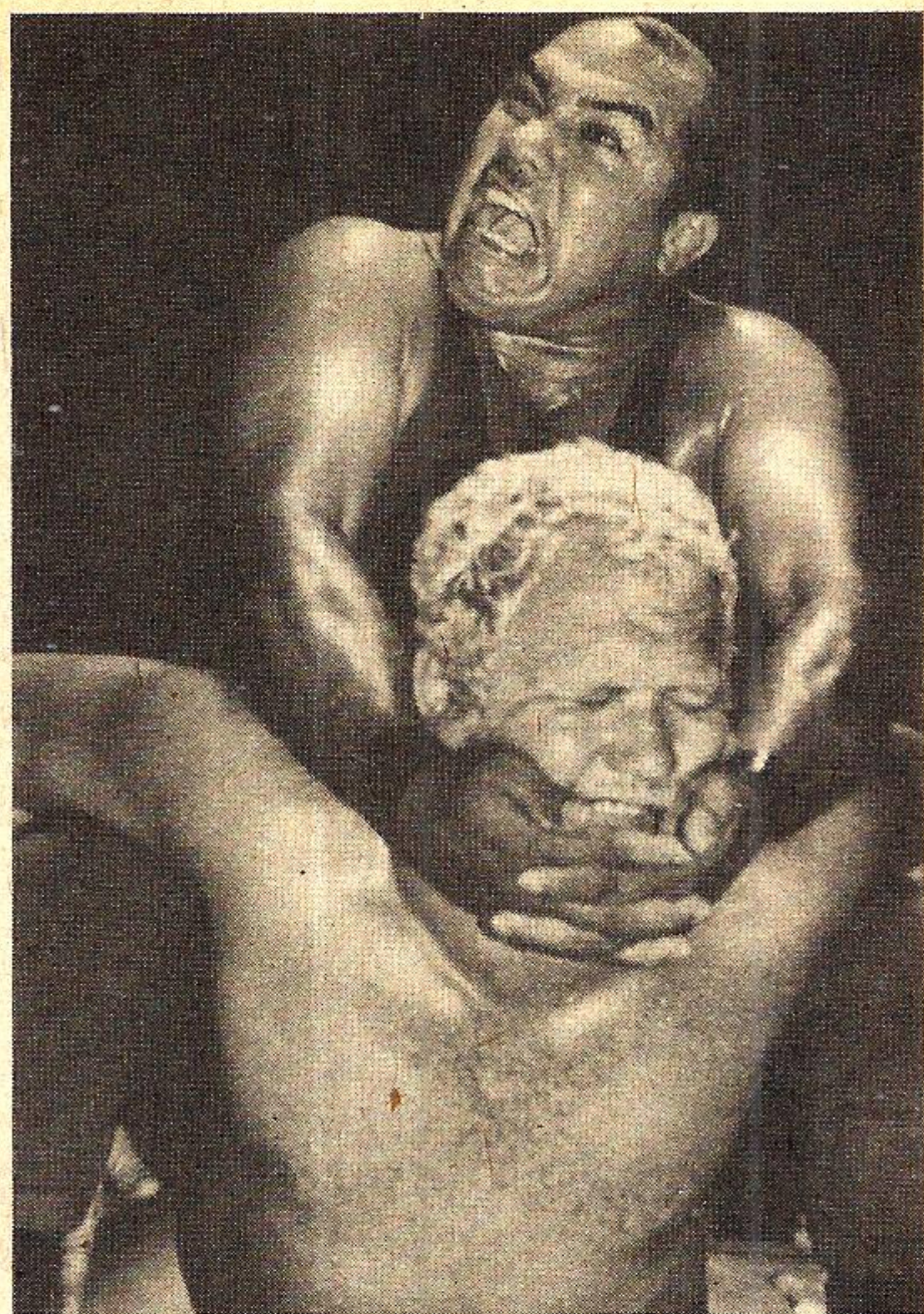
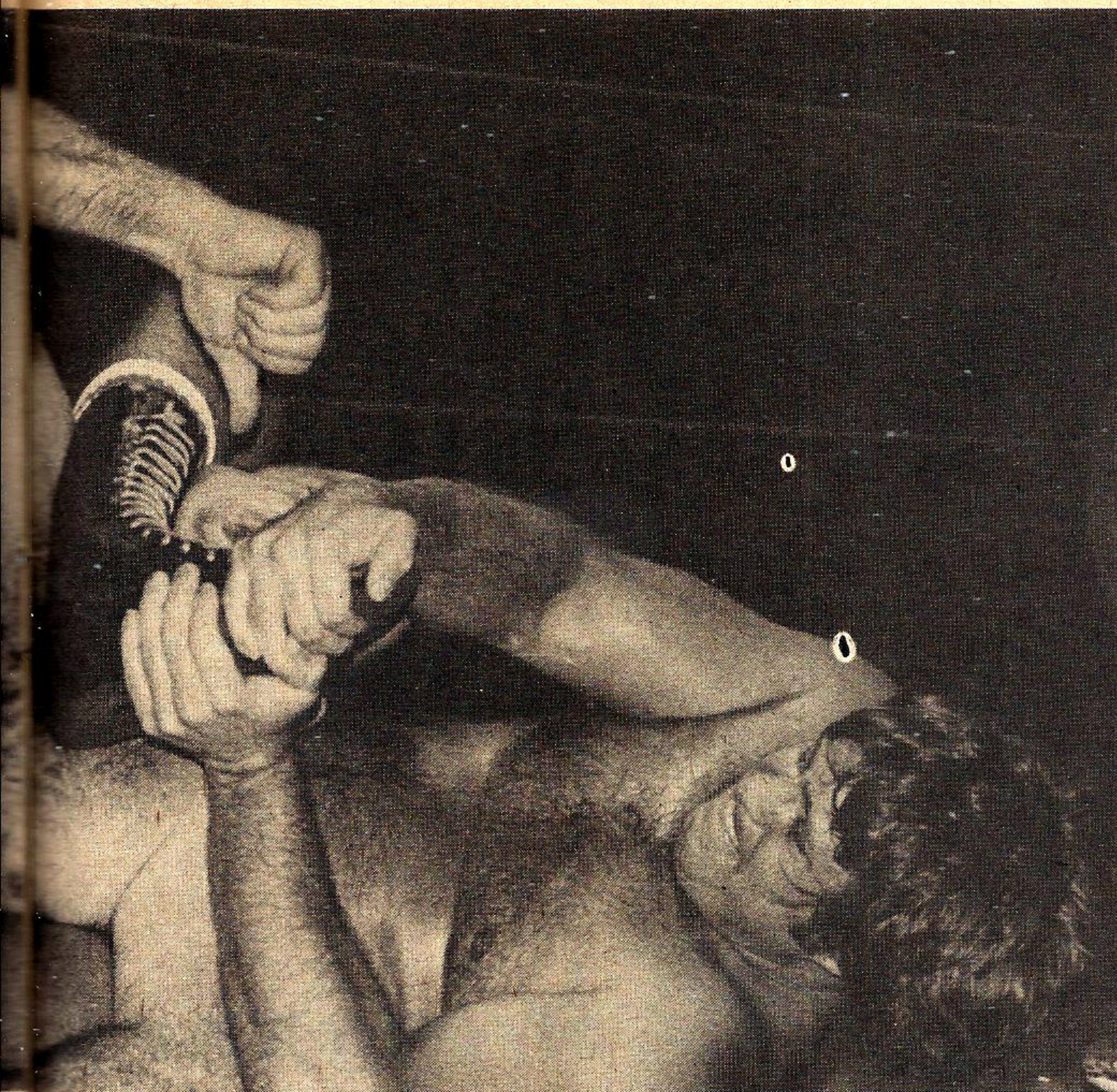
Bulldog Bob Brown doesn't want to unmask Super Destroyer—he would rather gouge out an eye (above). This sickening tactic is par for the course when the exciting Bulldog wrestles.

KANSAS CITY WRESTLING:



**ONE
SMALL
STEP ABOVE
LEGALIZED
MURDER**

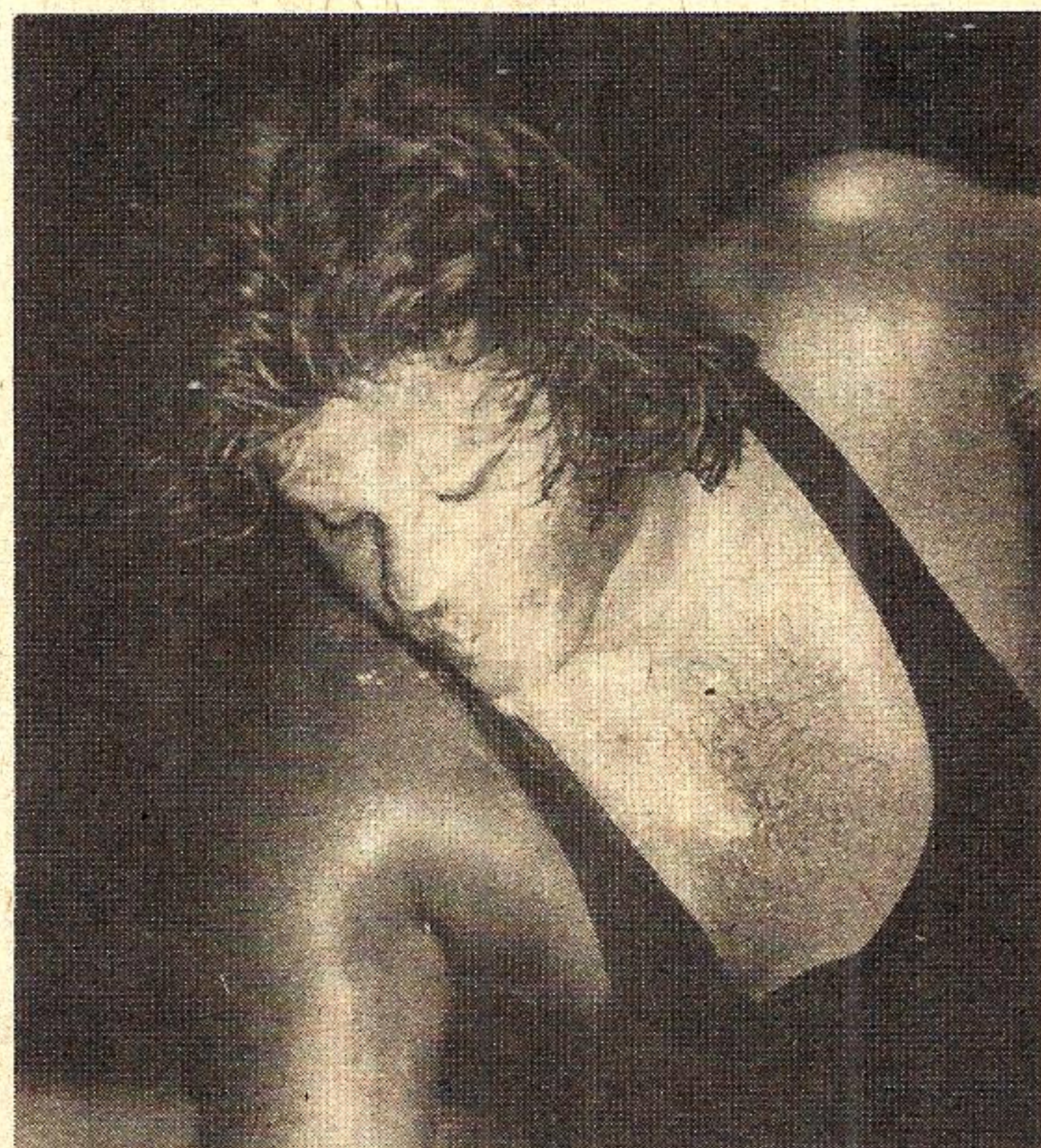
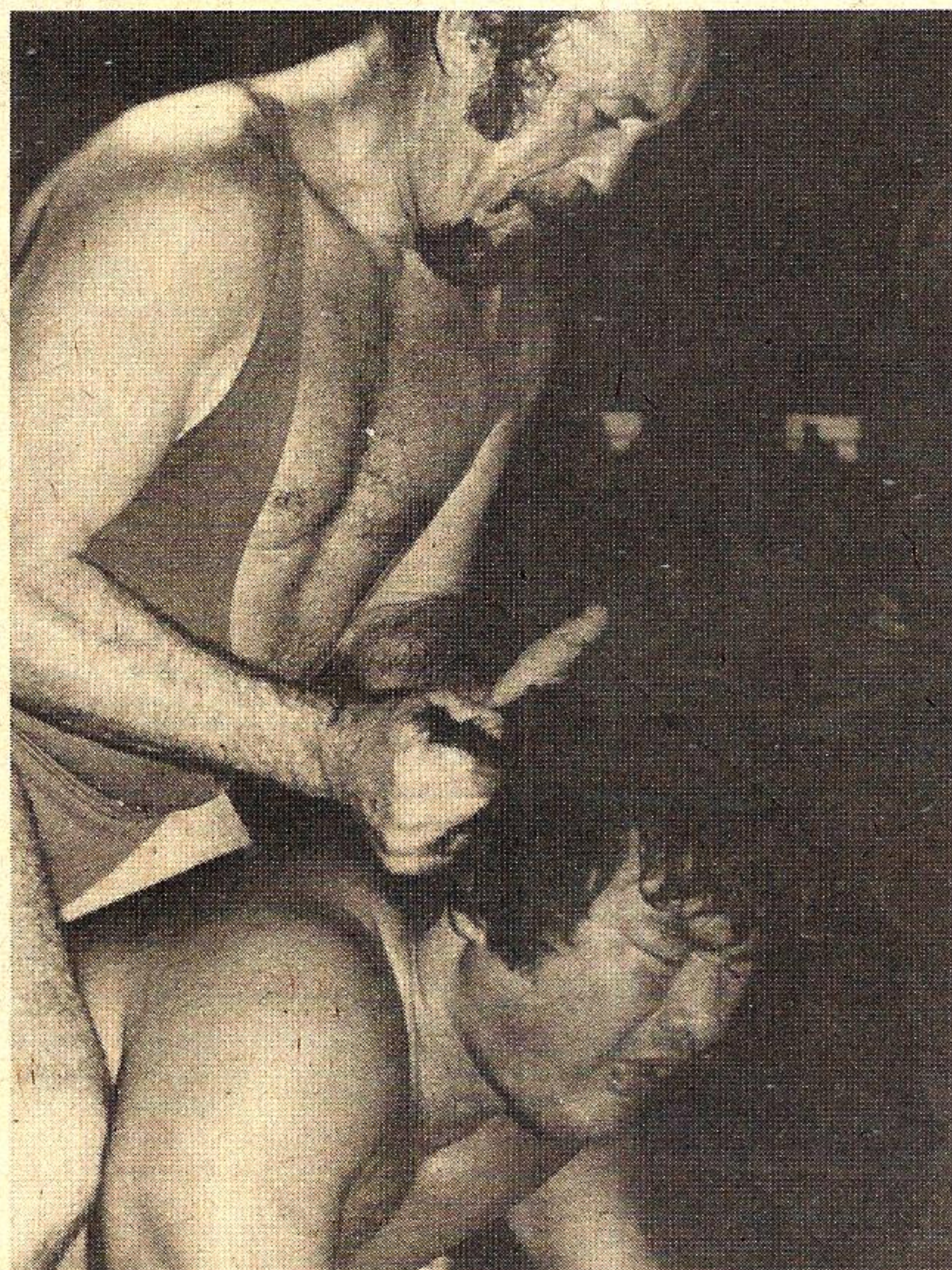
PHOTOS BY JOHN AREZZI



Left: Mike George has captured Bulldog Bob Brown in a unique leg headlock. Above: Goliath tortures Harley Race in a very painful neckstretcher. That is normal for Kansas City bouts!

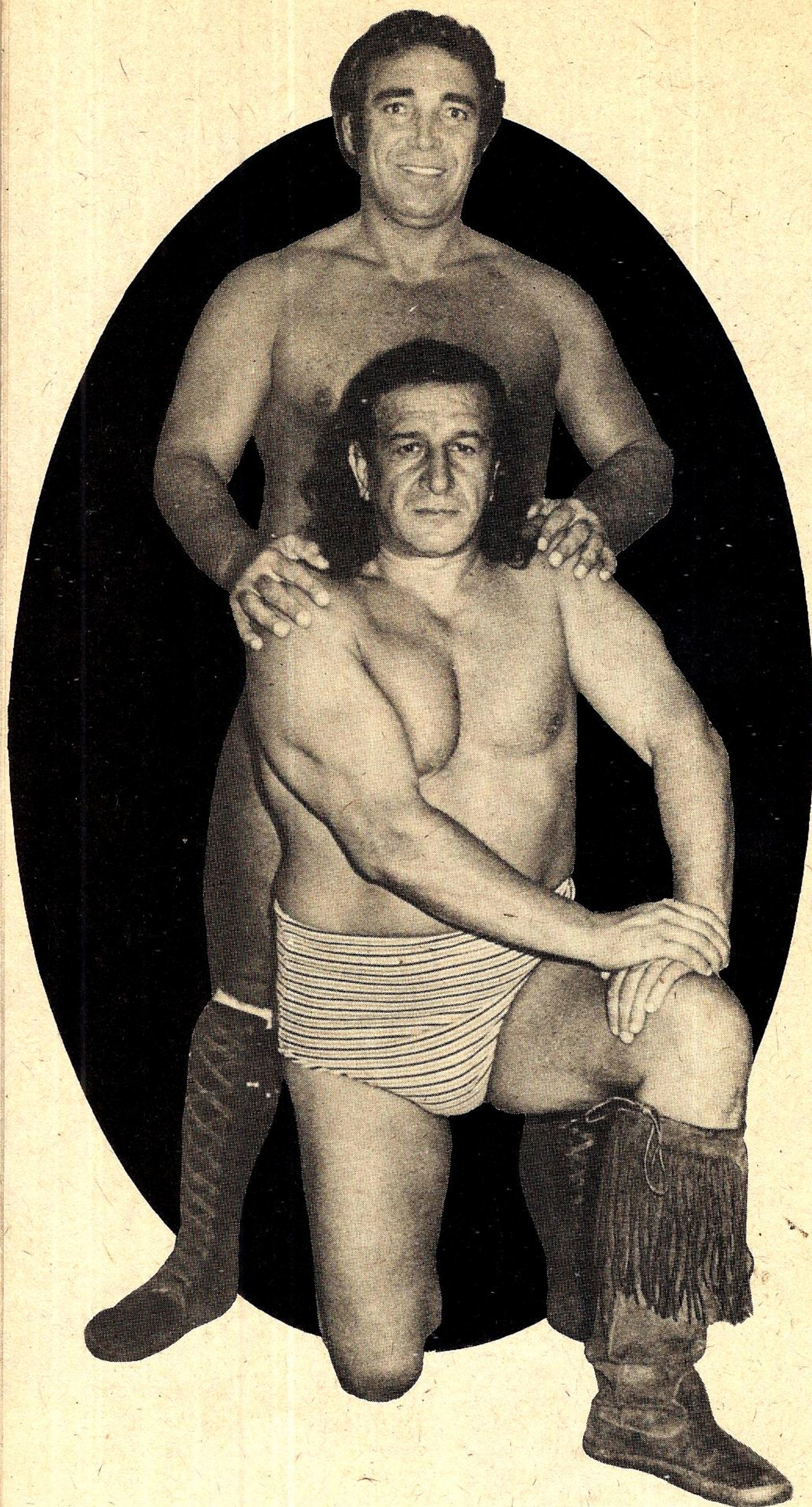
No one knows why Kansas City inspires such savage wrestling. The fans aren't wondering, though—they just enjoy the exciting action from wrestling's top mat stars—and keep coming back for more!

Using Aiko Sato's hair for reins, Joe Palardi rides his foe around the ring. He is intent on making the proud Oriental a figure of abject humiliation, the most cruel fate Sato could suffer. Aiko soon escaped and wreaked a bloody revenge!



Tank Patton stumbles helplessly across the ring after he was blinded by powder thrown at him by unscrupulous Bob Geigel.

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



POPULARITY IS A strange and fickle thing. No one is quite sure why some people enjoy it effortlessly while others spend a lifetime pursuing it unsuccessfully. It is given selflessly by throngs who are not quite sure why they're doing it.

The phenomenon of great popularity is now evident in the crowd's reaction to Chief Jay Strongbow and Billy White Wolf. There exists a special electricity between this great tag team and the fans. The pair have yet to win a title, but they are treated like champions. Their very existence seems to be enough to make the fans worship them.

Trying to analyze what makes these two men adored is in many ways comparable to explaining the taste of caviar—if you don't share

Strongbow and White Wolf

ARE THEY THE MOST POPULAR TAG TEAM IN HISTORY?

THE FA

the enjoyment, it's impossible to understand it. It's best to go to those who share the pleasure and have them explain it in as many different ways as possible.

To accomplish this mission, we went to many WWWF arenas and asked the fans there why the team of White Wolf and Strongbow has captured their imaginations.

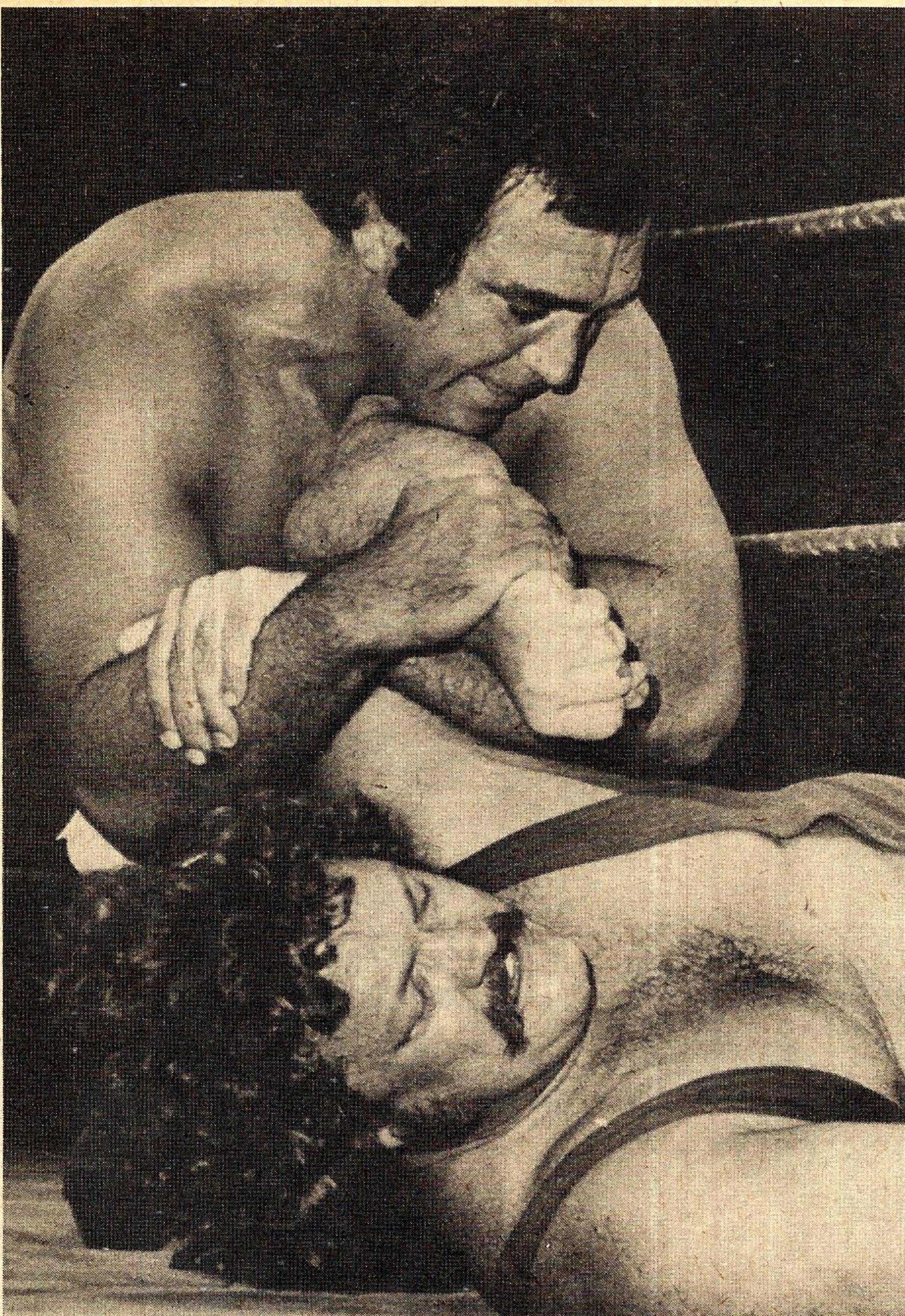
Many fans were stumped to explain why they are so attracted to the Indian mat stars, while others simply said, "They're great," or "They'll be the ones to destroy the Executioners." However, many fans gave the subject a great deal of thought. We're indebted to them for their varied insights.

Perhaps the most representative opinion was expressed by Phillip Briddell, of Newton, Massachusetts, when he said, "I respect them as well as like them. Both are men of dignity and loyalty. I'd like them for friends, because they can be counted on when the chips are down. A lot of tag teams seem to be avoiding the WWWF just because the Executioners are the tag team champs. Those two are the meanest, most dangerous pair around. Only Strongbow and White Wolf really seem intent on ridding the area of these guys.

"Strongbow and White Wolf know wrestling won't be the same again until the Executioners are taken care of. Most teams are afraid to take up this challenge. The Indians are the pair who seem to be in there for the fans, helping us when help is needed most. It's no wonder we feel so good about them.

"I cheer them as a way of saying, 'Thank you for trying.' And don't forget, those two can wrestle as good as anyone around!"

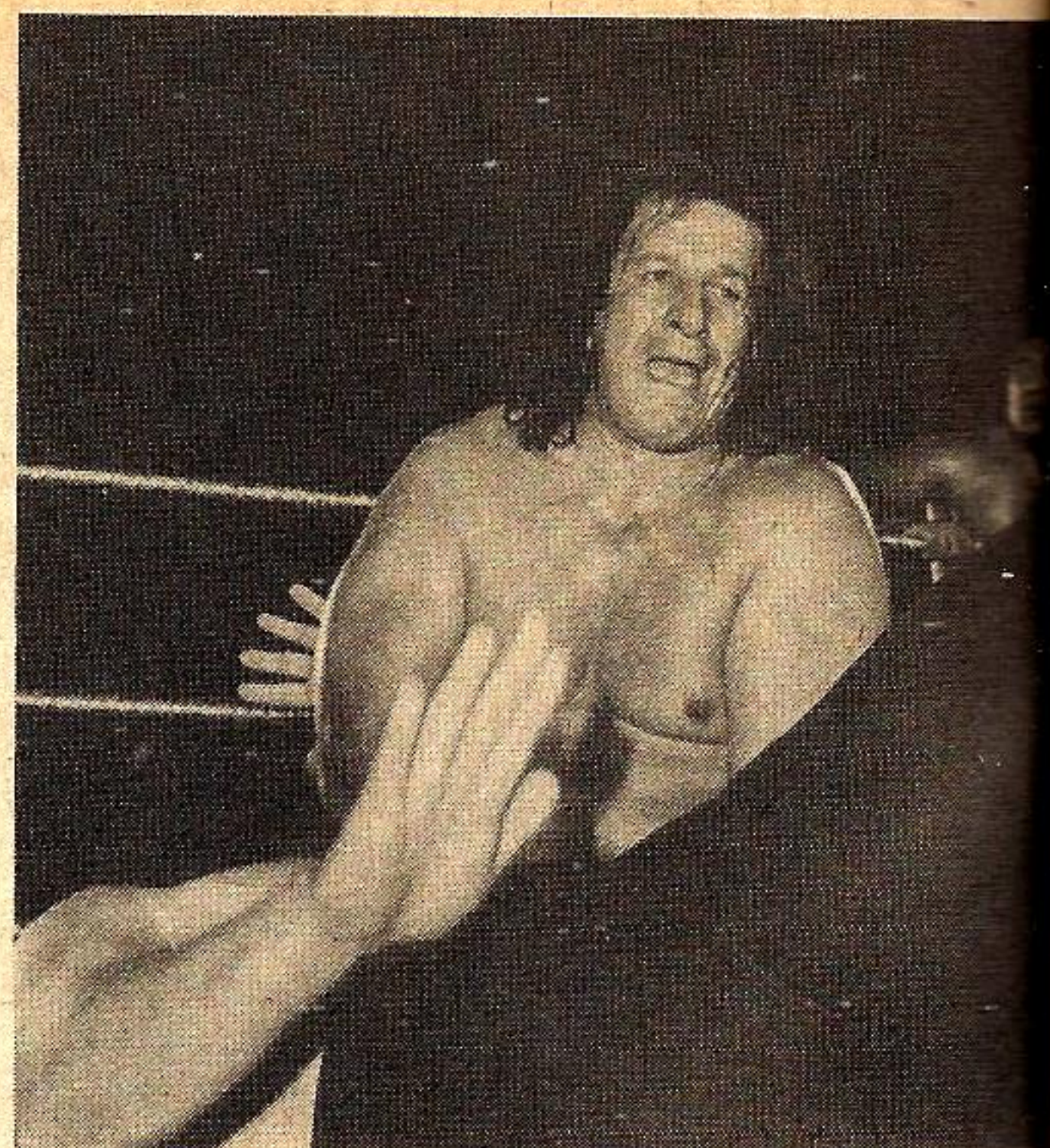
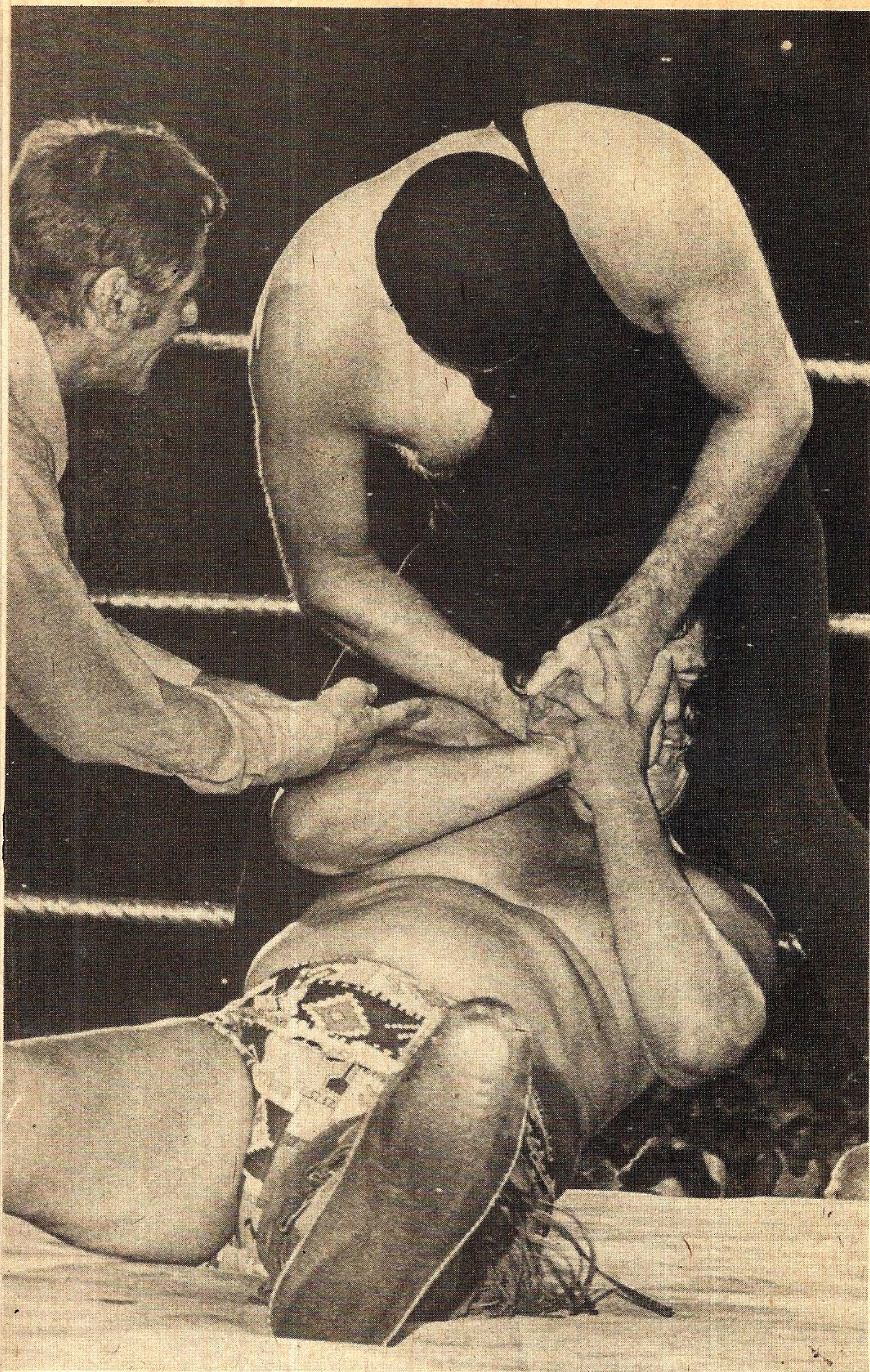
While most fans say approximately the same as Phil, groups of



Doug Gilbert becomes one of many top wrestlers to fall to Billy White Wolf's armlock. The Indian grappler has a wide repertoire of maneuvers which perfectly complement the tactics of his tag team partner, Chief Jay Strongbow. It's no wonder this team has enjoyed great success and unprecedented popularity with the fans.

Once in a great while, wrestling fans take a tag team to their hearts and totally worship the pair. It's happening now with Chief Jay Strongbow and Billy White Wolf

FANS SAY YES!!!



Against the Executioners, it's some success (above) and some very painful failure (left) for Chief Jay Strongbow. It is no wonder few teams dare take on the dangerous Executioners!

other fans have reasons of their own. A sizeable minority agrees with Eileen Donovan, of Kennebunkport, Maine.

"Strongbow and White Wolf are so much fun to watch!" she declares, her large eyes gleaming. "They bring a happy excitement to every match. It's not like they're at work or too serious to enjoy the sport. They realize the most impor-

tant thing about sports is to enjoy them.

"Watch them wrestle tonight. Their faces light up like little kids being let out of school. They're having so much fun, it's contagious. After seeing them, I just want to play at something, just feel my body grow tired from exercise. Often after watching them, I'll jog along the beach by moonlight. They're

athletes who've never forgotten why they started using their bodies in the first place.

"I don't care if they win a title. All I ask to let me have the fun of watching them have a good time!"

Another group of the tag team's devoted fans would agree with Thornton Laurie, of Bernardsville, New Jersey.

"Somehow," Thornton says in a voice barely above a reverential whisper, "I feel they're wrestling for me. They know me. They know what I want and what I need. Their victories are my victories. They want the title so they can share it with us all. What they do is for all the people and for each person.

"When they finally prove they're the best—I'll feel as if I'm a champion. They're not wrestling stars, but rather, they are the best of each of us. If you took all the attributes the fans would want in champions, you'd create Strongbow and White Wolf.

"Almost immediately, I found myself caring about those two more than I cared for other wrestlers. They touch some nerve deep inside me. It makes me proud to cheer for them."

We also asked fans how long they felt the two Indians would remain their favorite tag team. Very few

(Continued on page 58)

WHY HAS THE PRESS AVOIDED ANGELO MOSCA?

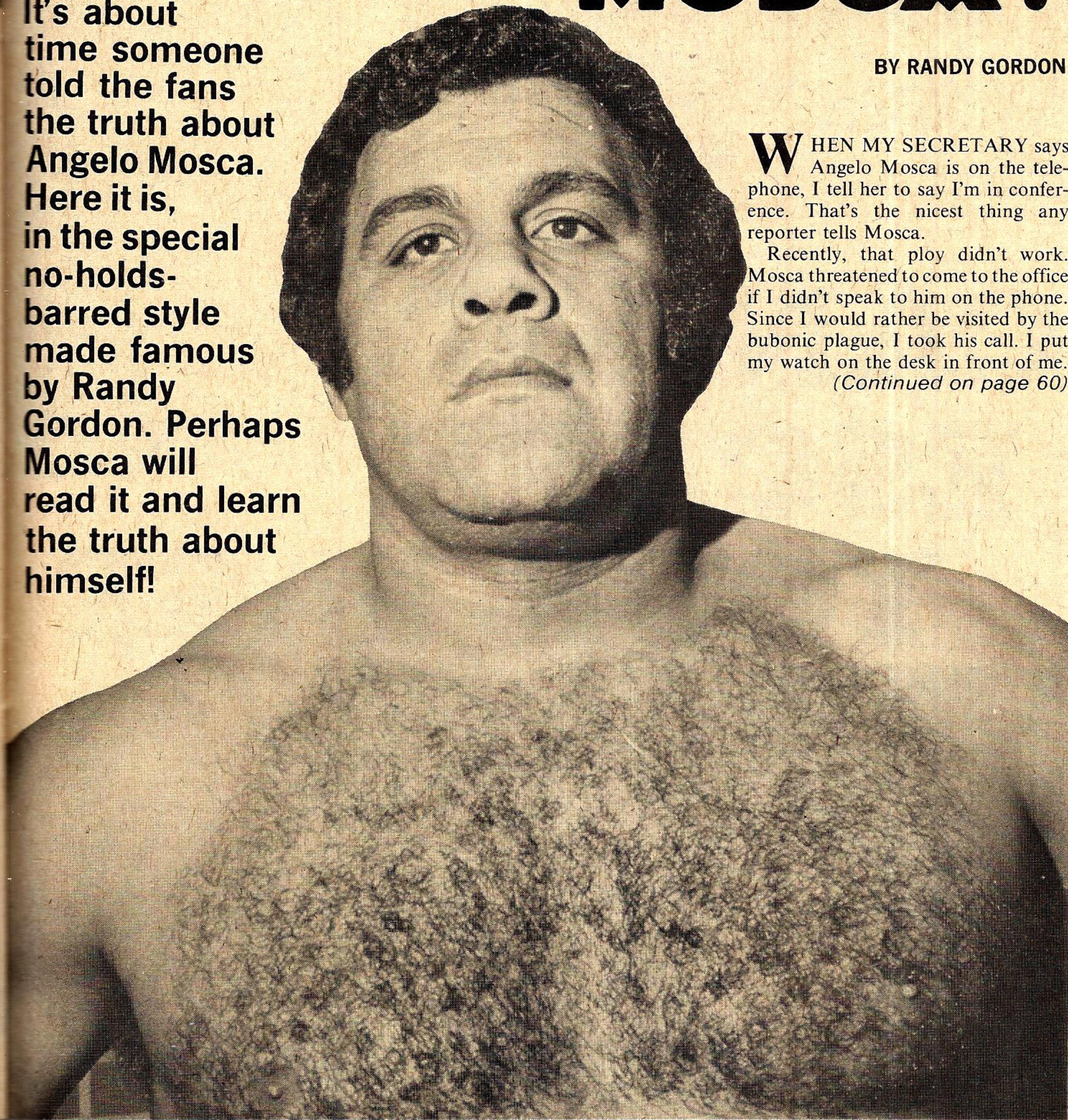
BY RANDY GORDON

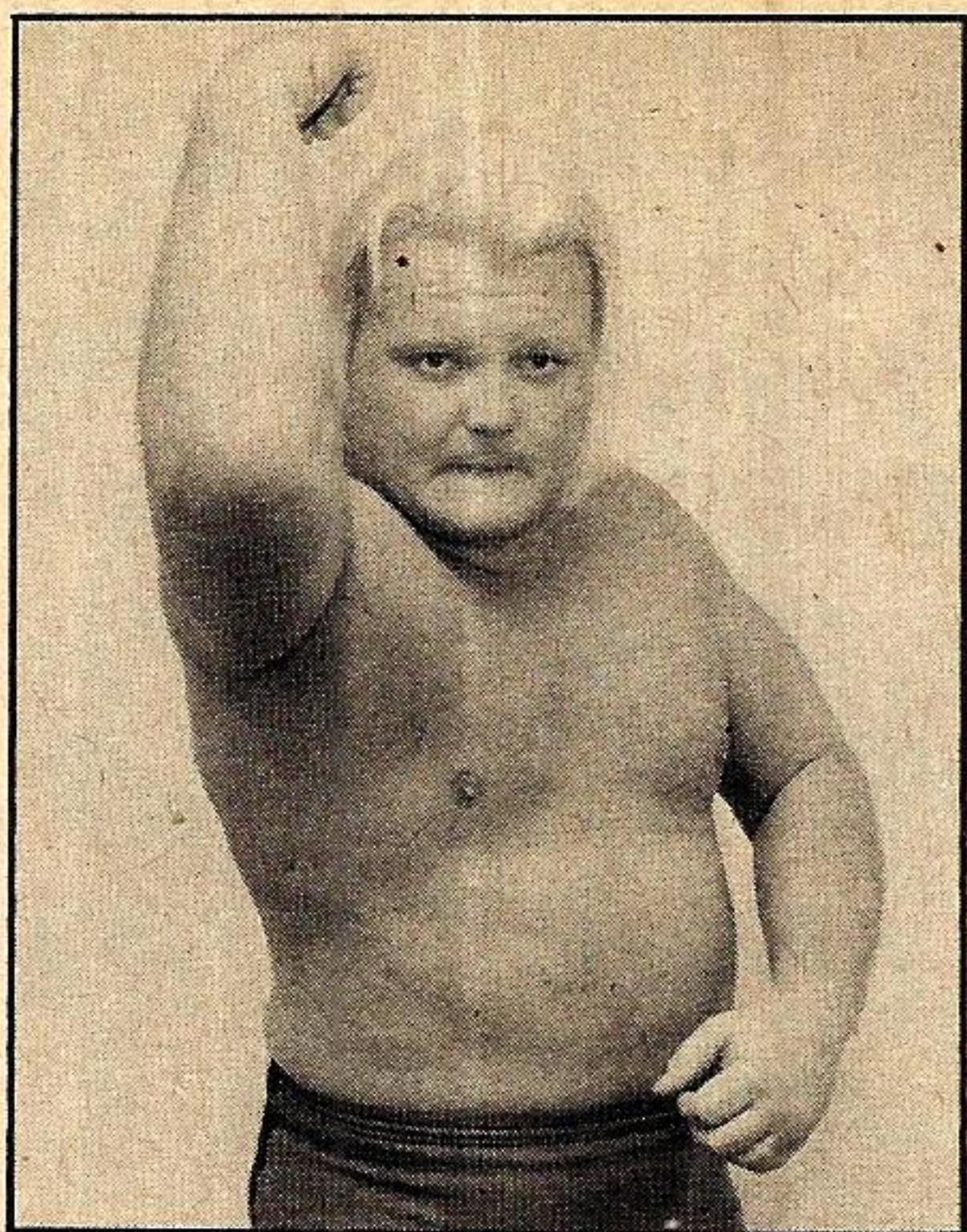
It's about time someone told the fans the truth about Angelo Mosca. Here it is, in the special no-holds-barred style made famous by Randy Gordon. Perhaps Mosca will read it and learn the truth about himself!

WHEN MY SECRETARY says Angelo Mosca is on the telephone, I tell her to say I'm in conference. That's the nicest thing any reporter tells Mosca.

Recently, that ploy didn't work. Mosca threatened to come to the office if I didn't speak to him on the phone. Since I would rather be visited by the bubonic plague, I took his call. I put my watch on the desk in front of me.

(Continued on page 60)

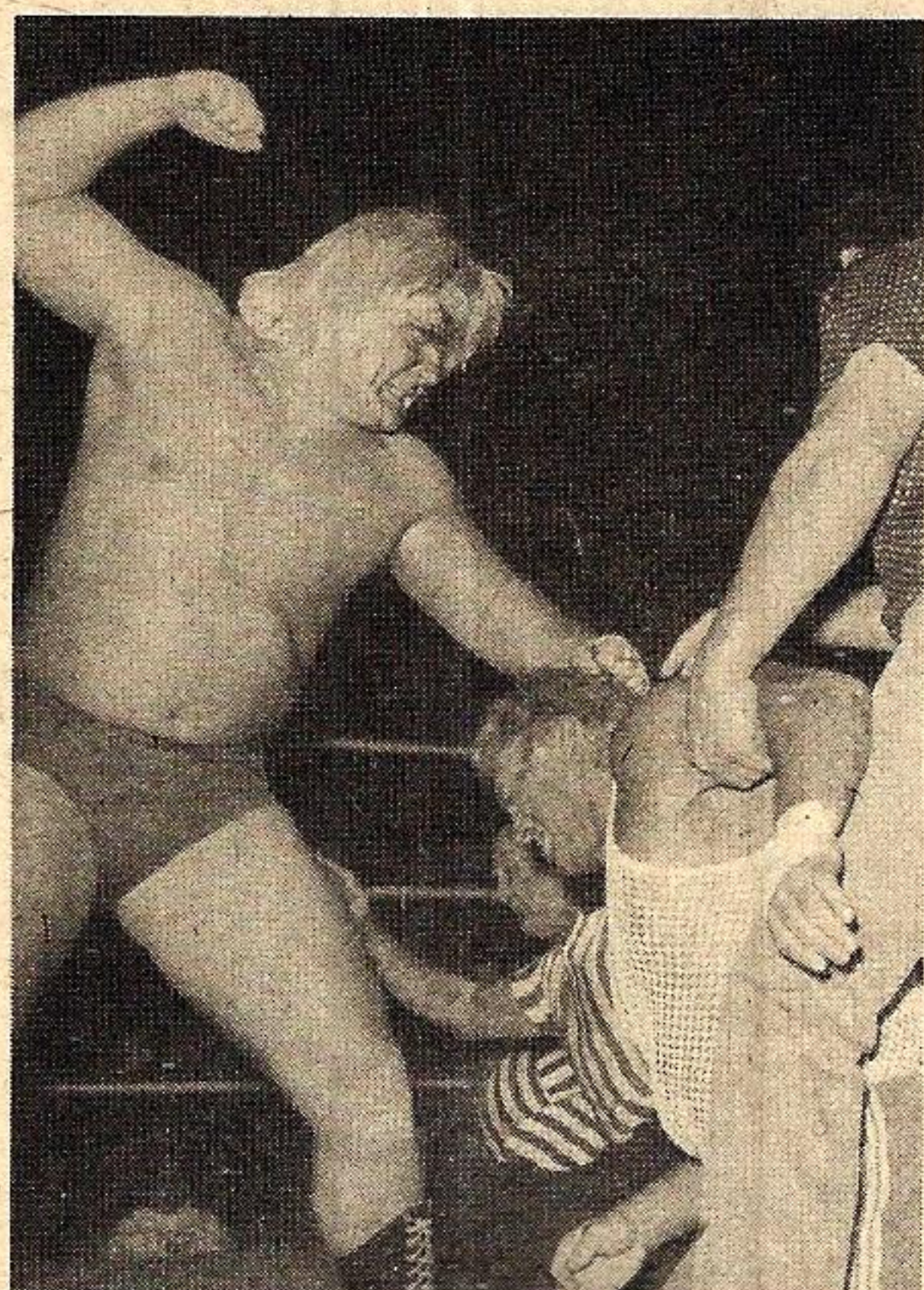
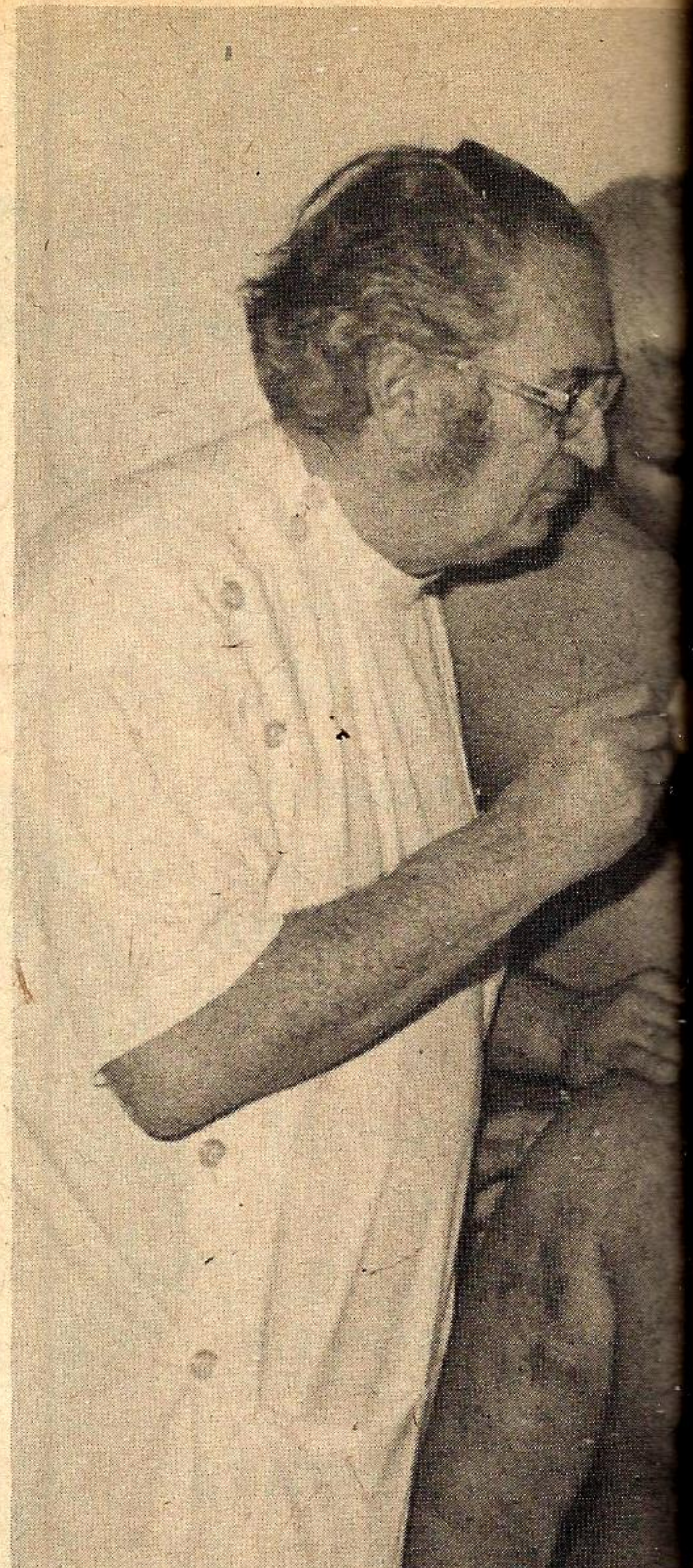




Greg Valentine is an obviously powerful athlete, a man able to be any type of wrestler he wishes. At the moment, Greg is determined to leave behind his rulebreaking past and be a scientific wrestler. He can try, but he will never succeed.

An Open Letter to Greg Valentine:

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR PAST



During his rulebreaking days, Valentine enjoyed ganging up on wrestlers like the respected mat star Edouard Carpentier.

TO GREG VALENTINE:

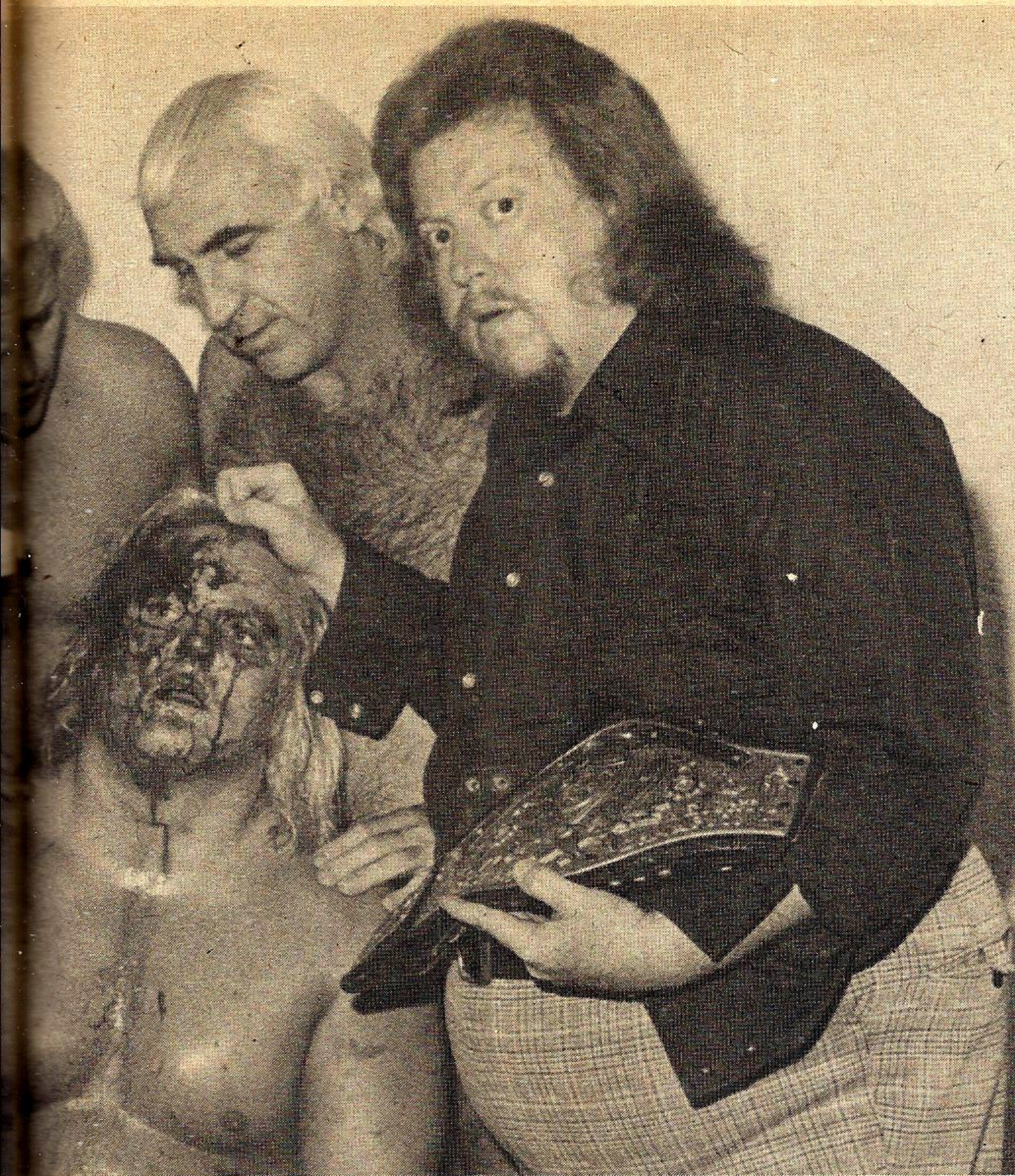
IT IS HARD to believe a dedicated young Florida wrestler named Greg Valentine is the same rulebreaking torturer from California named Greg Valentine. They seem like two different people.

One shouldn't be surprised about this change of events. Your brother, Johnny, used to make people dizzy watching him go from scientific wrestler to rulebreaker and back again. But

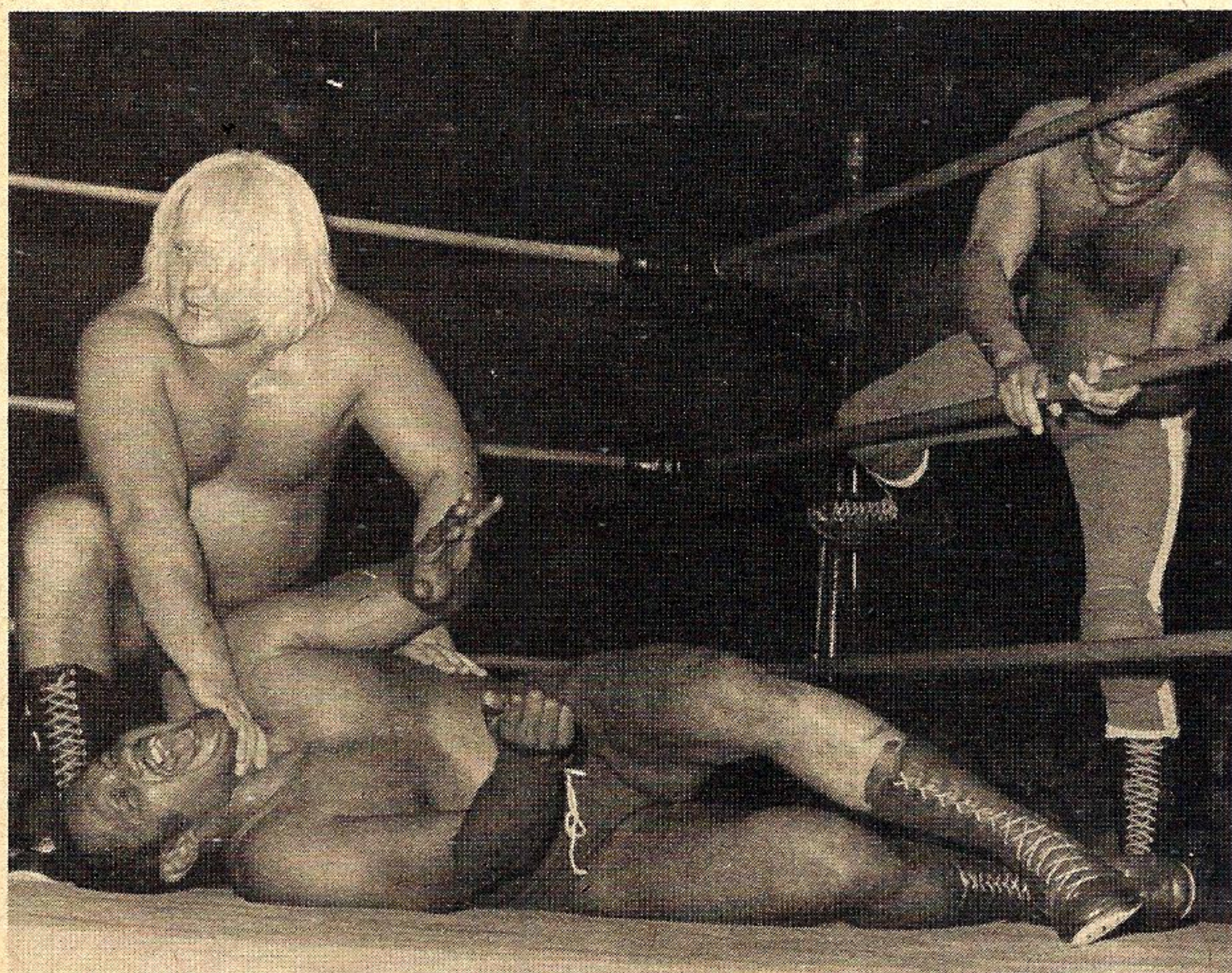
when the chips were down, Johnny revealed himself to believe victory at any price was the only real consideration.

You are Johnny Valentine's brother. Right now, the cheers of fans must seem like music to your ears. You're learning what a wonderful thing respect can be. After years of boos, it must be thrilling. And we don't doubt your sincerity in changing your ways. We never doubted Johnny, either.

The fact remains there are many forces conspiring to turn you back into a rulebreaker. There are many stables run by unscrupulous managers vying for your services. They'll coax you by offering the NWA title. They'll find tag team partners who will complement you perfectly. Against all this will only



Above: When Valentine is hurt during his career as a dirty and savage grappler, he seeks the aid of the reprehensible Hollywood Blonds and their manager, Sir Oliver Humperdink. That trio will soon be in Greg's area. Can he stay away from them? Below: As Greg chokes Victor Rivera, John Tolos comes to help Greg torture.



One of the painful tasks in publishing an honest wrestling magazine is having to call them as we see them. We feel it is our obligation to the sport to demand Greg Valentine stop fooling himself and betraying the fans who have started to believe in him

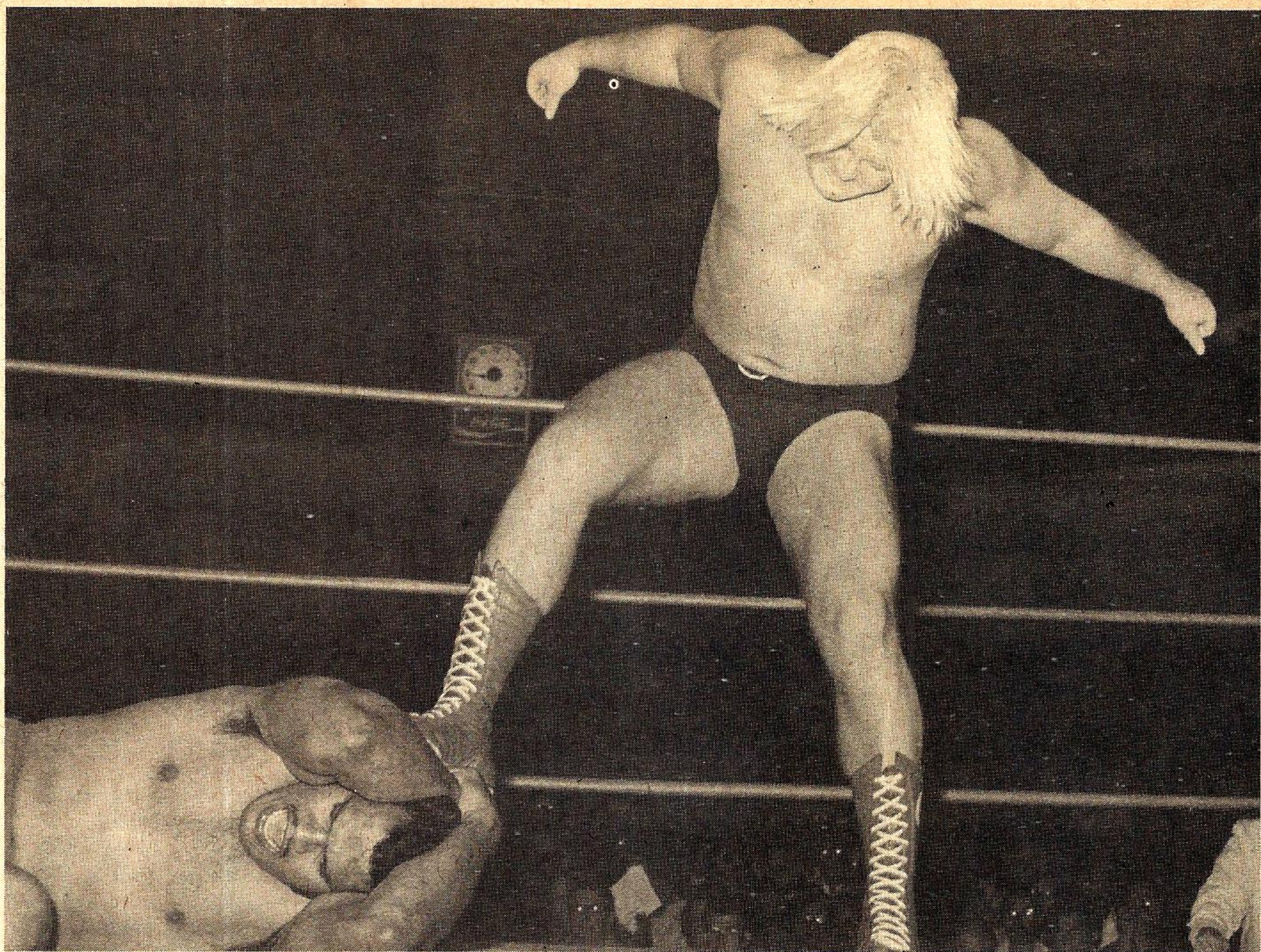
be the love of the fans, never much of a consideration for a Valentine.

Can you resist the temptation of joining a Rock Hunter or a Gary Hart? You've been a follower throughout your career, and seem most comfortable with a manager in your corner. Can this change? Will you think back to past championships with ruthless managers and then reject the chance of enjoying that again? Your past successes will be very seductive. There's no championship belt around your waist now. How long will it be before you put two and two together and come up with five—an interfering manager? It wouldn't surprise us to discover you've turned on the fans before this article hits the stands.

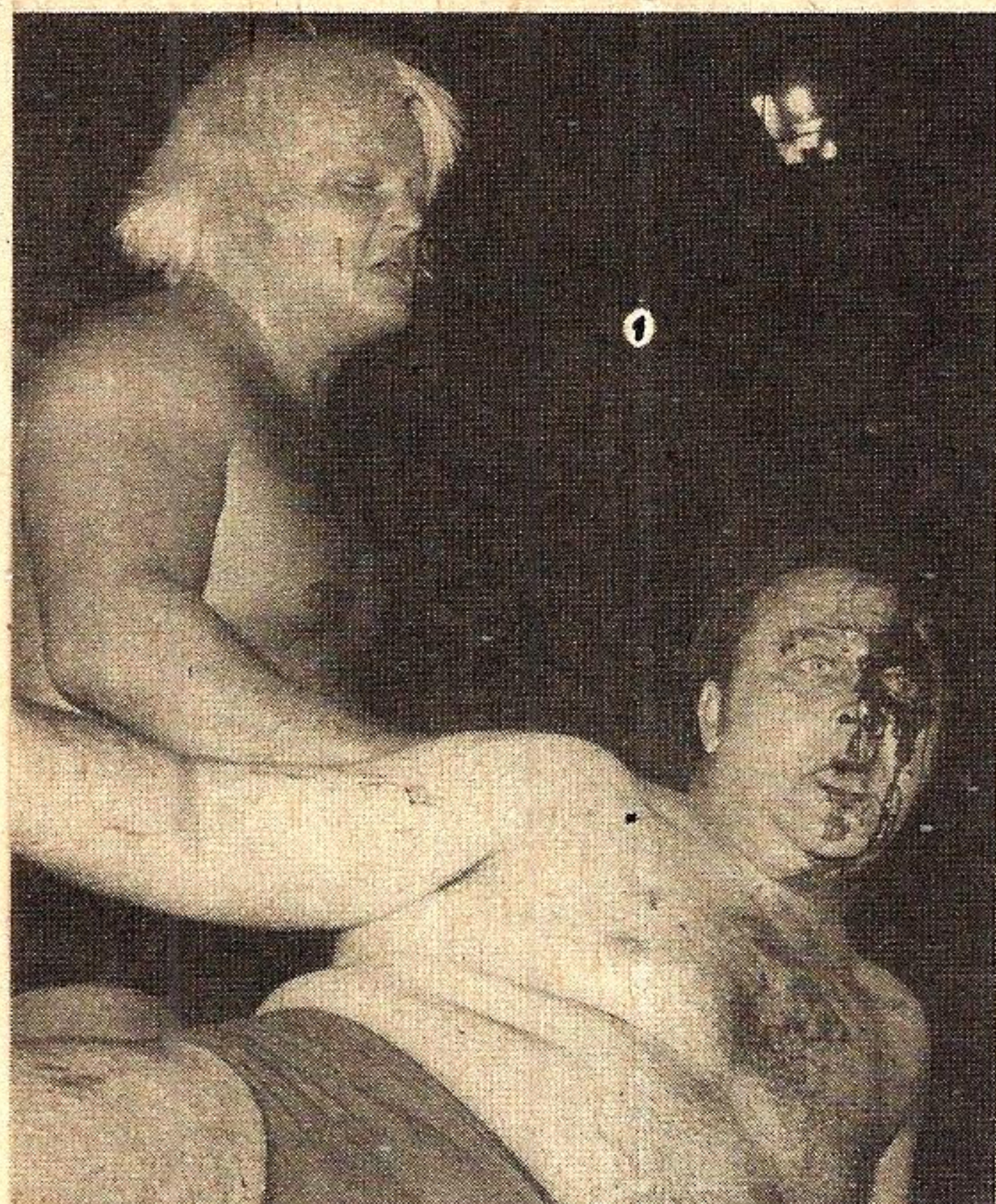
As the world knows by now, Sir Oliver Humperdink and the Hollywood Blondes are coming to Florida. Once your compatriots, these reprehensible grapplers will surely ask you to join their fold. Remember the success you enjoyed with these men, the titles won? Is the dedication to your scruples greater than your lust for victory? In other words, can any man change completely?

We now Humperdink has already contacted you—he's called us and said so. He's also promised you should be in his stable before the year is out. When we doubted his claim, he laughed uproariously.

"I know Greg Valentine better than he knows himself," Sir Oliver declared,



Above: Greg stomps heavily on the head of Victor Rivera. It used to be common practice for Greg—kicking a man in the head when he's down. Below: Greg bloodies Louis Tillet to avenge Louis' attack on Greg's old friends, the Hollywood Blonds.



"and I'll get him back to being a winner. The Florida heat has melted his brain a bit. It will take some good old California smarts to change his mind. It was never hard to change his brother's mind, was it?"

"Valentine consists of his past. And his past proves he does better with me than anyone else. He will soon be knocking on my door, begging me to take him back under my wing. He will soon realize there's no percentage in not teaming with my men. We know him better than anyone else."

"When he first came to Florida, I thought for sure he'd hook up with Hunter or Hart. They tried to get near him, but they didn't understand him. I understand him. He'll be mine."

You can't argue with history; you can only learn from it. And history says Greg Valentine, like his brother, will leave the fans for a better offer.

In the past, you've deserted anyone and everyone for the best offer. You've never cared about the type of ally you choose, just as long as he helped you. And you've been a traitor more times than we'd like to recount.

The inescapable fact is that Greg Valentine does what is best for Greg

Valentine. Like your brother Johnny, that's your only consideration. All other facts take a poor second place.

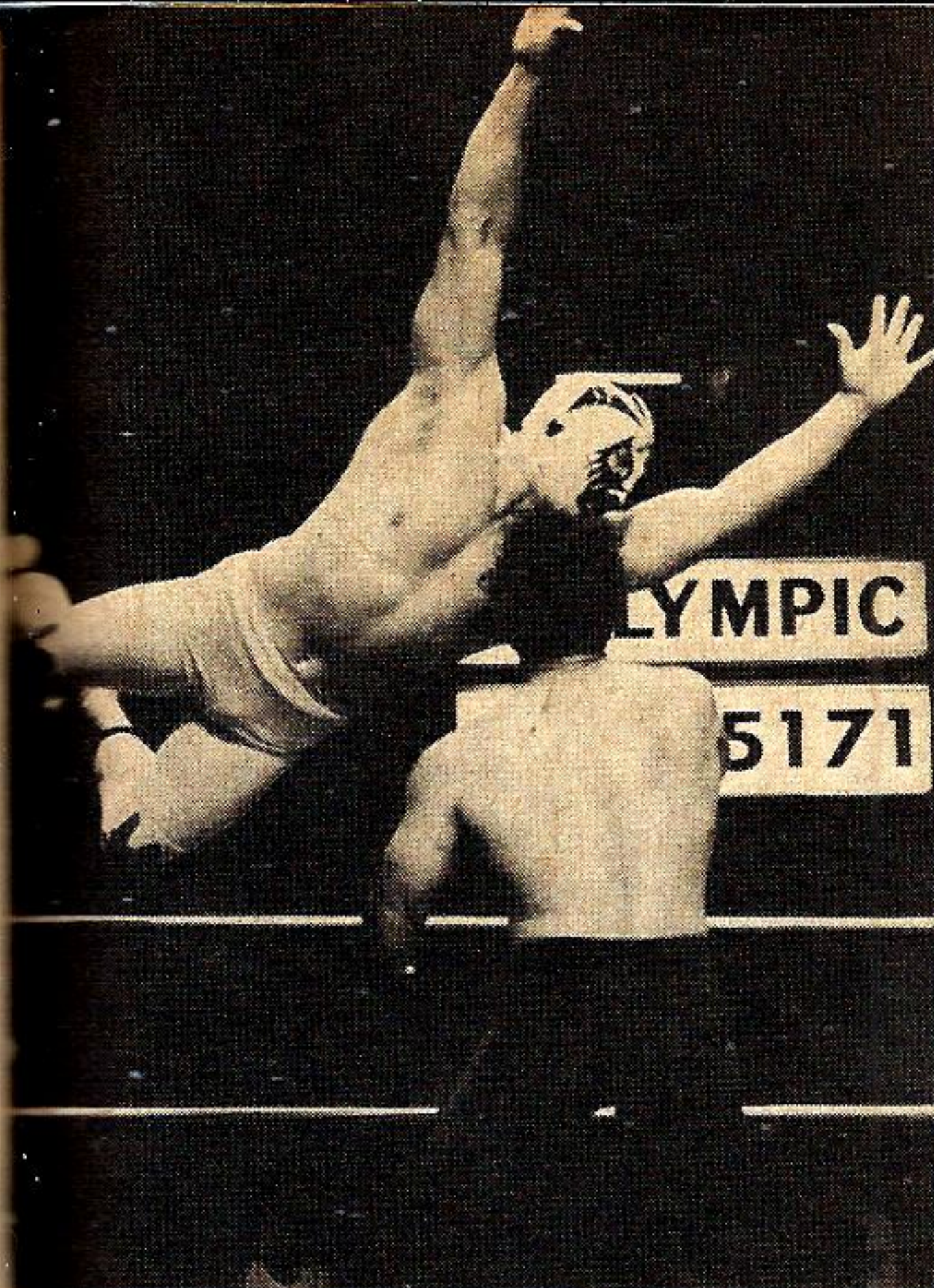
When you first came to Florida, you made some very fine statements. We wish we could believe the most stirring one.

"I came across a continent," you declared, "looking for a second chance. I want to wrestle within the rules and earn the fans' respect. I've learned no man is more important than the sport. I want to humbly take my place in the ranks."

Good words, fine sentiment. So are these: "No man should be in wrestling if he doesn't love the sport. The fans are right to expect fair wrestling. I haven't always known that. I want the future to stand as my apology for the past."

Your brother said that . . . three weeks before he massacred a young man, leaving him permanently crippled. The man had come between Valentine and a regional title. It remains one of the dirtiest matches in wrestling history.

Can you really escape your past, Greg? We don't think so, but we hope we're wrong. □



**Mil
Mascaras**

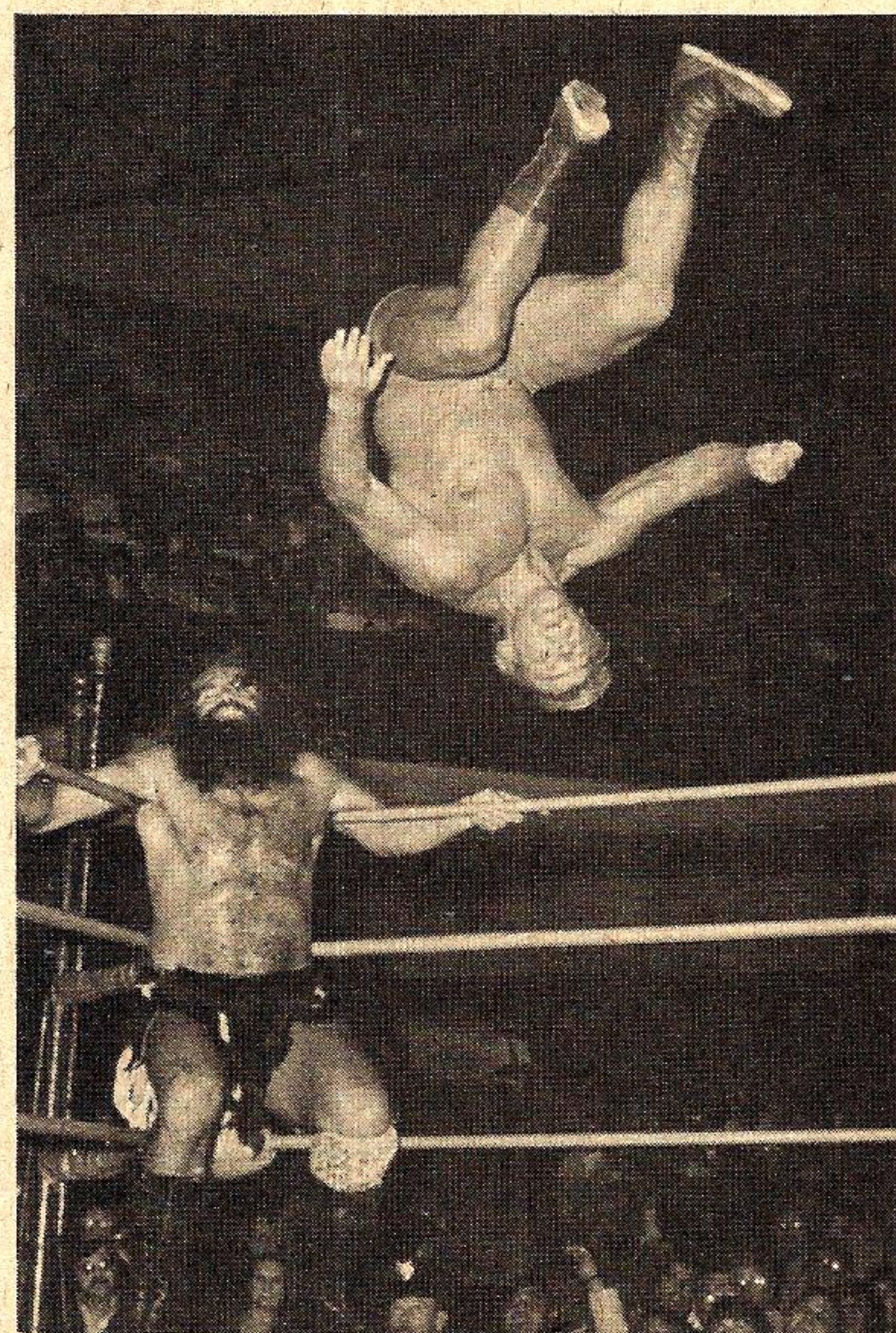
&

**Edouard
Carpentier**

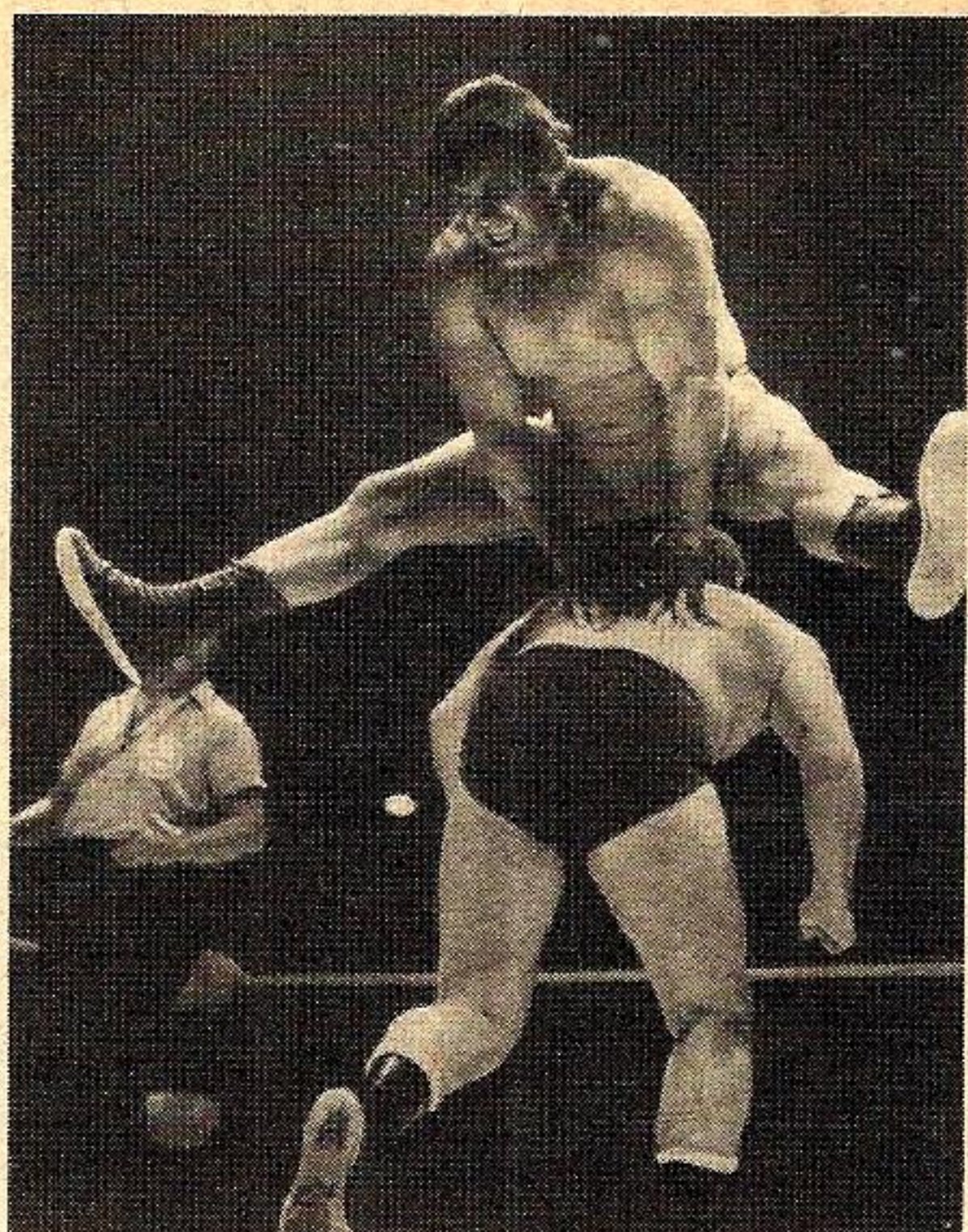
THE TAG TEAM THAT CAN NEVER BE

WHEN MOST PEOPLE discuss the dream tag team they would most like to see, the answer is often, "Mil Mascaras and Edouard Carpentier." It would be a team unequalled in grace, strength, and agility.

It is also a team that will, unfortunately, never come into being. Promoters who hustled for years to get both names on the same contract have, for the most part, given up. There are just so many



Everyone in wrestling longs to see the day when Mil Mascaras and Edouard Carpentier join forces in a tag team—everyone but Carpentier and Mascaras. The reasons they're avoiding each other makes this one of the most informative and important wrestling articles ever printed!



Hans Schmidt has no idea what happened to Carpentier as the agile wrestler leaps (above).

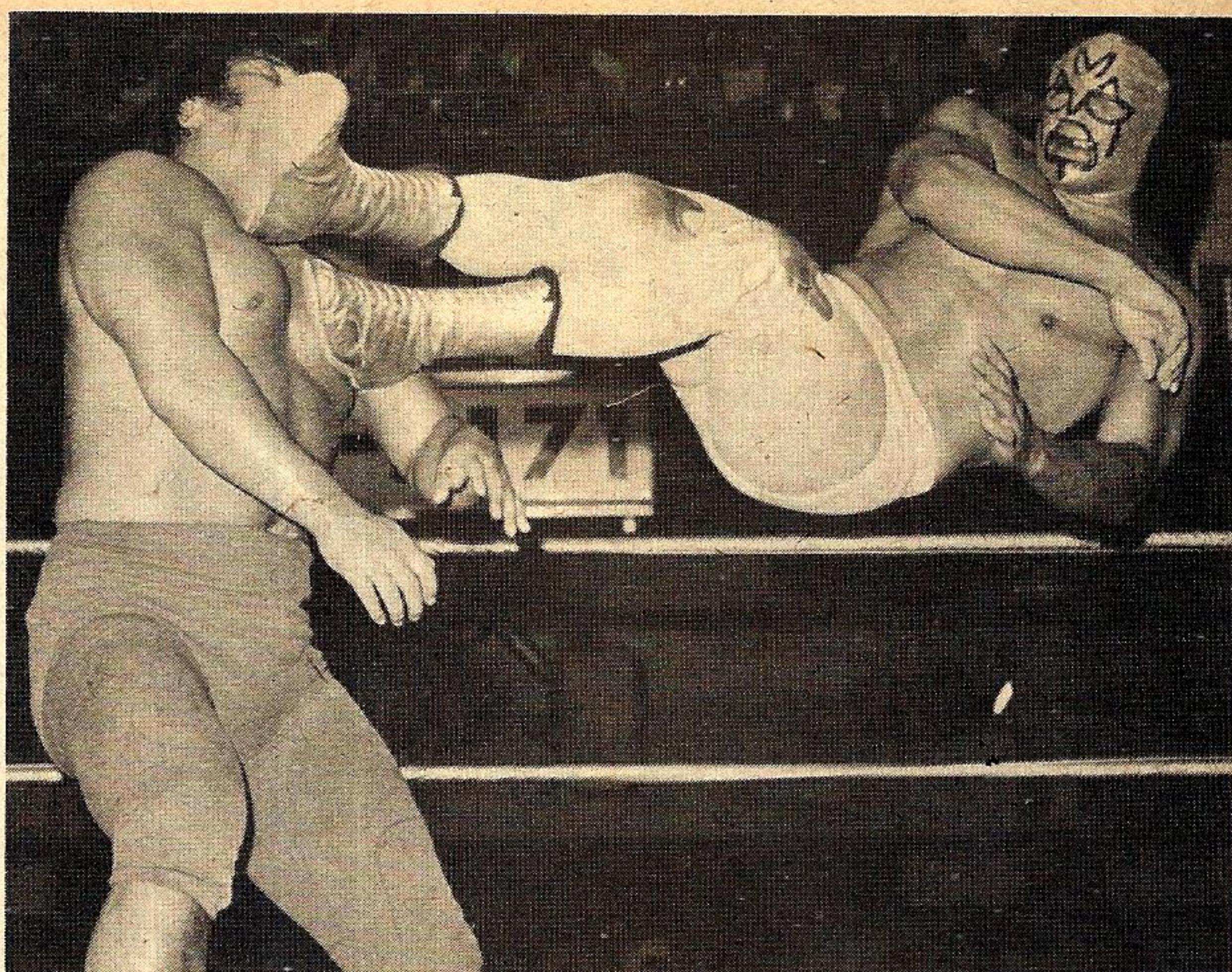
rejections any promoter will tolerate before surrendering to the inevitable. It was a fine dream, but it was a hopeless one.

There are reasons for this strange and frustrating circumstance, though they've failed to satisfy millions of disappointed fans. Carpentier and Mascaras have the greatest respect for each other both as athletes and gentlemen. They often watch each other wrestle, learning from each other. Their personal philosophies are remarkably similar.

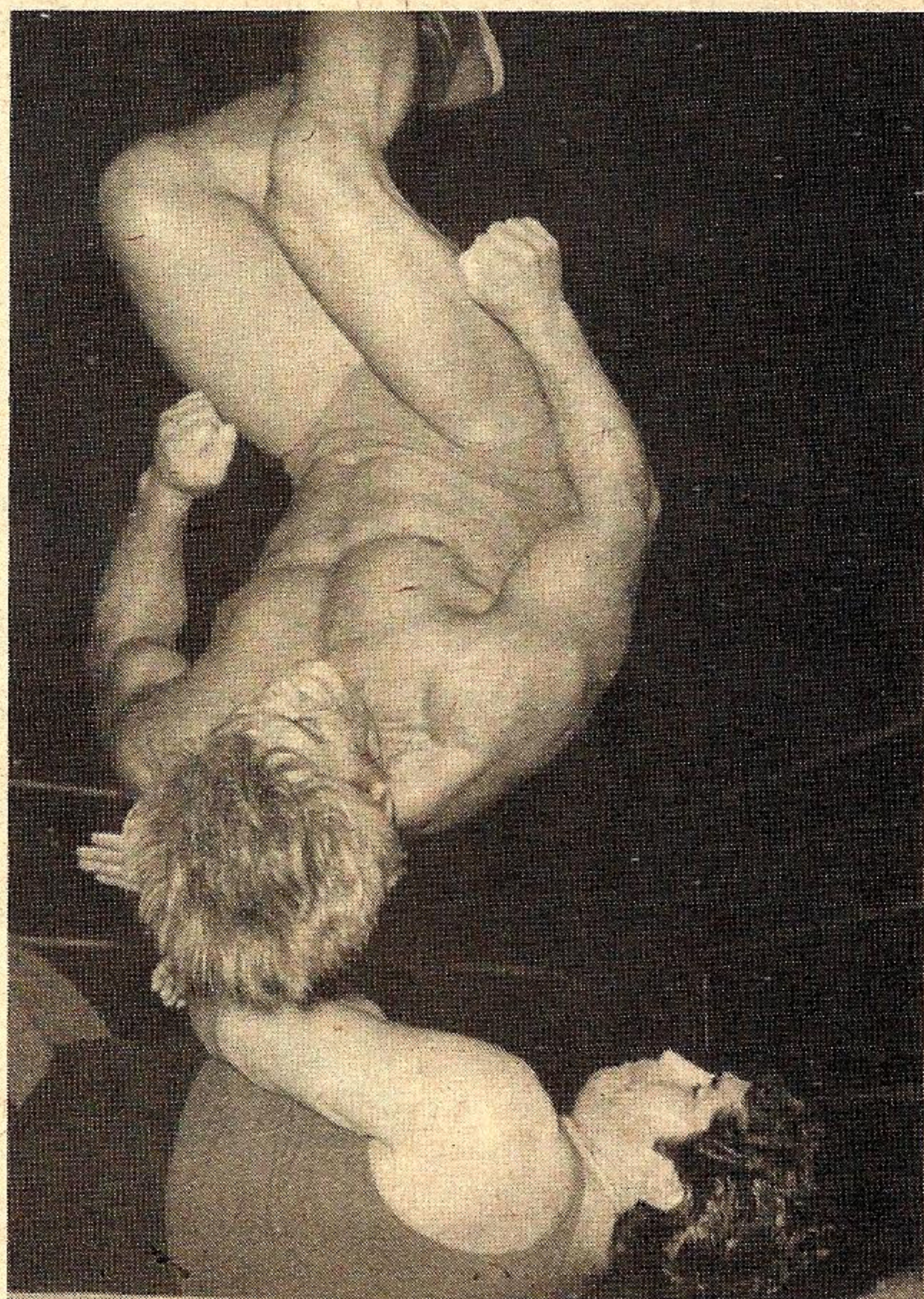
What keeps them apart? Perhaps it is best to let the men explain in their own words.

Carpentier is beginning to grow weary of explaining to reporters why he won't or can't team with Mascaras. Yet, being a considerate human being, he'll take a deep breath and start his explanation once again. However, his eyes betray how much he wishes he was doing anything else.

"Mil is a superb technician," Eduoard says, "a man whose every move is subtle and perfected. He's established certain rhythms of movement that can't stand the slightest change. A tag team would require him to change his rhythms. He can get away with it if his opponent is more powerful than agile because they don't have to change maneuvers to work together; each man does what he knows best and lets the other use a complementary maneuvers. When two acrobatic wrestlers get together, they must change their maneuvers to fit the other's movements.



Above: Mascaras is high in the air as he smashes a flying dropkick into the chest of Mr. Saito. Note the easy grace with which Mascaras sails into his foe. Right: Black Gordman suffers under a fine "cannonball," one of Carpentier's most famous maneuvers. A more difficult or effective maneuver would be hard to imagine. Edouard is a wrestling genius.

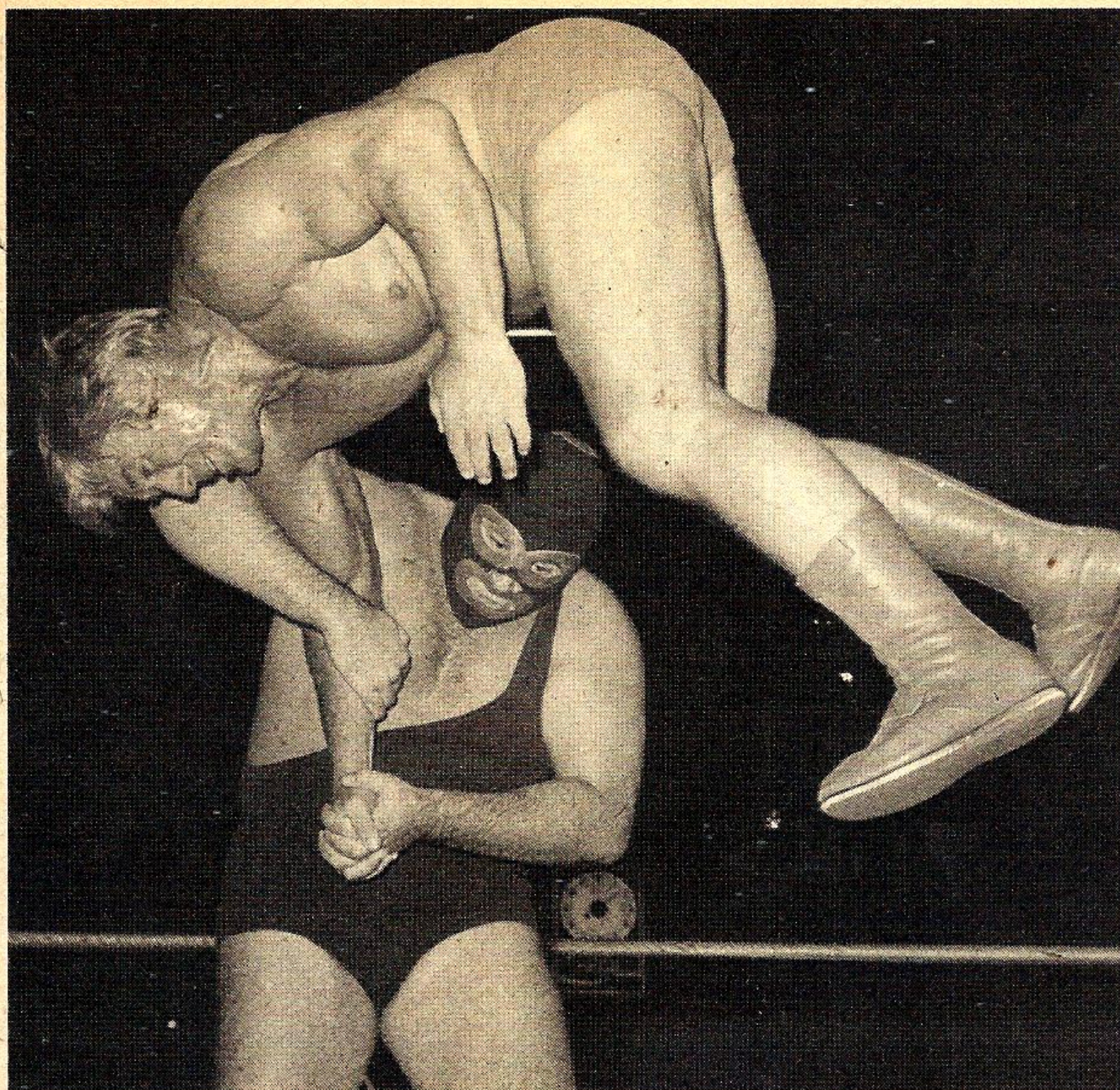


"Let me give you an example. Let's say I take two steps covering nine feet before I do my dropkick. That's the most comfortable and effective way for me to do it. But if I worked with Mil, I might have to cover only eight feet because Mil needs the extra foot for his maneuver. Through no real fault of anyone's, I'd be ineffectively clumsy. And if we both tried to adapt, we'd

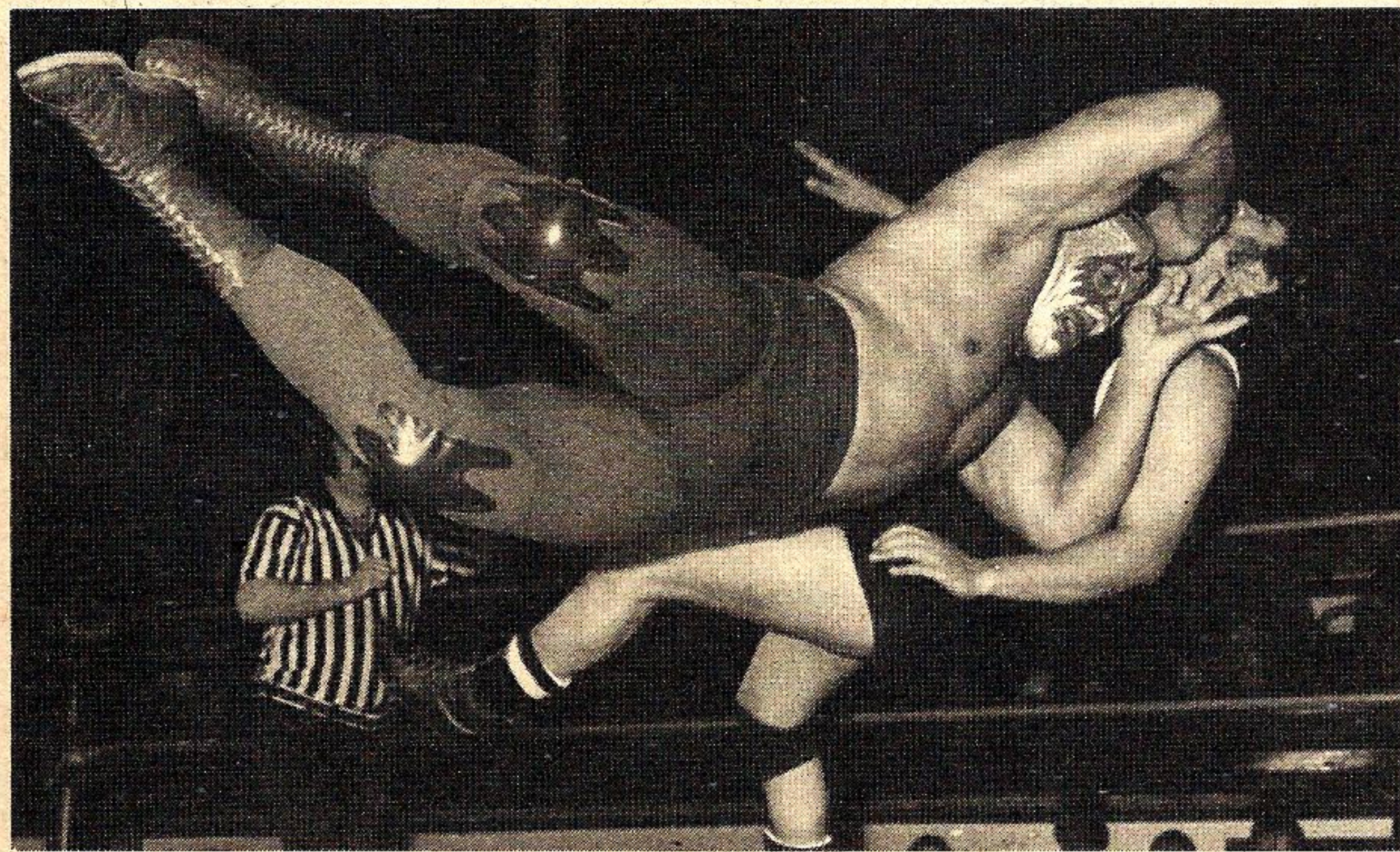
look like two fish out of water.

"For us to really work together, it would require at least a year of tough work, in which we would work on modifying styles and learning new rhythms. And even after a year, there's no assurance I'd do it right. And Mil would be faced with the same problem. We both might still crave that extra foot.

"If I had the time to take a year out



Above: Carpentier is forced to leap high in the air to escape an armlock applied by the Masked Canadian. Edouard's acrobatics are used for defensive as well as offensive purposes. Below: Mil is sailing high and hard as he sends his opponent crashing to the canvas. Mascaras' skills make him one of the most exciting mat stars ever. His abilities have left more than one foe devastated.



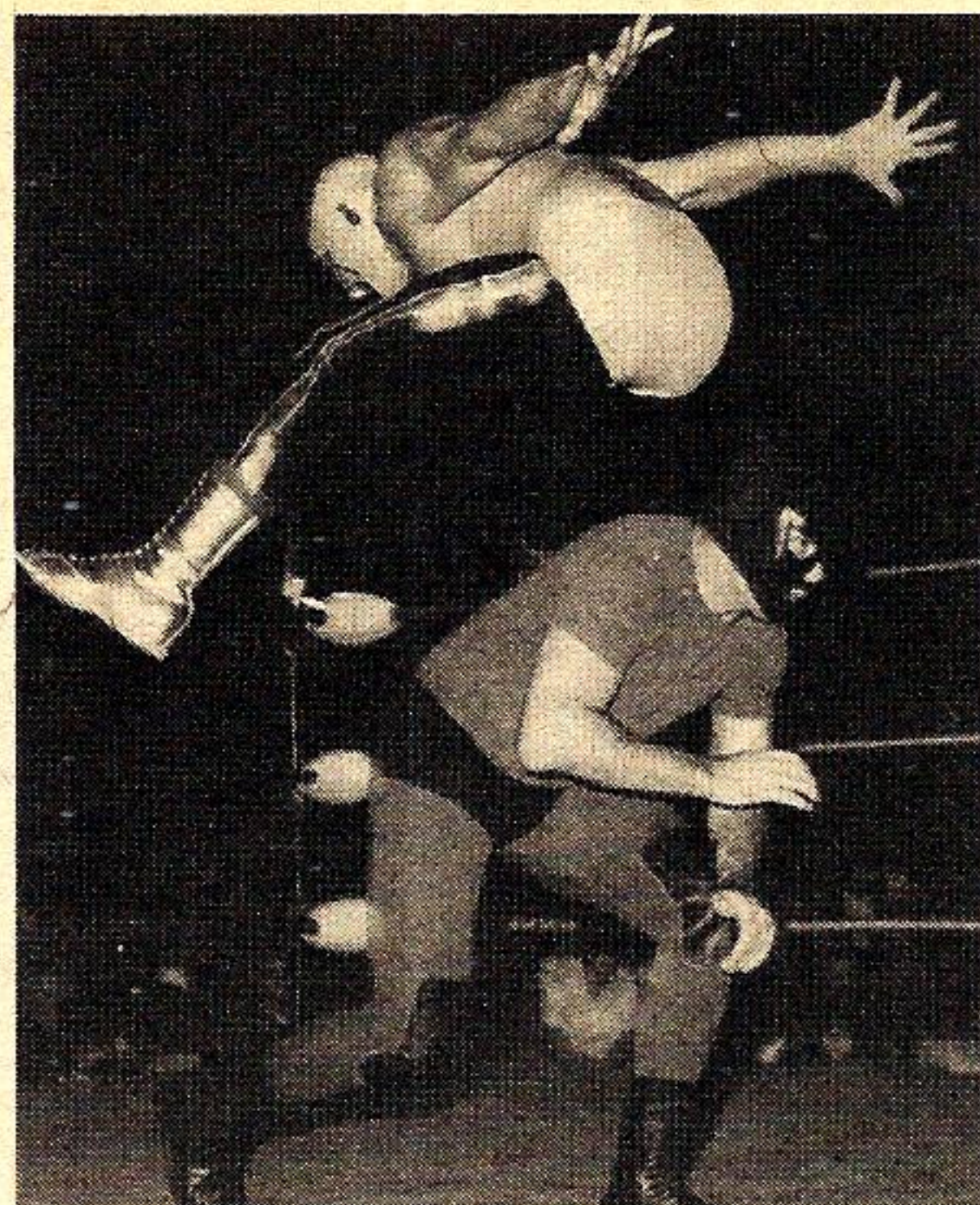
of my life, I'd be interested to see what we could come up with. If we were successful, it might be the greatest tag team ever. The thing is, I don't have the time. Nor, I dare say, does Mil."

Mascaras agrees with Carpentier, but he also makes another telling point. The Mexican mat star is not quite sure two people with the same styles make good tag team

partners.

"I believe opposites attract," Mil states, "and likes repel. I'm not quite sure men with similar maneuvers are good tag team partners. I think the maneuvers might conflict rather than help each other."

"I think this is true of acrobatic wrestlers more so than for ones who rely solely on brute strength.



Above: The Outlaw finds that for Mascaras it's a question of now you see him, now you don't.

My maneuvers are complex, as are Edouard's. I don't think we could adapt what we do best to each other's style. By the time we worked out all the problems, I'm far from sure it would be worth it.

"In the long run, I think contrasting styles work best in a tag team. Guys who have the same styles tend to get in each other's way rather than working together. I've found I do best when teamed with men who differ from me."

"I agree with Edouard that it would take at least a year of hard work before we'd be ready to wrestle anyone. And I wouldn't count on us being a success after that year."

"I'd say we'd have about a 25% chance of being the greatest tag team ever. I'd also have to say we'd have a 75% chance of not being better than mediocre."

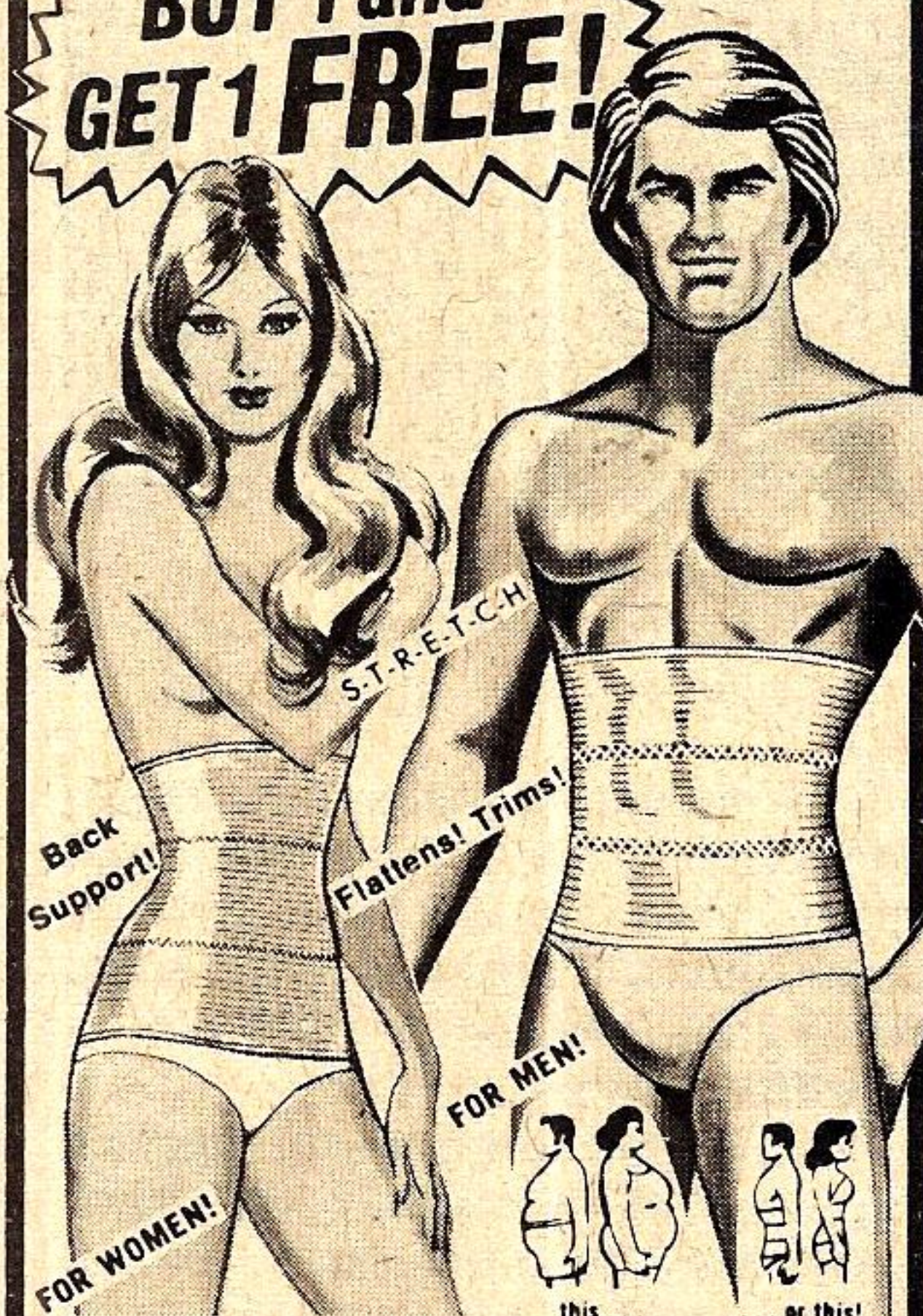
"It's really too bad. I respect Edouard and find him the most thrilling wrestler around. In fact, I'd like to wrestle against him some time. It would be the most exciting match of my life."

"But I must admit," Mil concludes, "I'd really wonder what we'd be like if we succeeded. That would be magnificent!"

Most wrestling fans wonder what would happen if Carpentier and Mascaras had the time and inclination to train as tag team partners. They could raise the sport to heights barely imaginable. Their exquisite acrobatic skills, working together with astonishing fluidity, would be unequalled before or after. It's a pity we'll never know just how great they would be. □

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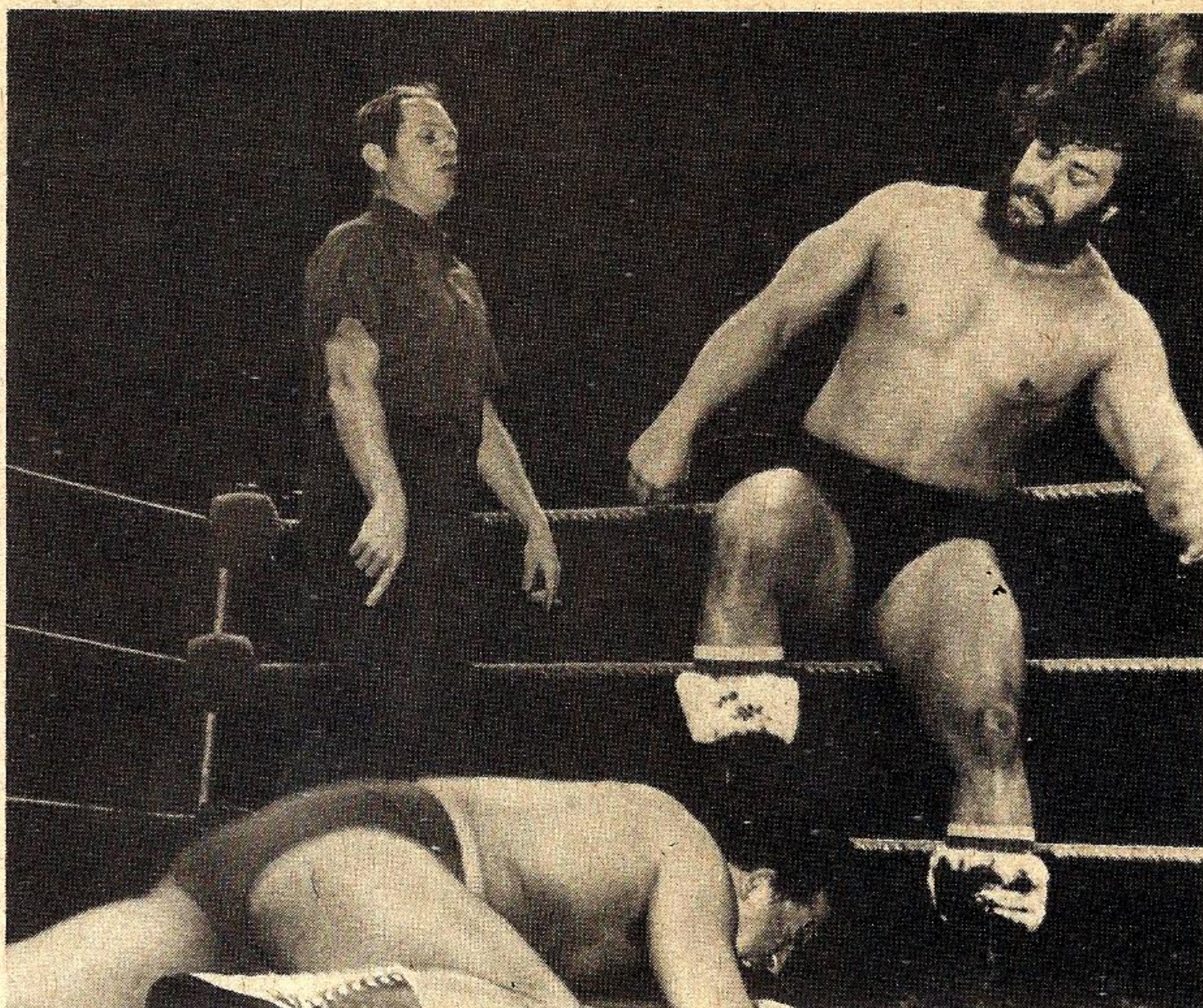
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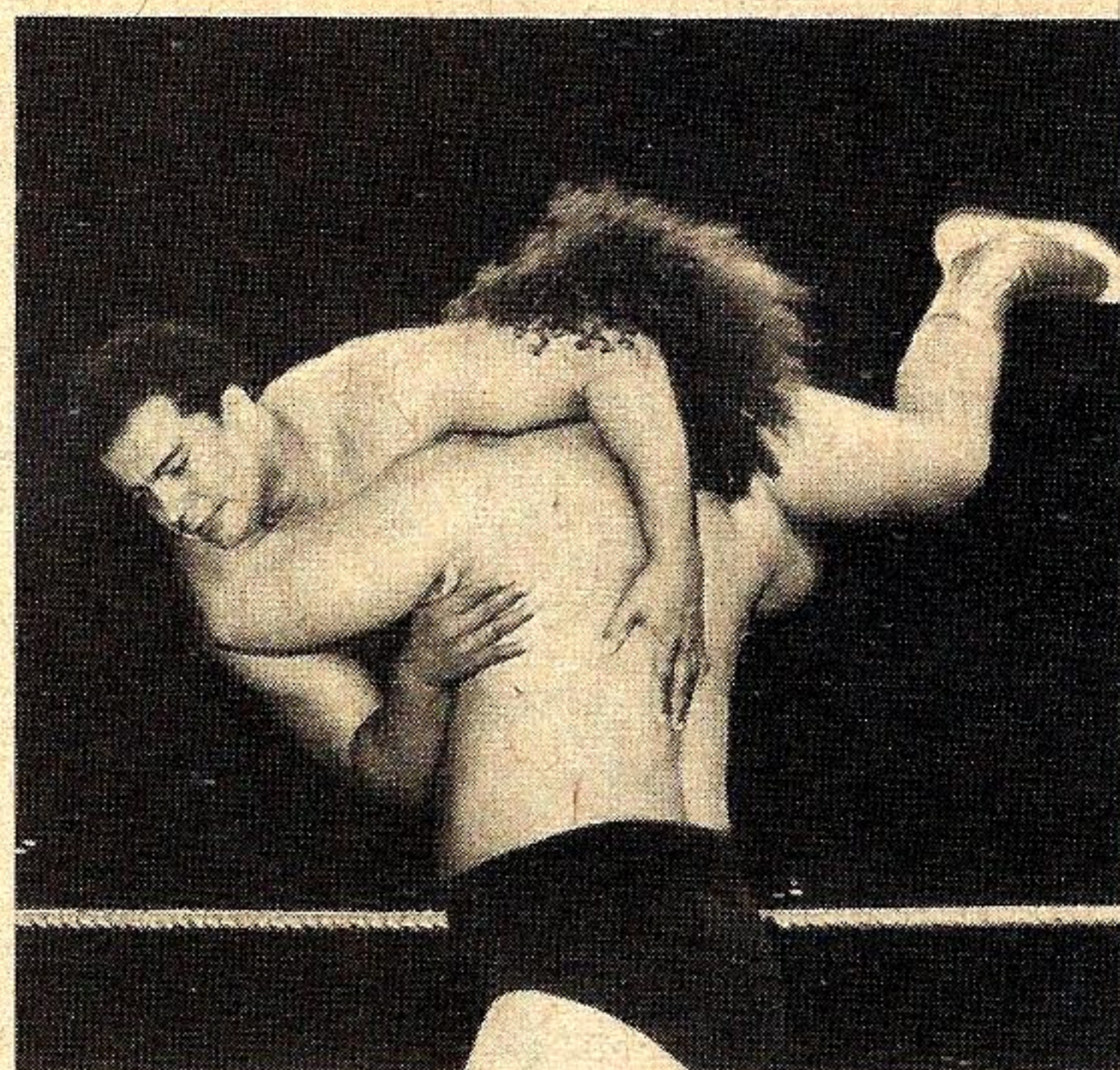
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BRUISER BRODIE

(Continued from Page 21)



Above: Brodie's entire body is used when stomping Gonzalez, making the kick that much harder and more brutal. Bruiser knows how to get every last bit of power from his body. Right: Brodie gets ready to bodyslam Gonzalez in the opening minutes of the wild brawl. It's a shame that a wrestler with the integrity of Gonzalez is subjected to Brodie's ugly and agonizing maneuvers.



and we'll be on top of the world. Top of the world!"

Brodie looked at the man as if he was crazy. Then he realized it was Grand Wizard, a man who is crazy like a fox. Brodie told him to continue.

"This is my plan," Wizard explained, his words rushing out quickly due to his excitement. "You have the best backbreaker in the world. I know, I've seen them all. You're just the man for the job—the only man who can destroy Bruno Sammartino!" When he saw the look of shock on Brodie's face, he asked sarcastically, "Don't you think you can do it?"

"I know I can do it," Brodie replied

angrily, "I'm just not used to hearing other people say it."

"You'll be hearing it so much," Wizard continued, "you'll soon get tired of it. You'll begin to think it's part of your name: 'Frank Brodie, the man who destroyed Bruno Sammartino.'"

"Frank Brodie," the grappler repeated, "the man who destroyed Bruno Sammartino."

"Sounds good, doesn't it. Sounds real good. Little kids will be shouting it to one another. Frank Brodie will be the most famous wrestler in the world. And it's all just a backbreaker away, a backbreaker away."

"Sammartino's back is shot. The man might as well be in a wheel-

chair. Stan Hansen found that out when he snapped the cripple's neck with his "lariat." A backbreaker will make the clown useless for life. It'll be easier than the guy you finished tonight. All you'll have to do is follow my directions. Within six months, Frank Brodie—Bruiser Brodie—will be WWWF champion. All you have to do is sign your name on this contract."

Wordlessly, Brodie took the pen Wizard offered and signed on the dotted line. Wizard can be very persuasive, especially when saying what someone wants to hear. The next day, Wizard and Brodie were winging their way to New York City.

Brodie and Wizard holed up in a posh Manhattan hotel for two weeks — 14 days of intensive strategy sessions combined with the manager's special brand of training. After this, Brodie gained a dependance on Wizard. The manager showed his genius to the young grappler and Brodie realized how little he knew. Compared to Wizard, most wrestlers know little. Bruiser Brodie was now following orders—to the letter!

At first, most people couldn't understand why Wizard chose Brodie to unseat Sammartino. Frank's credentials are not the best around. Other veterans have more experience and more victories to their credit. Yet, they soon learned from Wizard why he had made his choice. And all those who love wrestling felt a cold chill run up their spines.

Bruno Sammartino claims to be unworried about Brodie and his backbreaker. The legendary mat star says he has defeated better and more famous opponents. He further states his back is as strong as it ever was.

Wizard hears Sammartino's remarks and smiles. Brodie looks at Wizard smiling and he smiles. Frank has all the faith in the world in his manager. He listens to Bruno and laughs.

"By March 1977," Brodie says, after being prompted by Wizard, "I'll be the WWWF champion. Bruno Sammartino will be a memory to the fans, a burden to his family. Wizard says my backbreaker will finish Sammartino once and for all. So Bruno is finished."

Only time will tell if Wizard and Brodie are threatening — or promising. □

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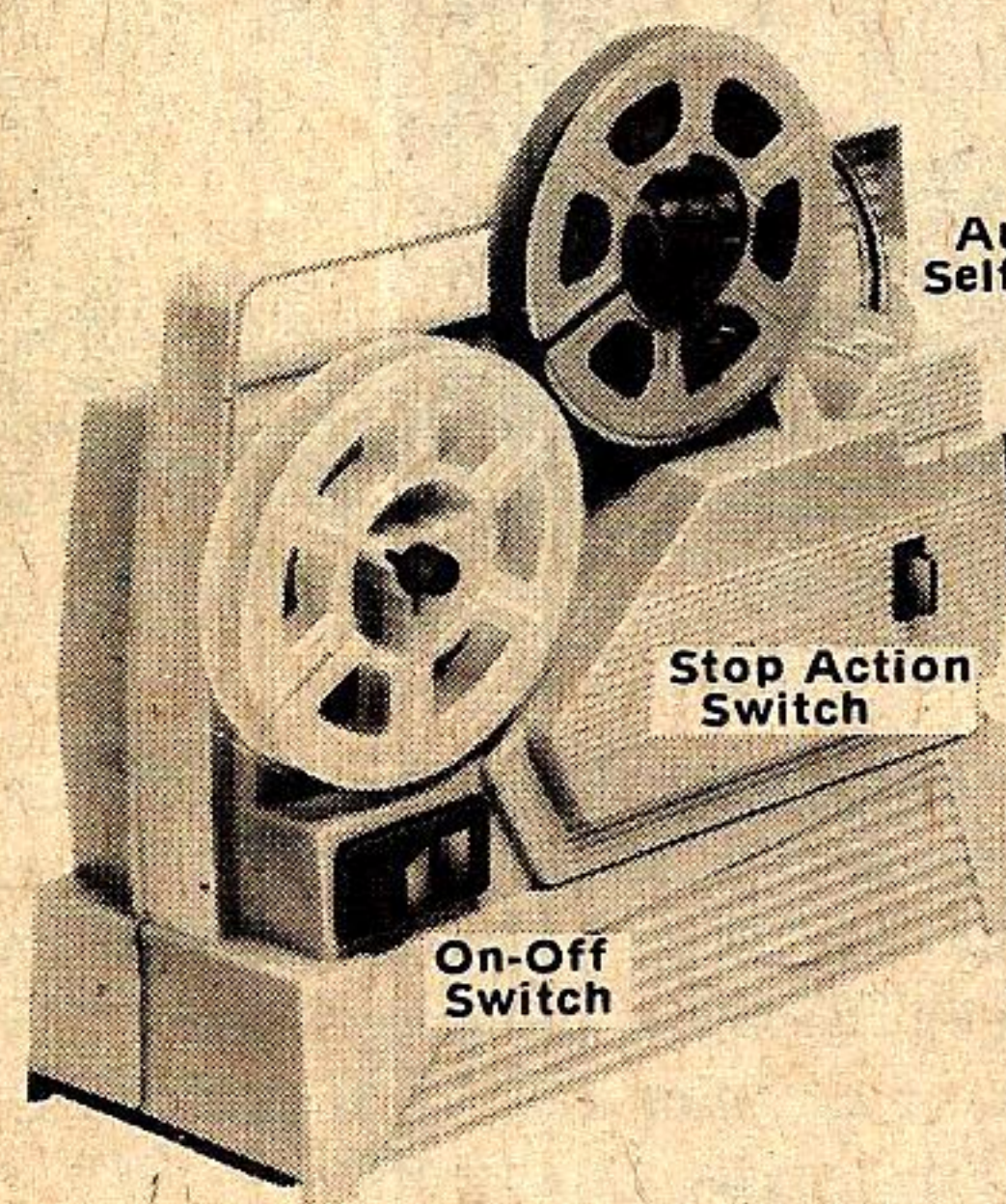
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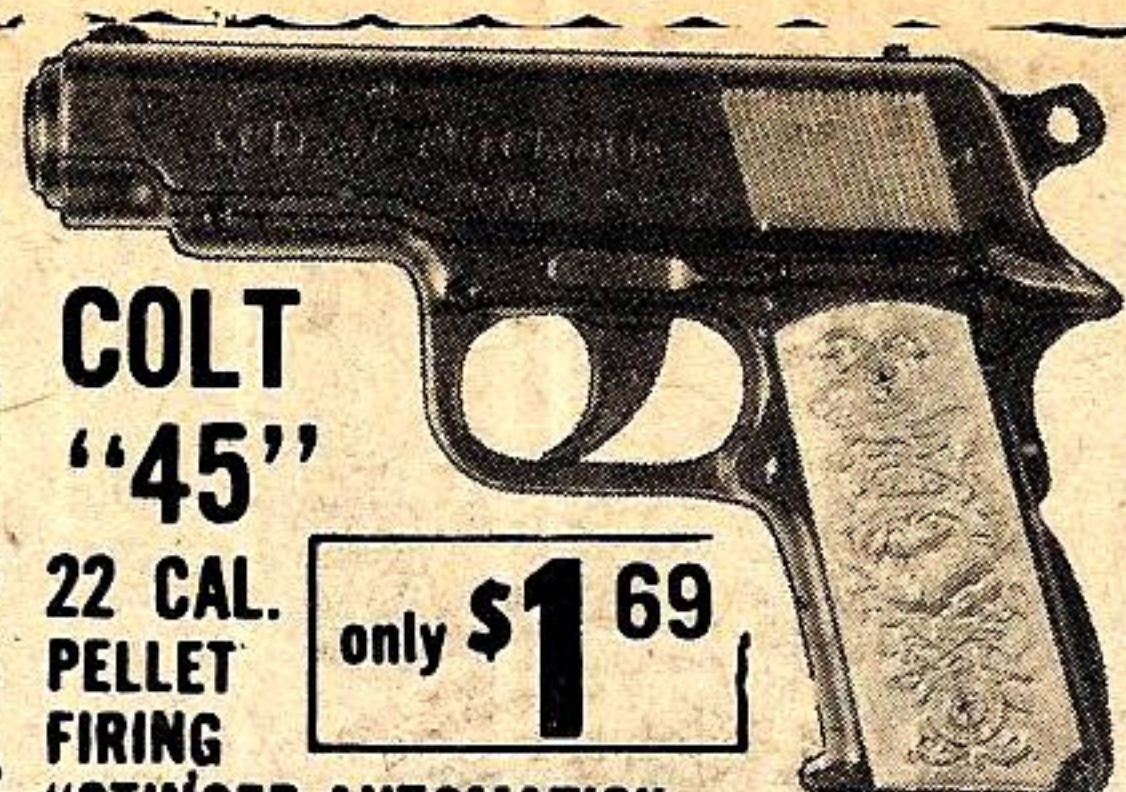
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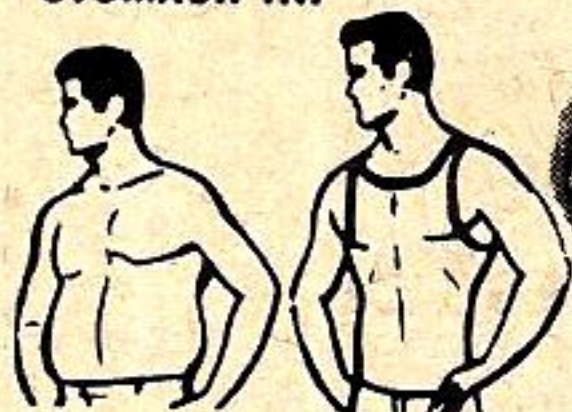
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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 8)



Above: Terry Funk must face Harley Race, the man who took the title from Dory Funk Jr. Below: Mighty Igor and Bulldog Brower used to be bitter foes!



the news?

"Those fans should have their heads examined!" he exploded. "I can't believe it. Here I am, proudly defending the title for the people, and this is what I get in return. I just can't believe it! I'm totally shocked!"

Bob Backlund and Steve Keirn continue to defend the Florida tag team belts with honor... Greg Valentine wrestling against the rules in the Carolinas and by the rules in Florida. He has a definite Jekyll and Hyde complex... Wrestler/bouncer Mark Tendler now handling bouncing duties for New York's famous "Riverboat" restaurant... Gene Kiniski at war with Jimmy Snuka... Pete Sanchez and Manny Soto back in the WWWF... A

hot Detroit duo—Bobo Brazil and Dom DeNucci... Jerry Lawler lost the Southern title to Jack Brisco, but he vows "to get it back within two weeks!"

Just as Harley Race has a mental block when he wrestles Jack or Jerry Brisco, Dory Funk Jr. has one when he comes up against Race. The man who won the title from Dory copped another important victory over the ex-champ in Wichita, Kansas, leading Harley to a shot against Terry Funk's NWA title.

"I can't explain it," a sulking Dory Funk Jr. told our Kansas correspondent. "I just can't stop Race. I've got to get over this problem if I ever want to win a major title again."

Here are a few recent "change of attitudes" fans are finding hard to swallow.

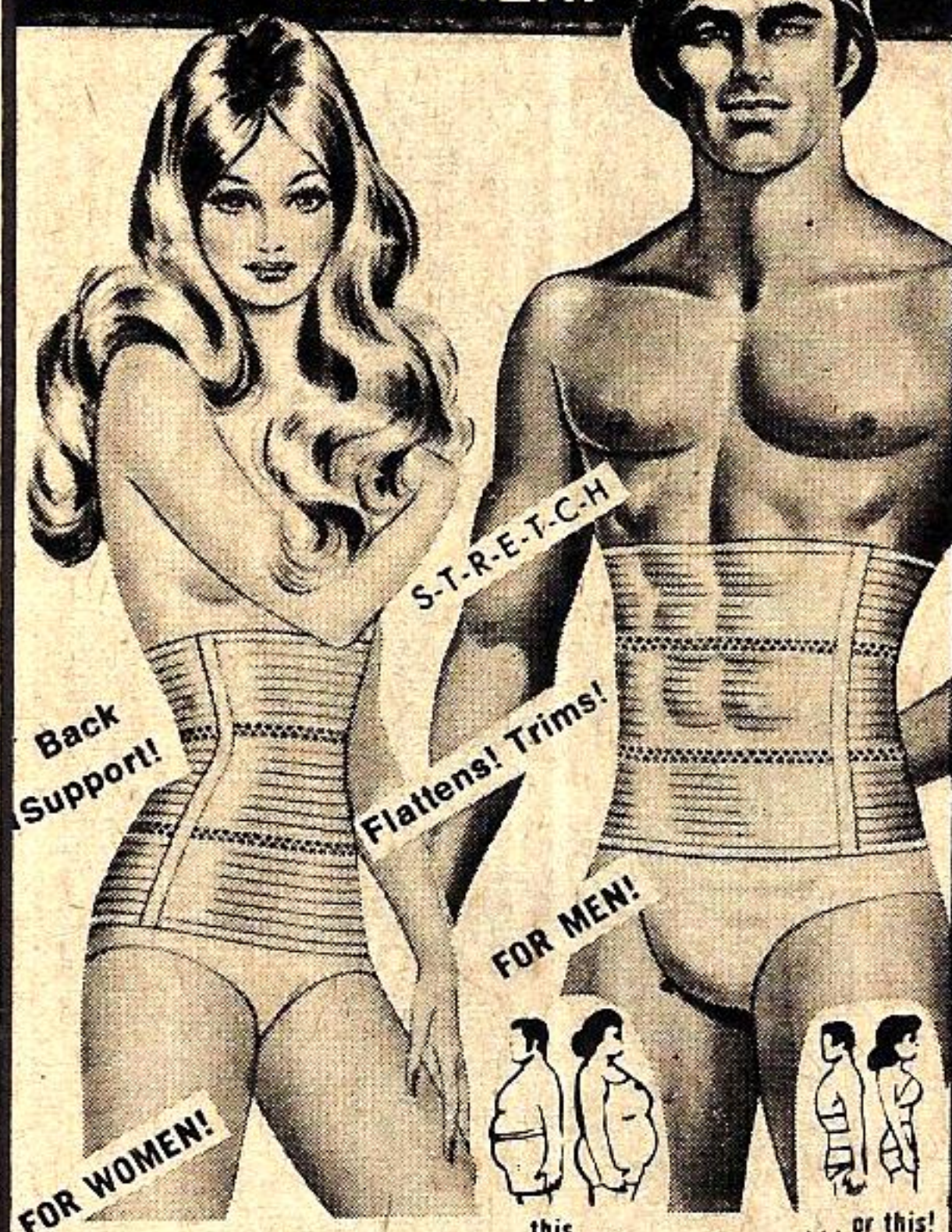
Dick Slater has reverted back to his old rulebreaking ways. "It just didn't pay to be a 'good guy,'" Dick said. "Fans are behind you, but who needs that. I want to win, and if that means losing fans, that's tough. I believe in the old saying, 'kill or be killed.' No rulebook for me. That's for idiots!"

Gary Hart is in the corner of Jose Lothario and other Texas fan favorites advising them! Hart has declared all-out war on Jim Dillon's army and has befriended Jose and Gino Hernandez among others.

BULLDOG BROWER AND MIGHTY IGOR HAVE BECOME A TAG TEAM! We'll have full exclusive details in an upcoming issue!

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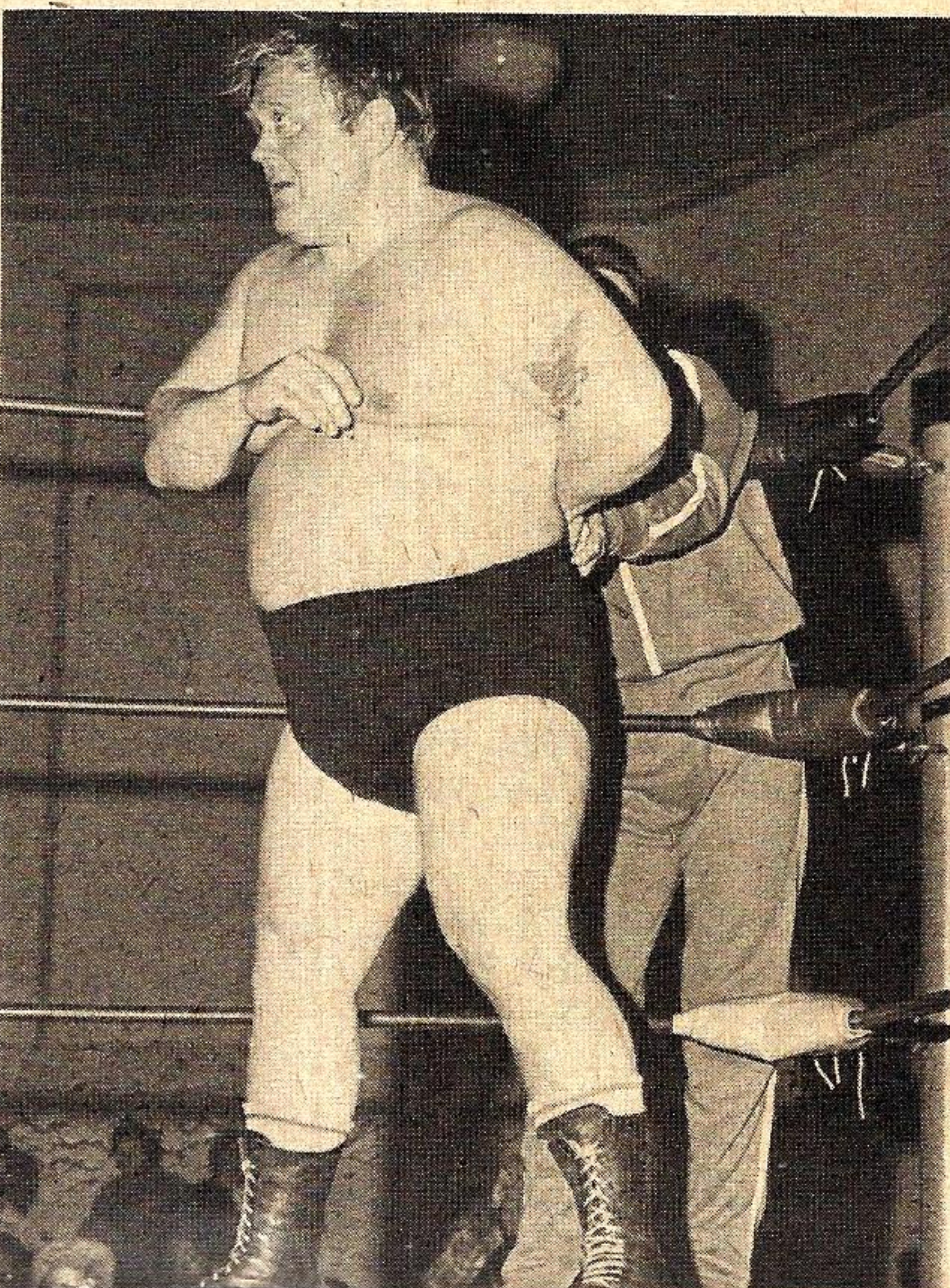
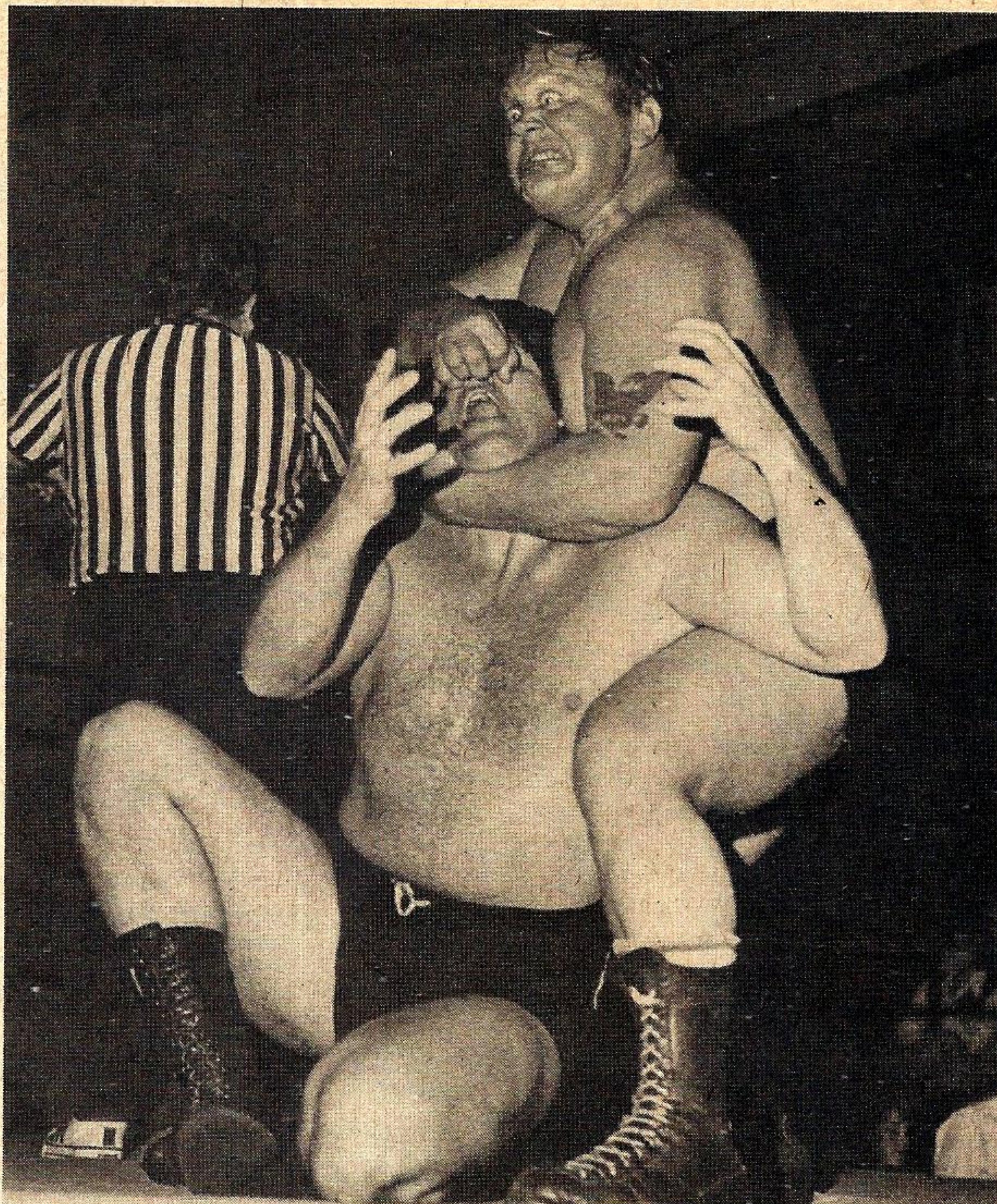
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THE LEASH ON BULLDOG BROWER

(Continued from Page 27)



While the mat official is being distracted by Hines, Bulldog is clawing at the face of Johnny Powers (above). When not helping his wrestler with illegal maneuvers, Hines can be found slipping foreign objects to the unscrupulous Brower (left). It's obvious the two men were made for each other, like the ingredients of nitroglycerine.

dominate the sport all over the world!

"Hines is the only man smart enough to understand me. I'm a very great wrestler, too great for most people to understand. I'm above them. Only Billy understands this. He sees what I'm trying to do and helps me. That's why I've never had a manager until now. No one was great enough to fill the job. Billy is the man, though, the one I've been looking for."

Seeing Hines and Brower together, one involuntarily puts a hand on his wallet. They look like a couple of savage thugs hoping the boss will let them torture their victim. Whatever plans they hatch between them must be evil. The extent of their brutality is evident when they're in a match. Yes, it's "they" because Hines interferes with sickening regularity.

Against Johnny Powers, Brower showed why he decided to have a manager after all these years. Johnny was great this evening, as good as he's ever been. No wrestler on earth could expect to be great against him. Brower was in trouble from the opening bell. Even Bulldog's new dirty tricks didn't do him any good.

Rather than see Brower humiliated in defeat, Hines leaped into the fray. The three men battled furiously. Hines suffered a bad gash on the side of his head. It didn't bother Billy—he was successful. Brower was disqualified for outside interference. No one could say he lost to Powers.

As might be expected, Powers was livid after the match. As a doctor attended to various bruises on his body, Powers launched a verbal attack against his two foes.

"Brower was bad enough alone," Johnny said through clenched teeth, "but Hines makes him twice as bad. They're just starting now. Wait till you see what they're like a few months from now. There won't be a decent wrestler left who will be safe."

"If I have to cheat to beat them," Powers vowed, "I'll use ever sleazy trick in the world. This isn't a sport, anymore, this is war. And all's fair, damnit, all's fair."

Powers is echoing what other wrestlers say about the deranged duo. Already, Brower and Hines are despised. The future can only be worse, horribly worse. ☐

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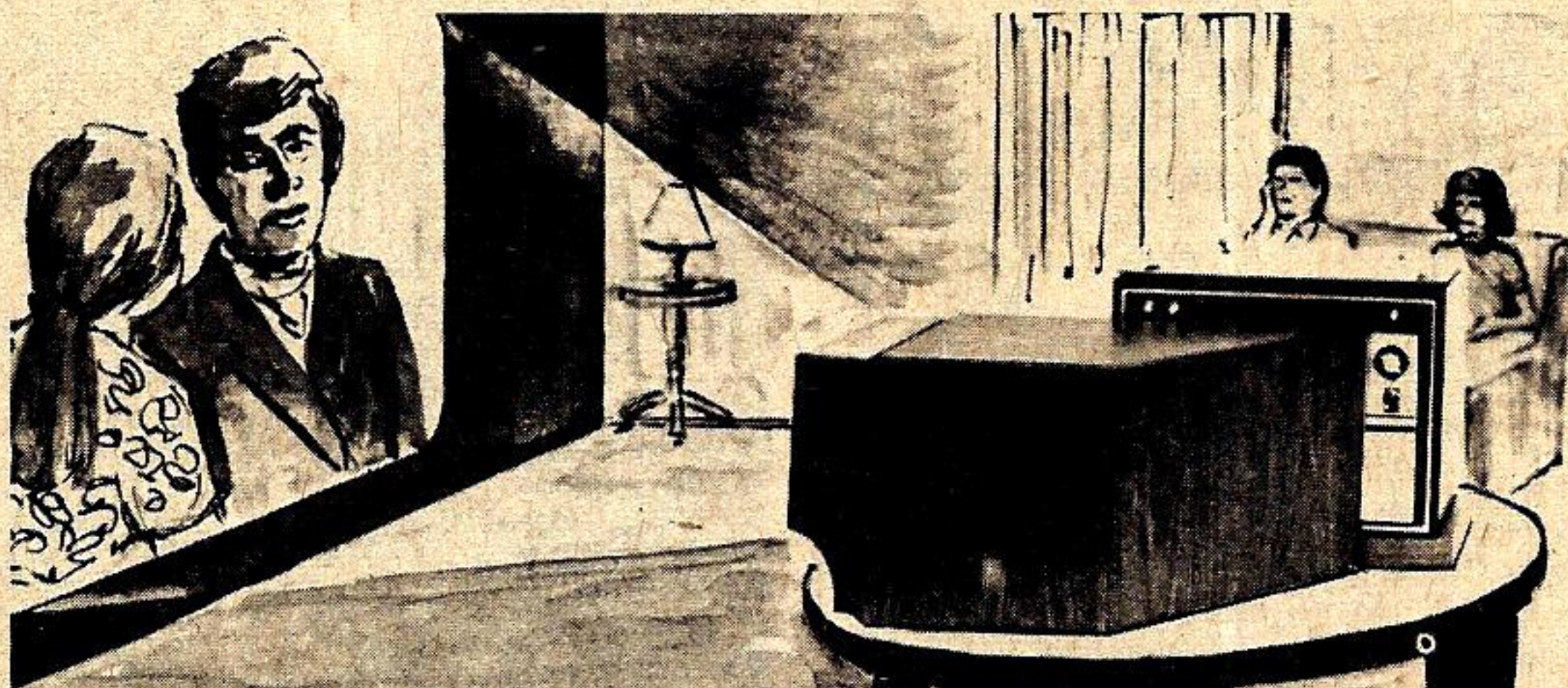
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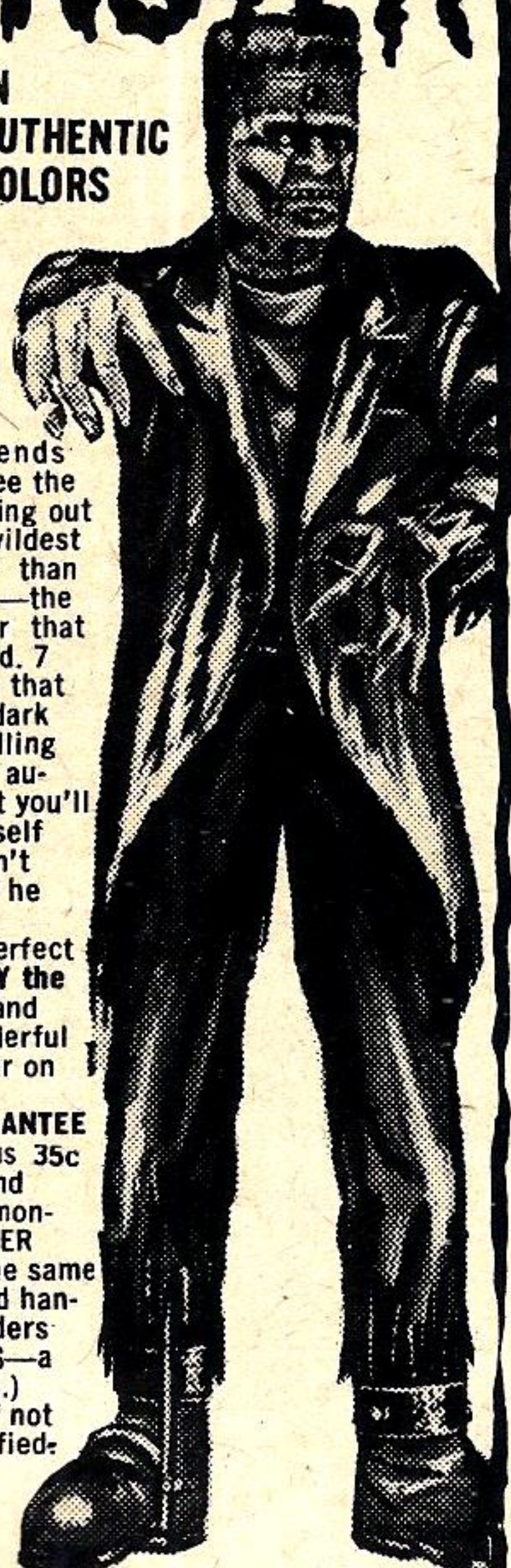
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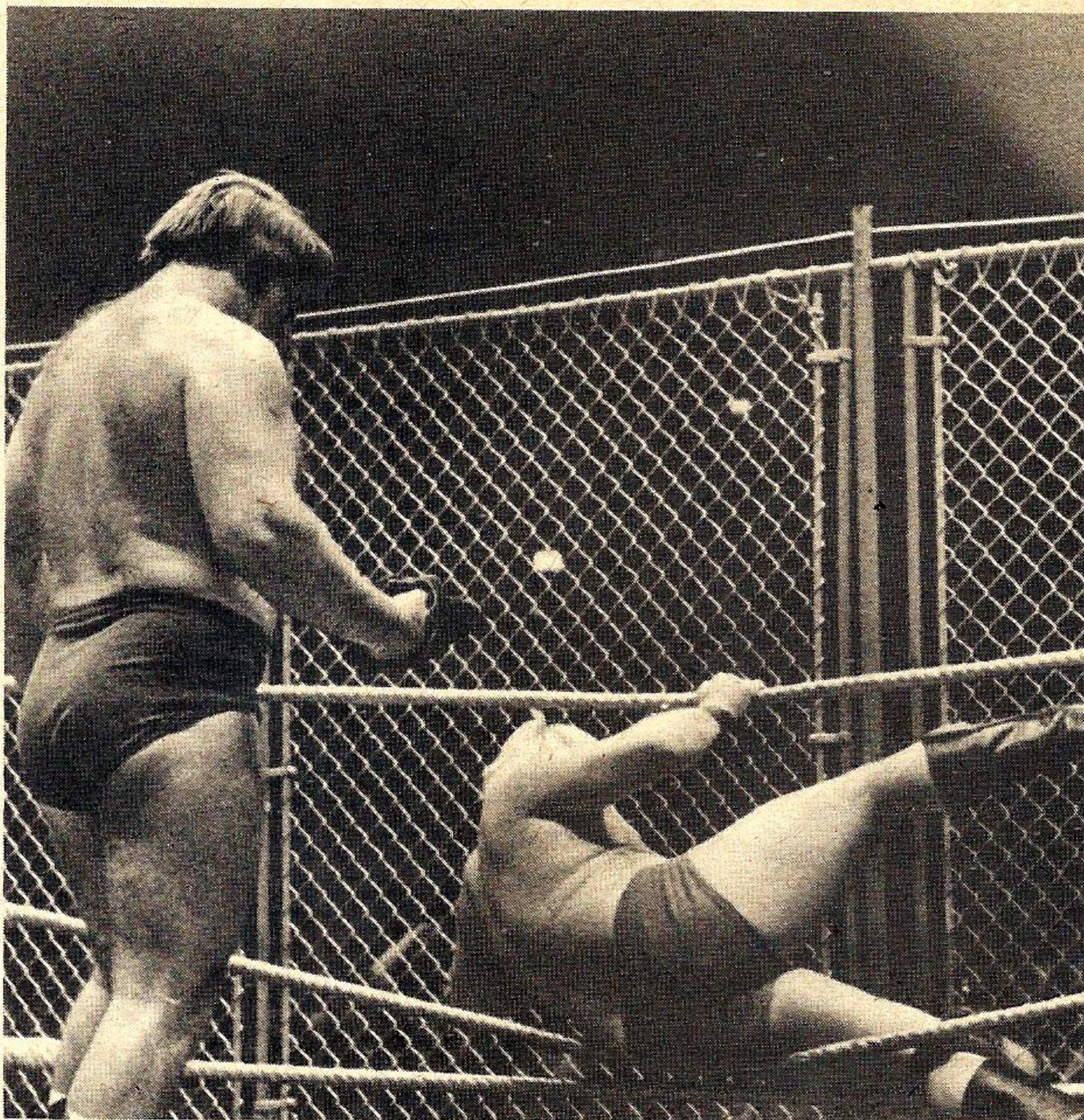
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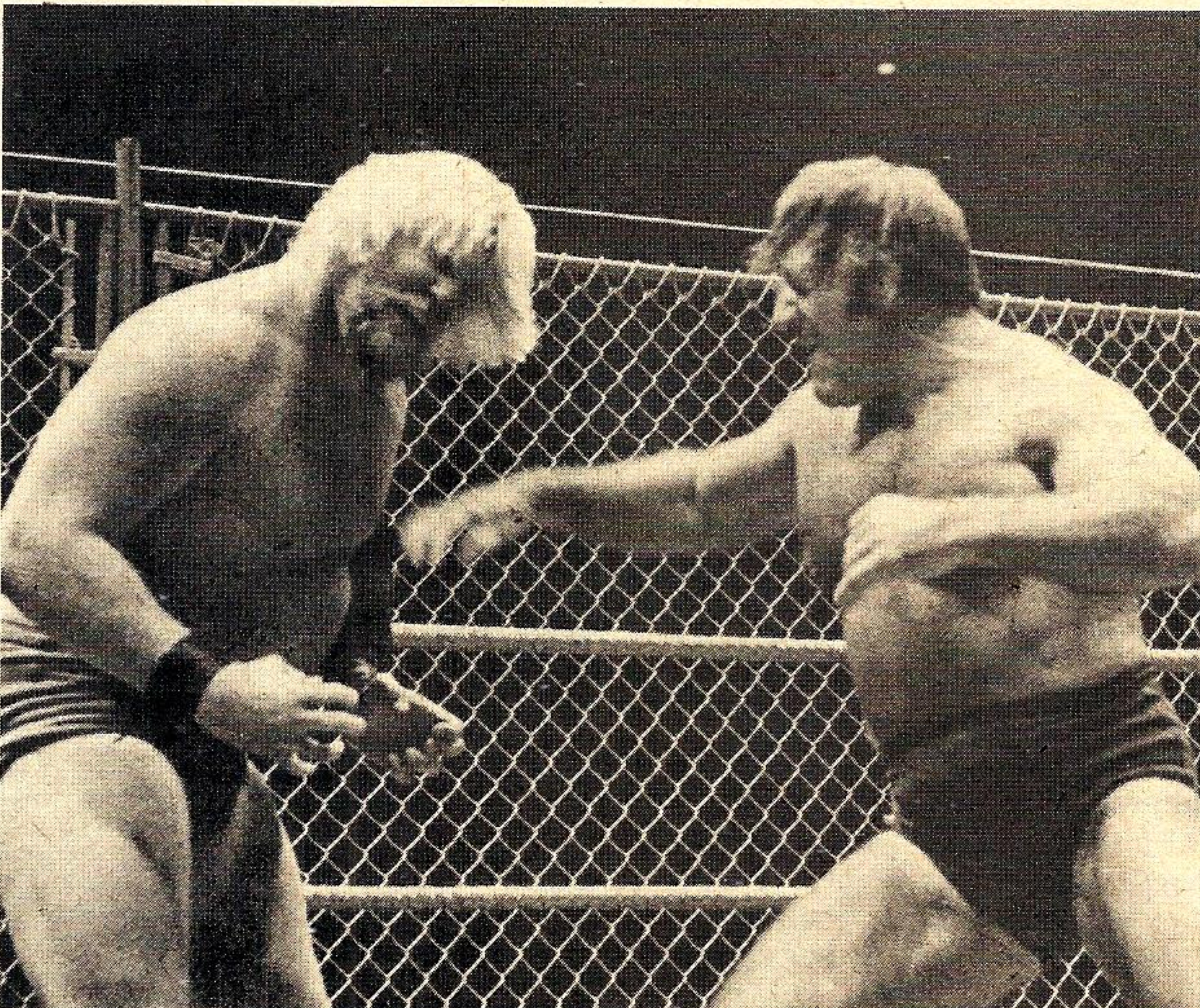
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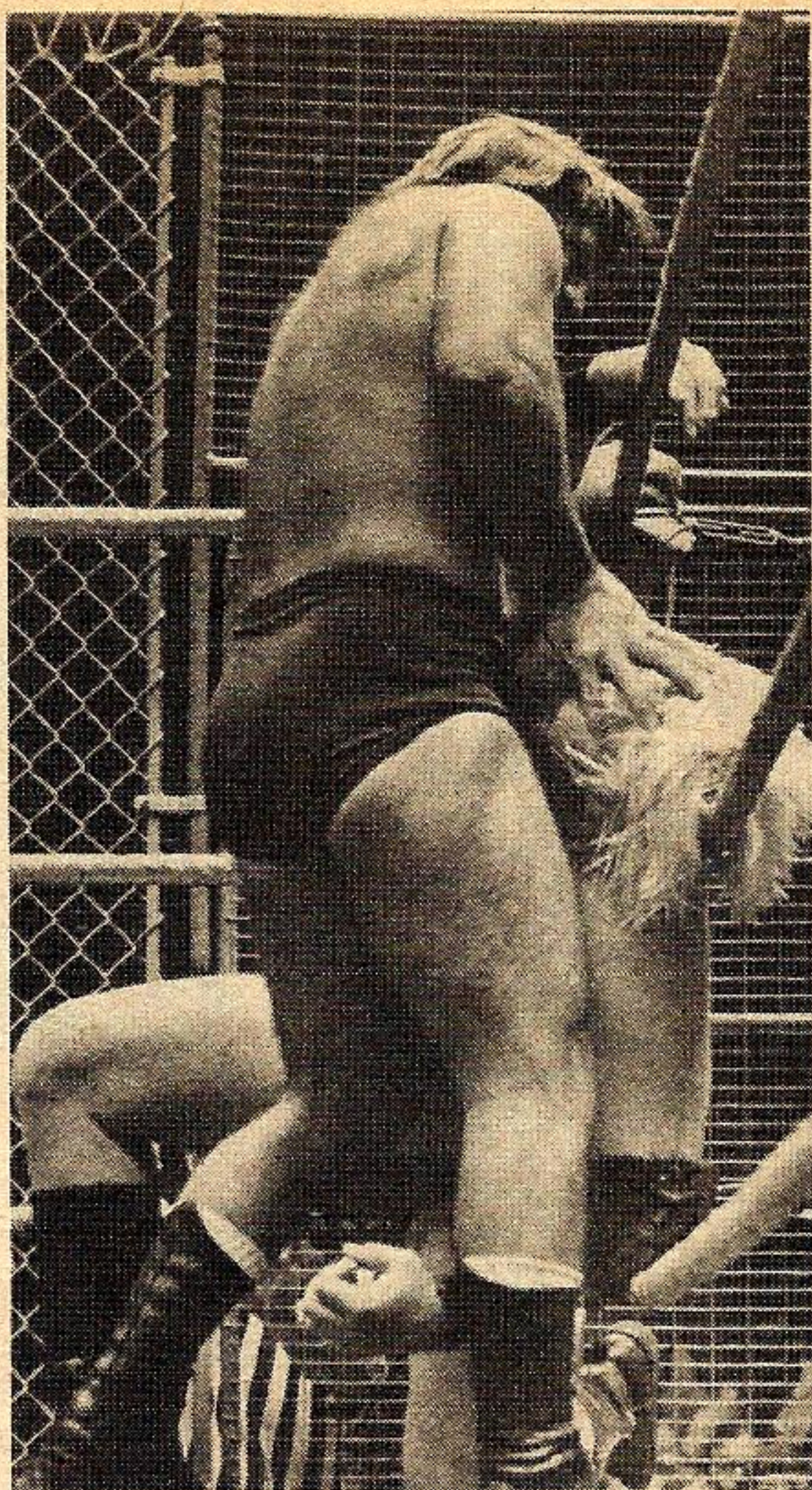
Bruno-Hansen Cage Match

(Continued from Page 37)



Above: After throwing Hansen into the ropes, Bruno removes the victim's elbowpad and prepares to use it as a weapon upon its owner. Below: Bruno has Hansen dazed from the force of a brutal elbowsmash. Sammartino showed no mercy during the entire match.





Hansen is already a broken man by the time Sammartino twists him captive in the ring ropes.

ally, Bruno actually yanked at Stan's trunks, humiliating the grappler by exposing portions of his rear end. Bruno even stripped Hansen of his elbowpad and beat him bloody with it.

This was the dark side of Sammartino, the part of his personality which can be brutally callous. Bruno wanted to leave Hansen with nothing, not even his self-respect. Only a saint would have restrained himself from tormenting Hansen. Sammartino is a man.

Finally, Hansen could take no more. With no chance of escape, he seemed like a deer accepting the fact he was about to be killed by a cougar. Bruno grabbed at his broken foe and hurled him into the ropes. The battered grappler could barely stay conscious as he watched Sammartino stride toward the door. Bruno started to open the door and then stopped. He turned and walked back to Hansen. With a cruel grin on his face, Bruno spit on his entangled opponent. The humiliation complete, Sammartino strode through the door the winner.

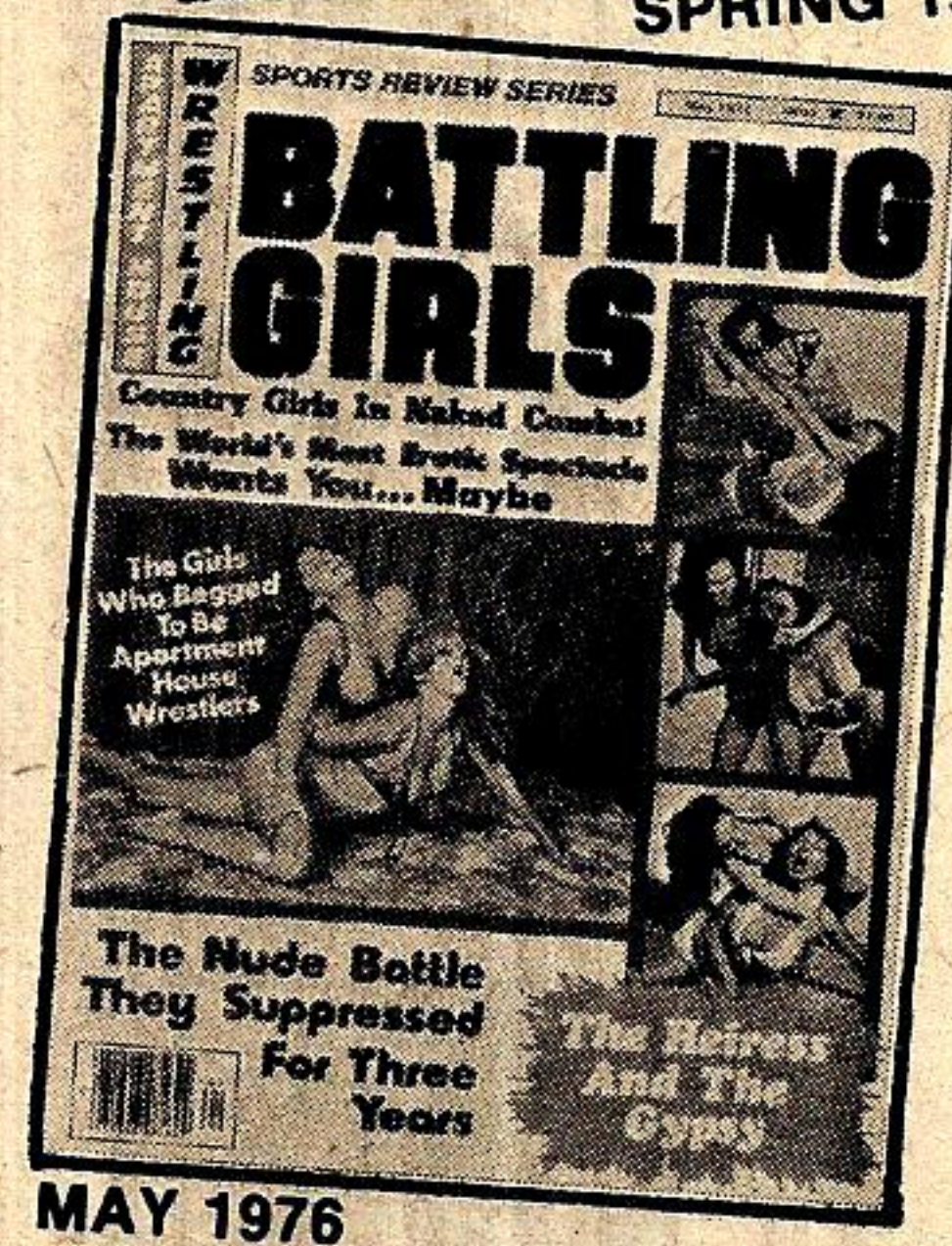
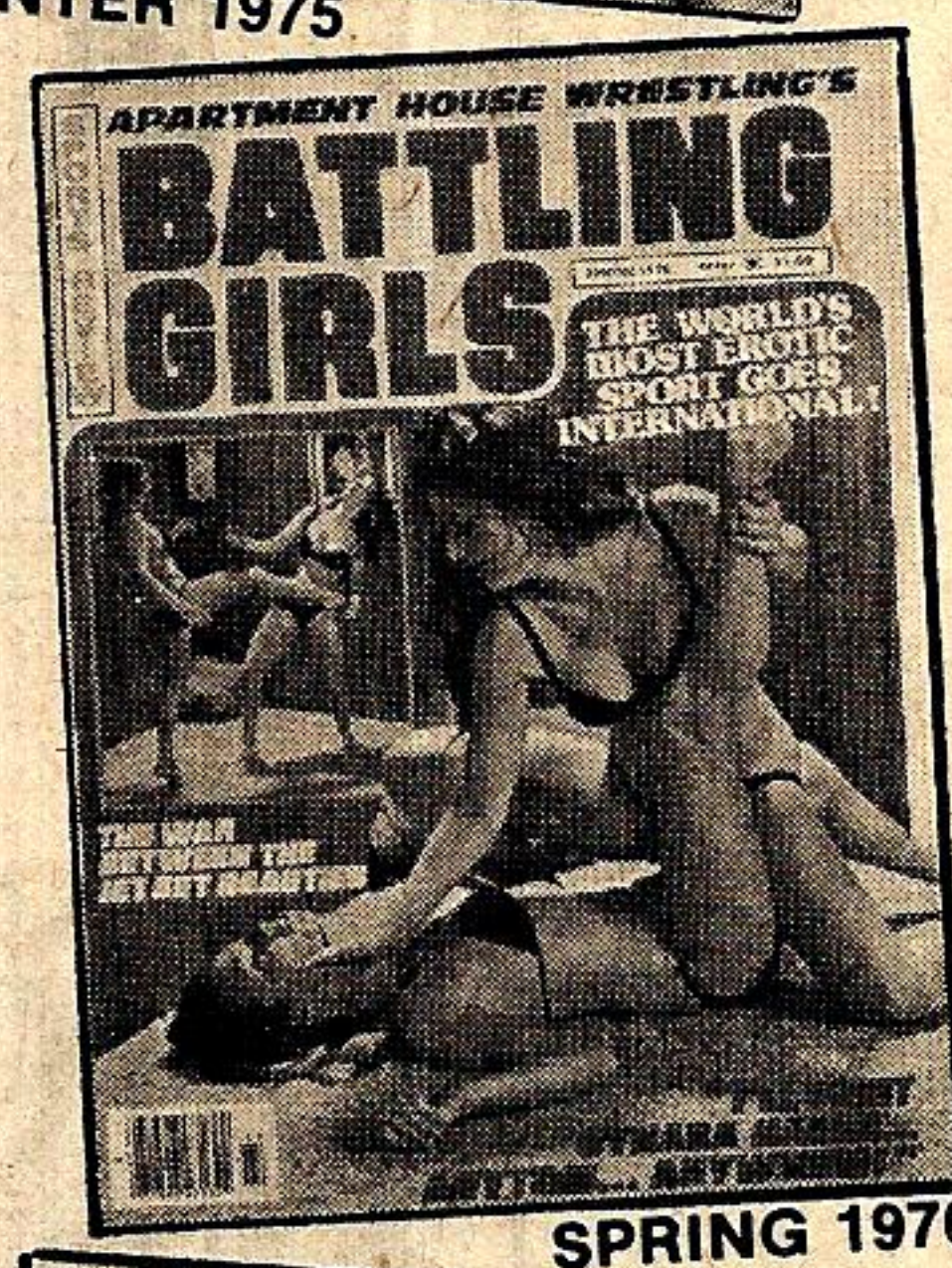
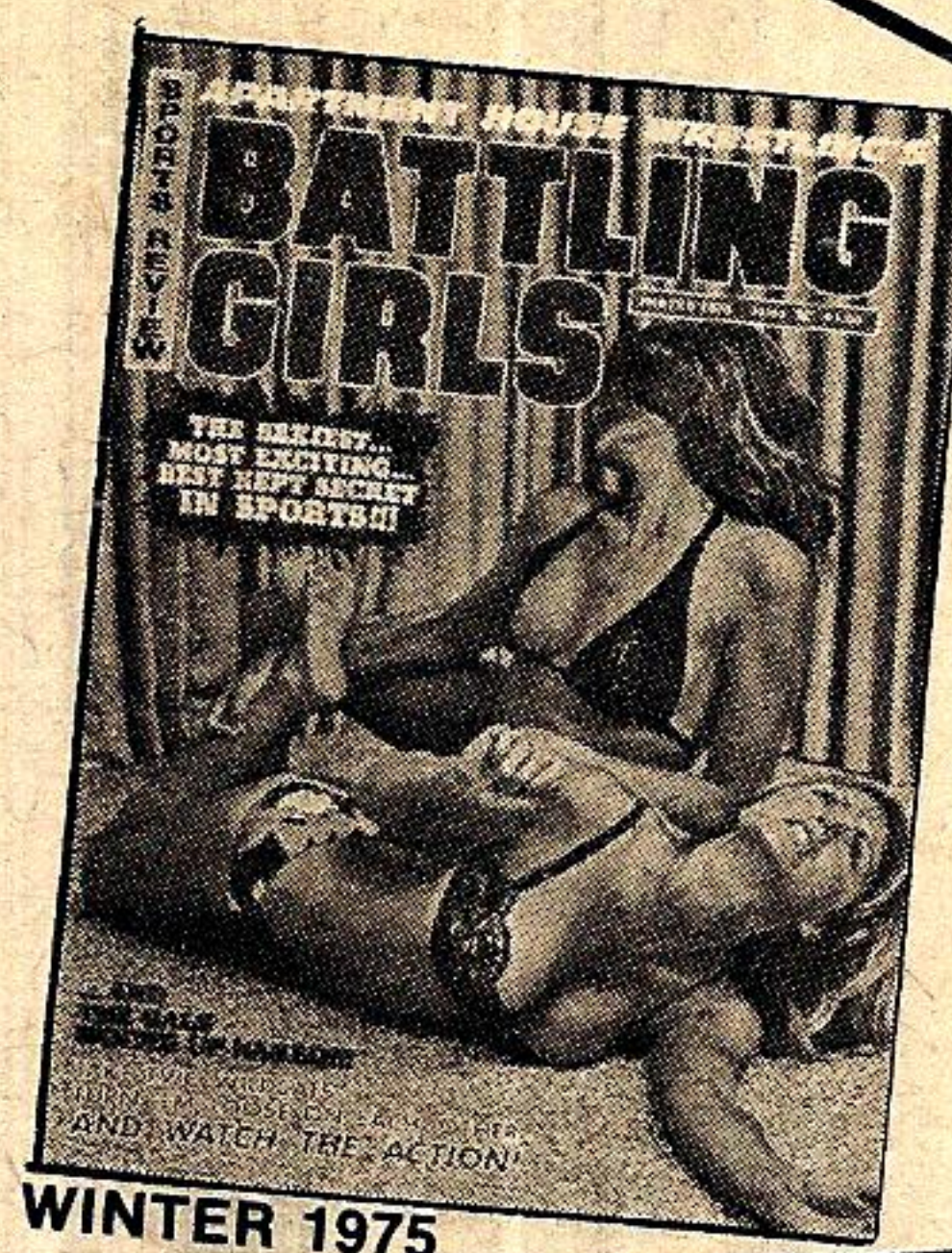
Hansen was left in the ring. When he freed himself from the ropes, he was forced to listen to the taunts and insults of 22,000 people who gloried in his destruction. No man could ask for a better revenge than the one Bruno Sammartino enjoyed over Stan Hansen.

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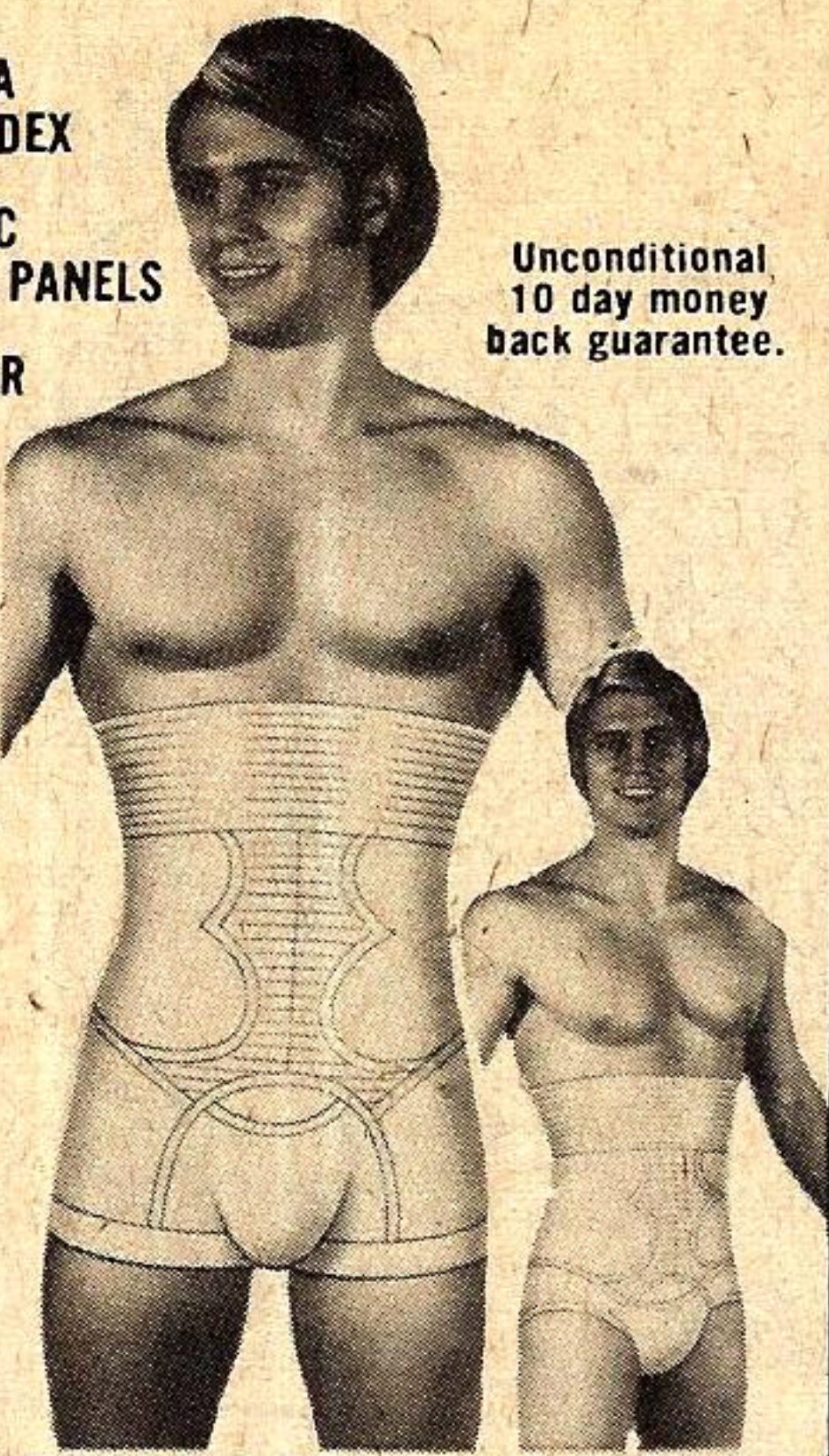
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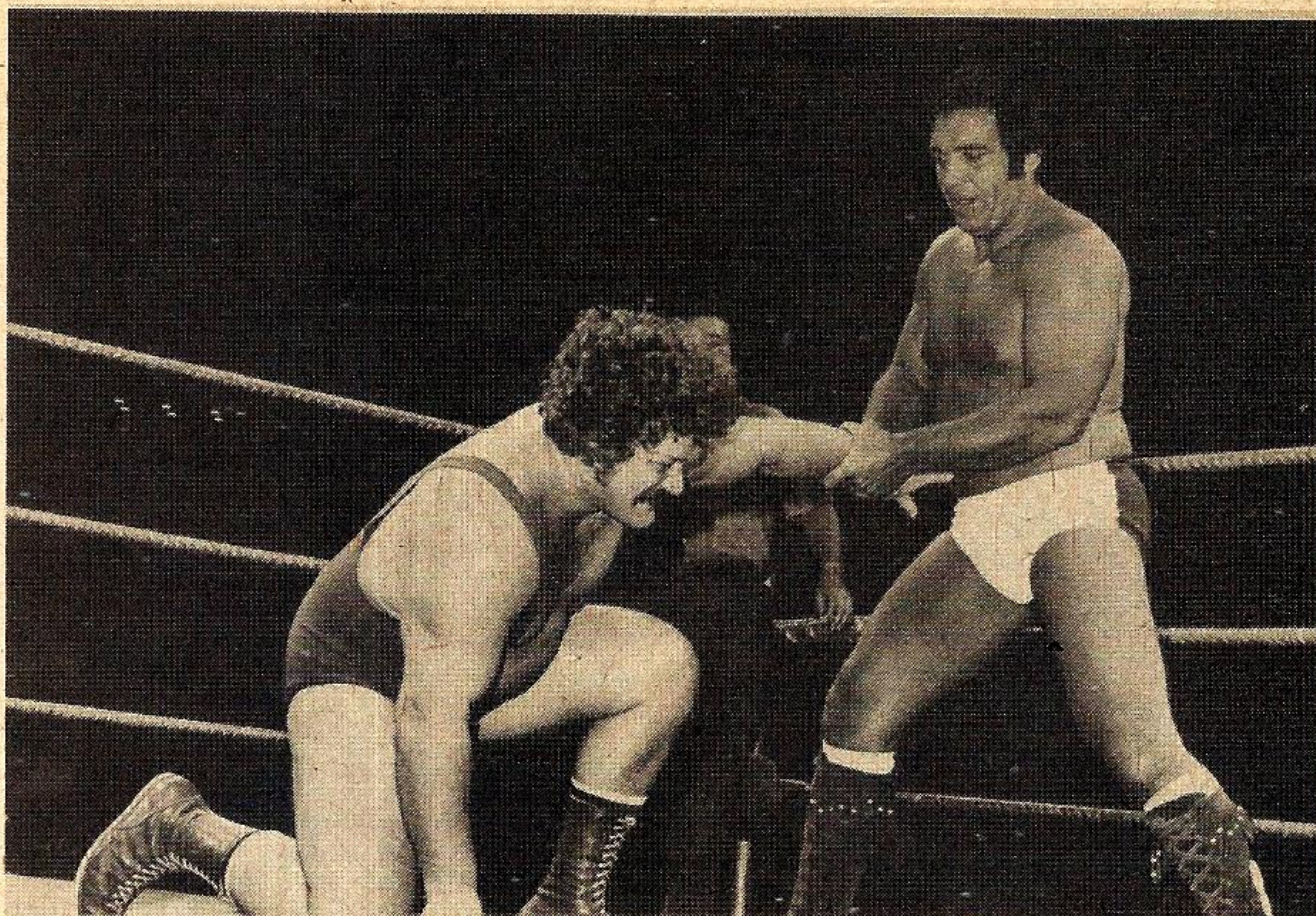
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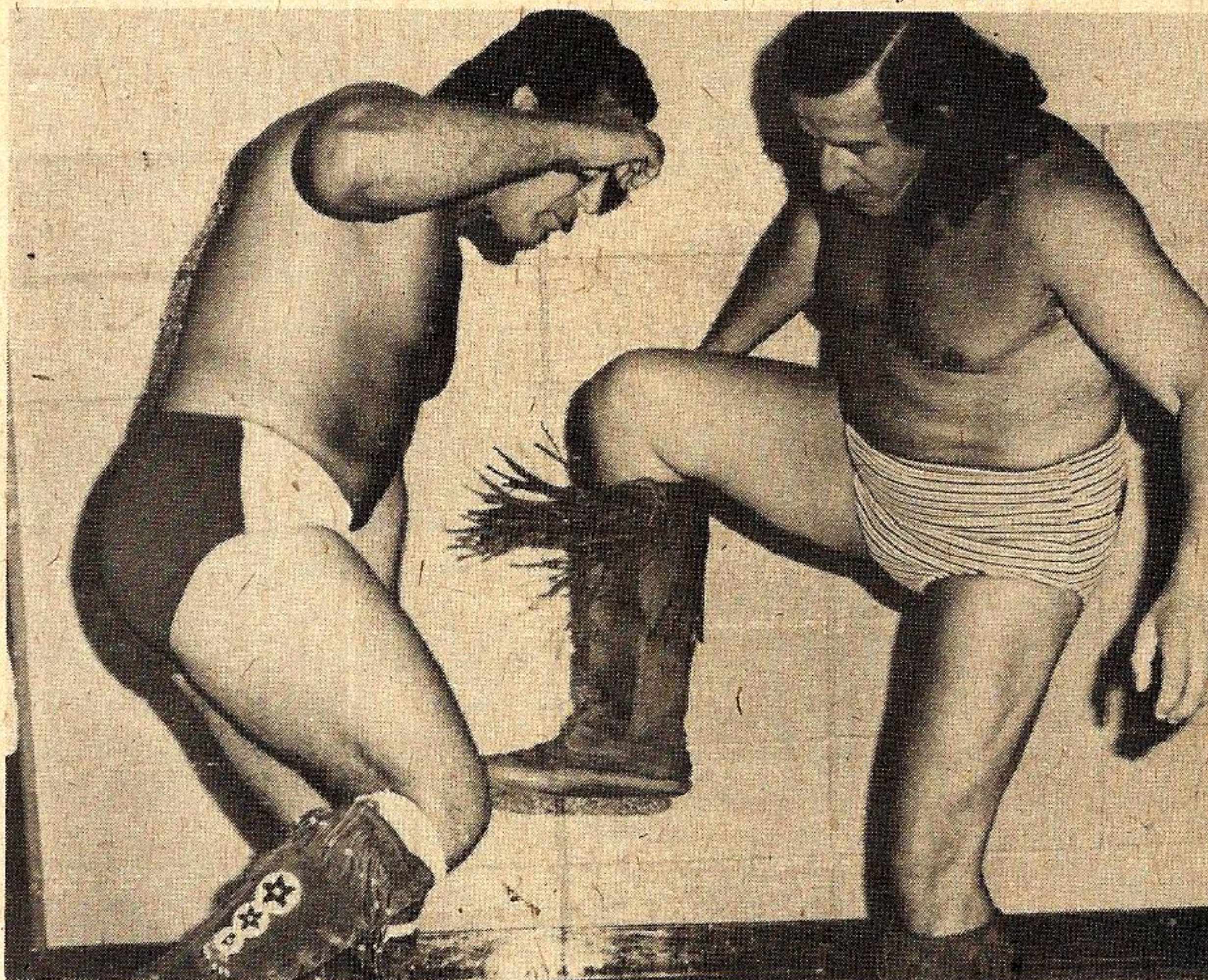
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Strongbow and White Wolf

(Continued from Page 42)



Above: Billy White Wolf has Doug Gilbert captured in a "Cherokee twister," an ancient Indian hold Billy has modified into a very effective modern wrestling weapon. Many of Billy's moves can be traced to Indian wrestling maneuvers. Below: White Wolf and Strongbow loosen up before a match with a war dance. Only a few people know the war dance was originally a series of exercises.

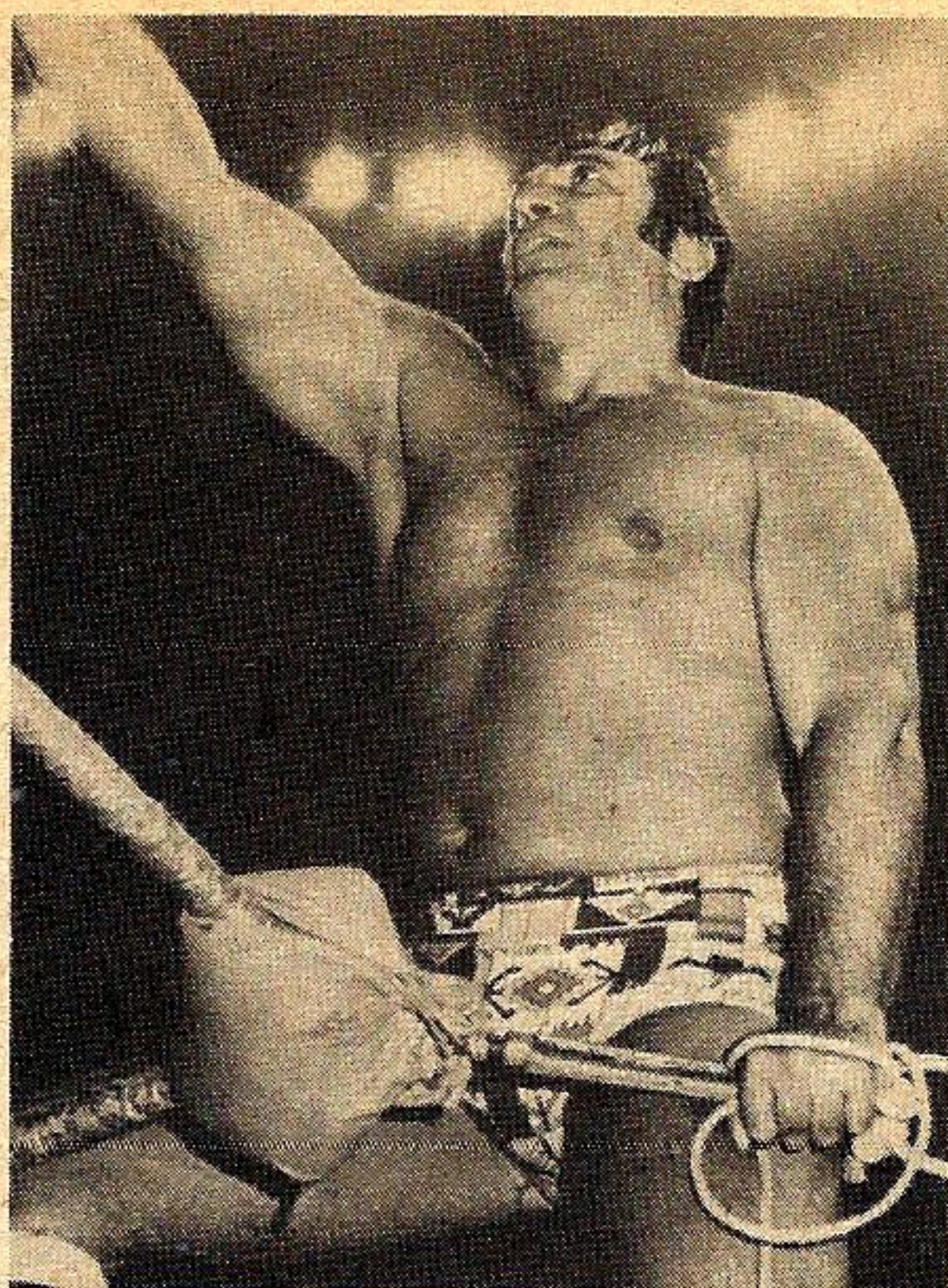


said anything besides the declaration of Beth Sharon of Brooklyn, New York, who promised, "I'll be their fans as long' as they're together. Billy and Chief Jay are the tops around. You don't ever consider deserting the best."

The two people most surprised by this incredible popularity are the wrestlers themselves. They are

thoroughly modest men; the royal receptions they receive often astound them. Of course, they couldn't be happier, but they're still not comfortable amidst all the adulation.

"I've known the fans' love," Strongbow says with a happily puzzled expression on his face, "but I've never seen anything like this. I could



Billy White Wolf proudly waves at the fans, acknowledging the love for him and Strongbow.

understand it if we were champions or had done some great feat. But we're just a couple of contenders hoping for a title shot, just like a lot of other teams.

"I've heard what the fans say about us and I have a few theories of my own as to why we get the loyalty we do. However, I'm really afraid to analyze it too much. As I see it, we've been doing all right just being ourselves. If we started trying instead of being natural, chances are the fans might leave us. I'm afraid to do anything to change things. I'm having the greatest time in my life right now!"

White Wolf tends to agree with his partner. Each is wary of looking a gift horse in the mouth. Why change a perfect combination by trying to find out why you're perfect? At least, that's what the Indian mat stars believe.

However, they both realize successful wrestling is probably the keystone to their success. That's why they train religiously, long and hard. They spend hours devising new maneuvers and days perfecting the subtlest movements. Perfection is the only thing they'll be happy with.

The fans say Chief Jay Strongbow and Billy White Wolf are the most popular tag team wrestlers of all time. The tag team is delighted to hear it.

"Neither of us want to be remembered as the most popular, though," White Wolf admits. "We want to be known as the best." □

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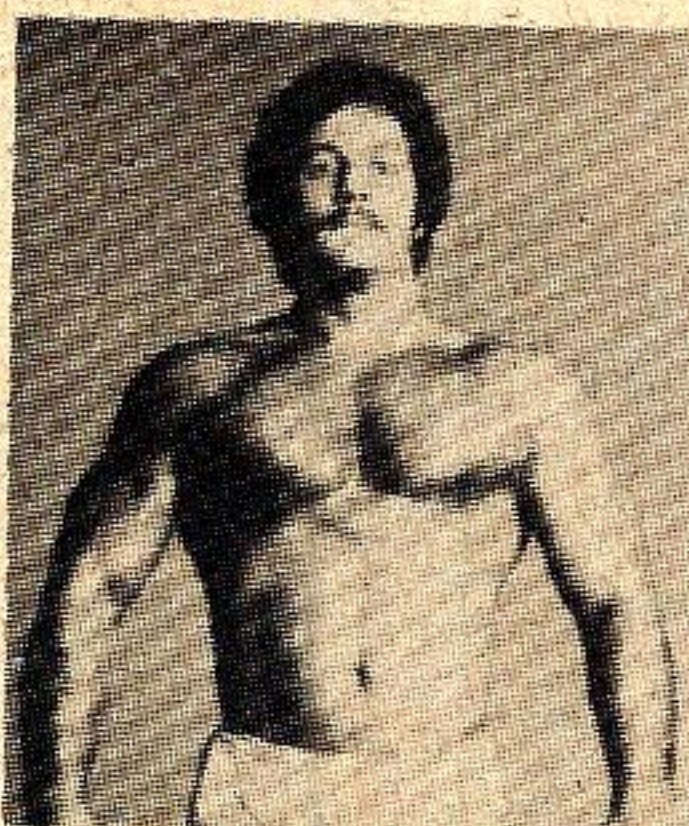
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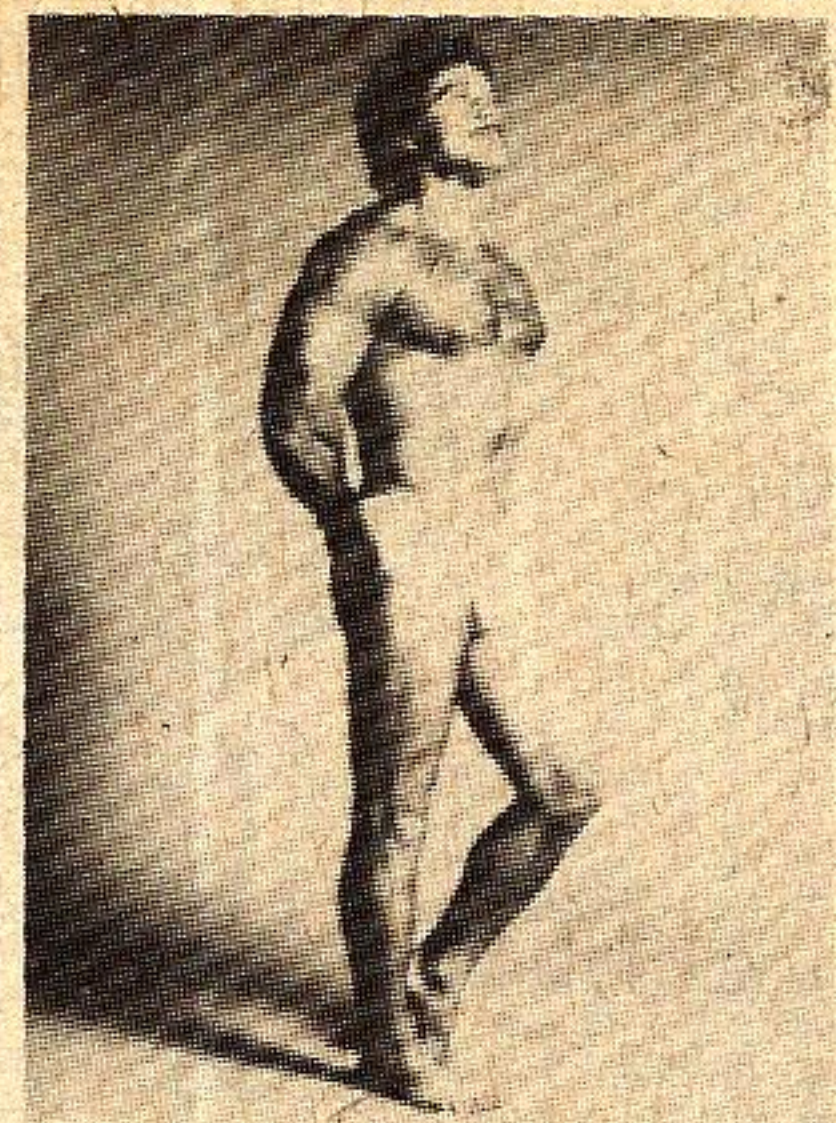
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ANGELO MOSCA

(Continued from Page 43)



Above: It's typical of Mosca to doubleteam Jacky Wiez with the help of Killer Kowalski. Angelo and Kowalski are a pair made in hell. Below: Angelo uses skills learned during his football days in his mat wars.

He was to get no more than five minutes. On the 300th second, I would hang up.

"Where's my story?" he screamed instead of saying hello.

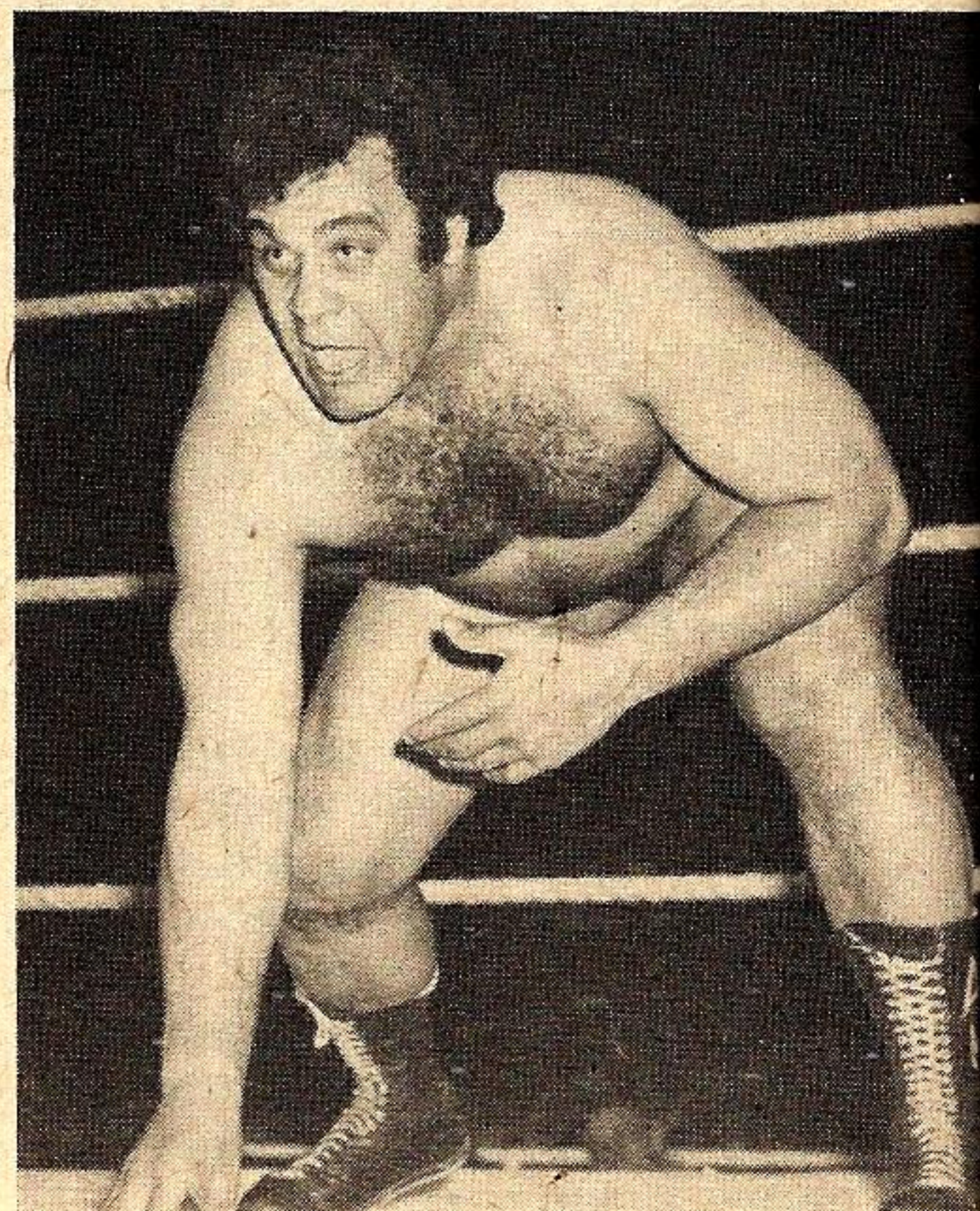
"What story?" I asked, noticing there were 256 seconds left.

"Angelo Mosca wins the mid-Atlantic television title," he shouted. "That story didn't appear in either THE WRESTLER or INSIDE WRESTLING! If a title isn't reported in your magazines, the winner loses at least 30% of its value. You guys are taking away money from me! Is that fair?"

"It's a lot fairer than how you won the title," I reminded him.

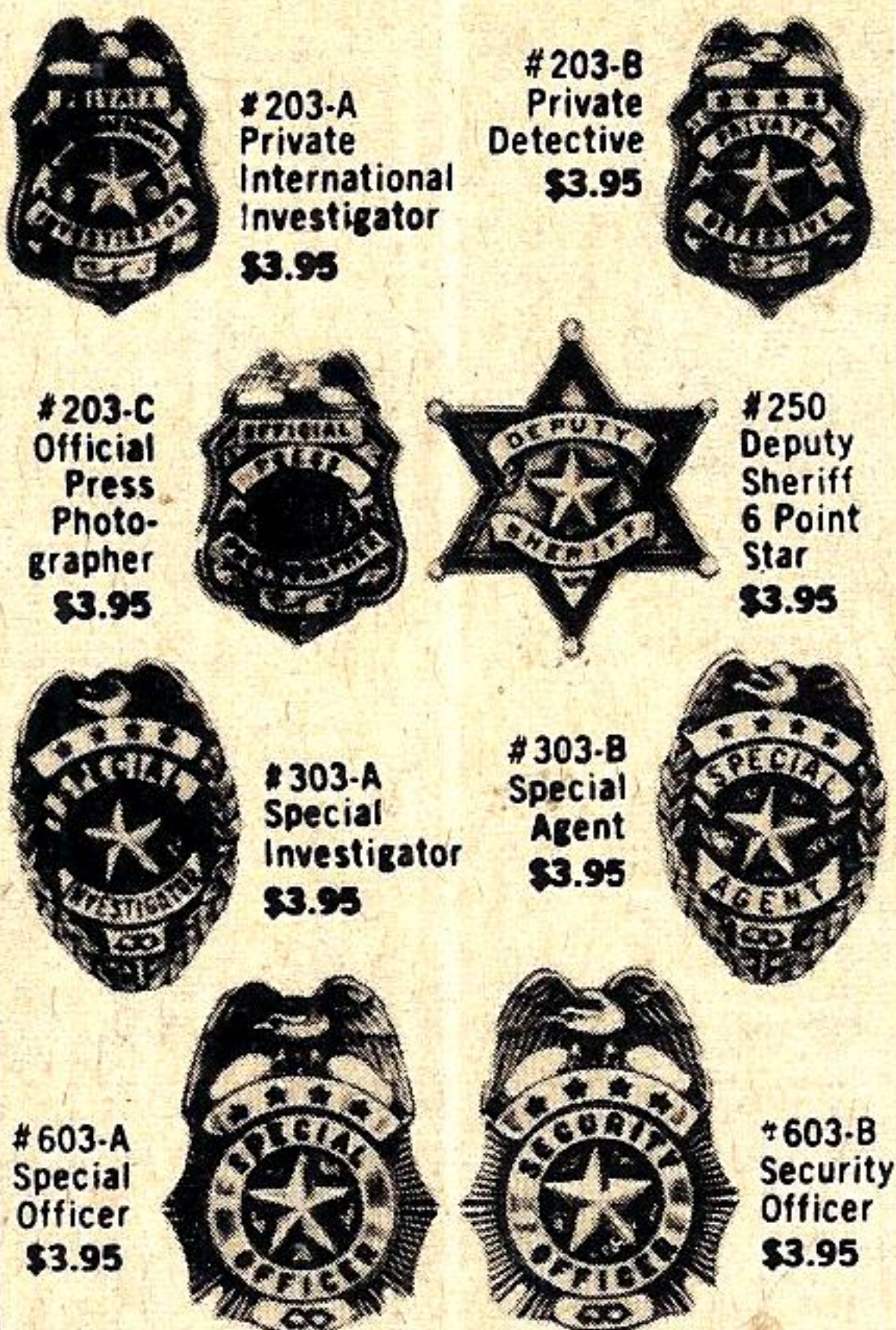
"Don't give me any your smart stuff, Gordon," he countered at the top of his considerable lungs. "This is no joking matter! Why doesn't the press do its job and report on my great victories. The fans love me and want to know about my every move. I'm the most exciting thing that's ever happened to this sport. And the only things stopping me from becoming the top man are slimy punks like you who

(Continued on page 62)



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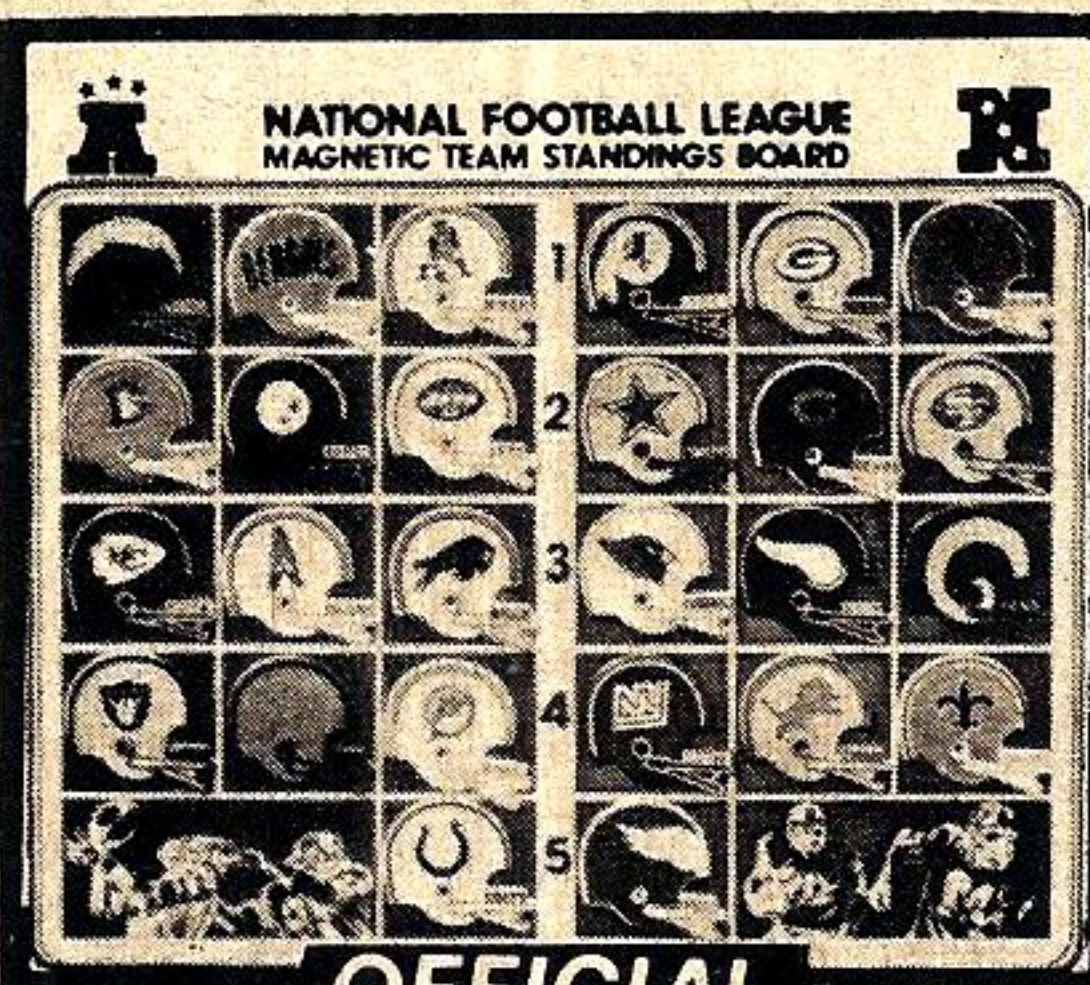


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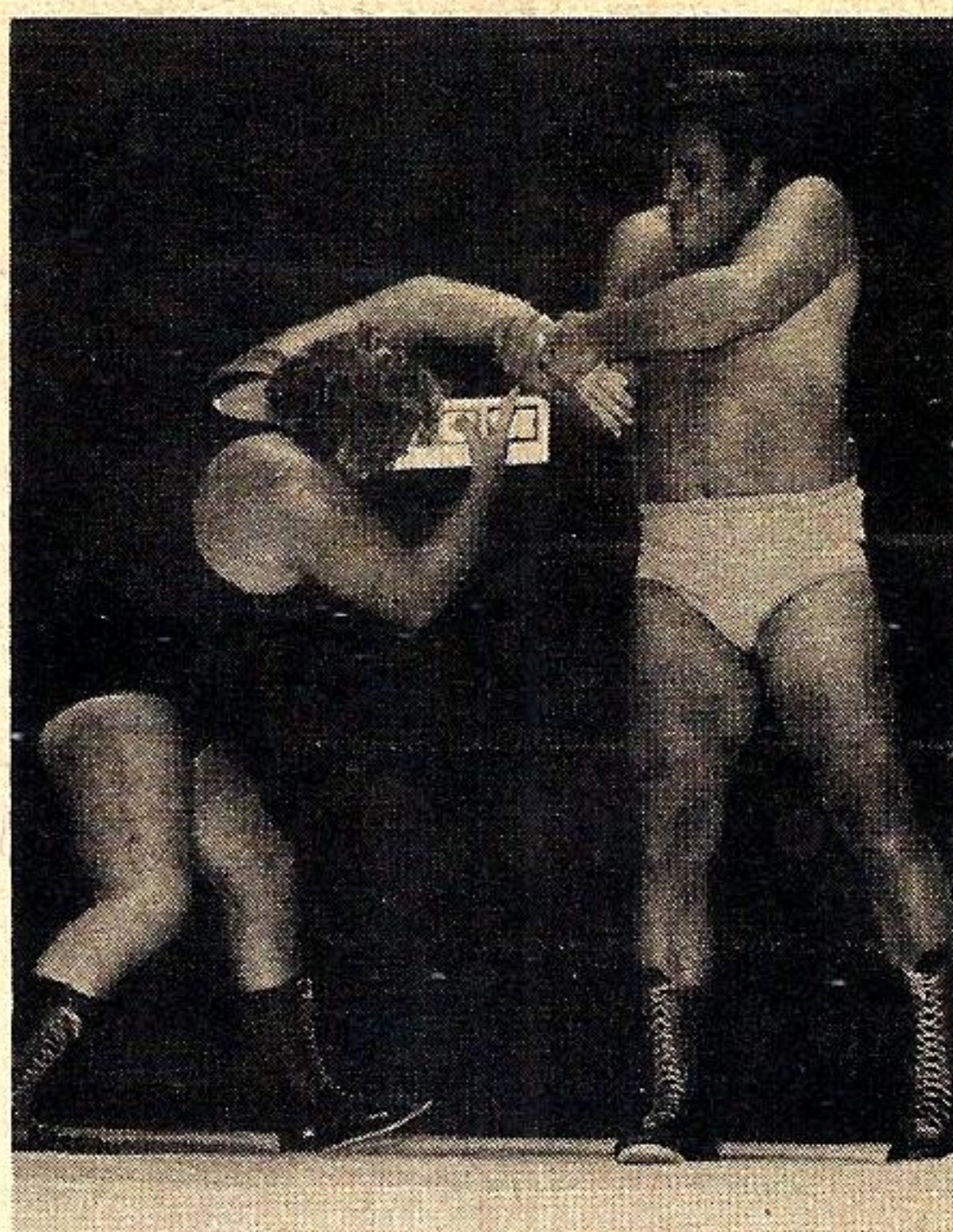
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ANGELO MOSCA

(Continued from Page 60)



Above: Angelo Mosca tries to break Lou Klein's arm in an ugly match in which Mosca betrayed most of his illegal tactics.

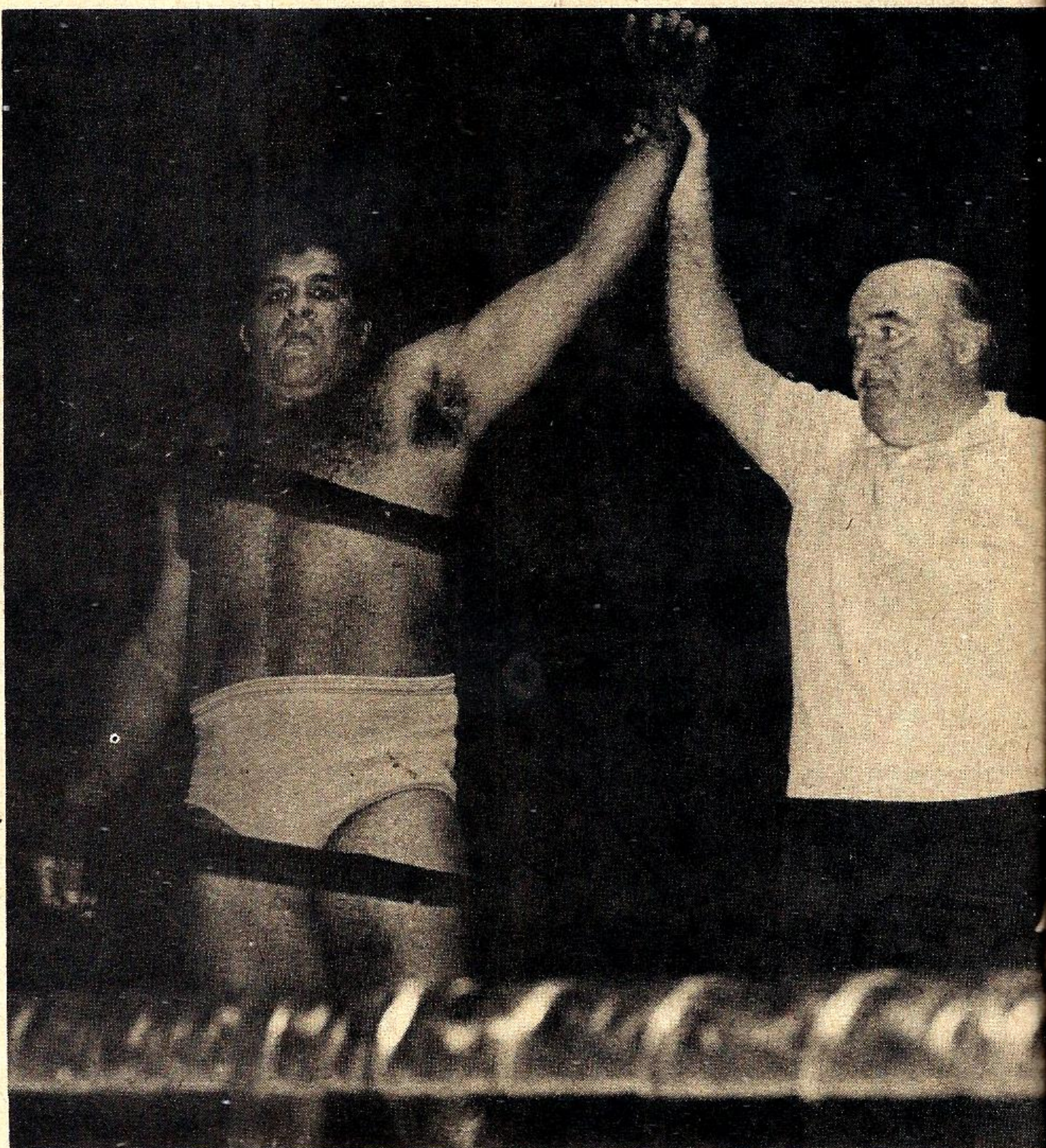
Below: Mosca has arm raised in victory. One would think he'd be ashamed to win by cheating.

refuse to write about me. You leeches make me sick. When I'm down you'll be sucking my blood! You know where you can shove your magazines?"

I hung up the phone before Mosca could impart his instructions. Taking my watch off the desk, I noticed I owed him 18 seconds on the next phone call.

My experience is different from most of the wrestling press only in that I bothered to answer the phone at all. Mosca has managed to alienate every decent reporter in this business. From the moment he entered the sport, it was hate at first sight.

My colleague, Bill Apter, is renown for giving newcomers a break in print. When Mosca was enjoying a fairly good season, Bill sought the man out and tried to do an nice piece about him, something most rookies would give their eyeteeth for. Bill tried his best to interview the man, so he could tell the fans who this man was. Bill didn't need to do the article nearly as much as Mosca needed the publicity.



Less than 15 minutes after he went in, Apter left shaking. He'd been subjected to the vilest abuse he had ever heard. Mosca's insults were nasty in the ugliest sense of the word. When Bill played the tape of his interview back for us, we were all shocked. There was no reason for that kind of verbal attack. No reporter minds getting screamed at for writing a rough article on a wrestler; we had our say in print and he deserves to get a little back orally. Often, we'll print his reply. But to be cruelly insulted for no reason whatsoever is unforgivable.

Most reporters have stories just as bad—if not worse—about Angelo Mosca's treatment of them. A few have shown bruises, claiming they were inflicted by Mosca. I wouldn't be surprised if he comes for me after this article appears. Well, he asked why we don't cover him fully in the magazines and he does deserve an explanation.

Wrestling reporters work long and hard hours fulfilling sacred responsibilities to their readers. We do it because we believe in the sport and the right of fans to know the truth, no matter who it hurts, including ourselves. No story is written without great research and long days of tough labor. For our work we don't expect thanks, but we do demand respect.

We are not the whipping boys of emotionally stunted bullies who feel they have to see their names in the magazine. We don't go back to their dressing room because we're seeking their often dull company. We're just doing our jobs. Not giving us an interview out of spite or whatever other reason would be akin to us leaping into the ring and tripping a wrestler. We don't interfere with their job and we expect the same cooperation from them.

Angelo Mosca may be a great wrestler. He could conceivably go on to be the NWA champion. And we'll report his activities in our magazines to the best of our abilities. The fans deserve that.

But until Angelo Mosca decides to treat wrestling reporters with a modicum of respect, you won't find feature stories on him, at least not by reporters with an ounce of integrity. We're not going to grovel for any man!

I hope Angelo Mosca reads this. His skill deserves to be reported fully in this and other magazines. But until he learns how to treat the press, the press won't treat him.

If he calls me again, he can speak as long as he wants. A man Angelo's size should be big enough to apologize. □

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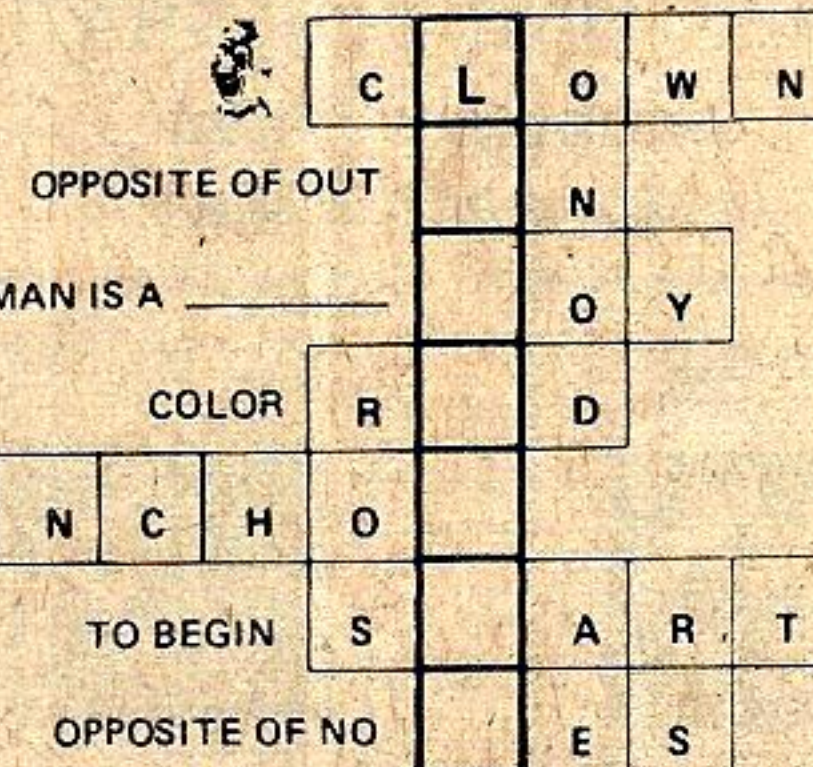
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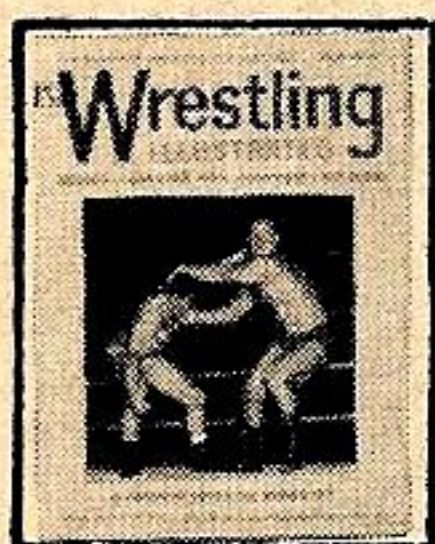
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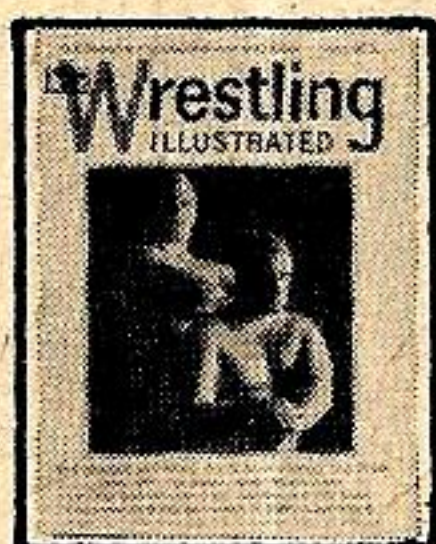
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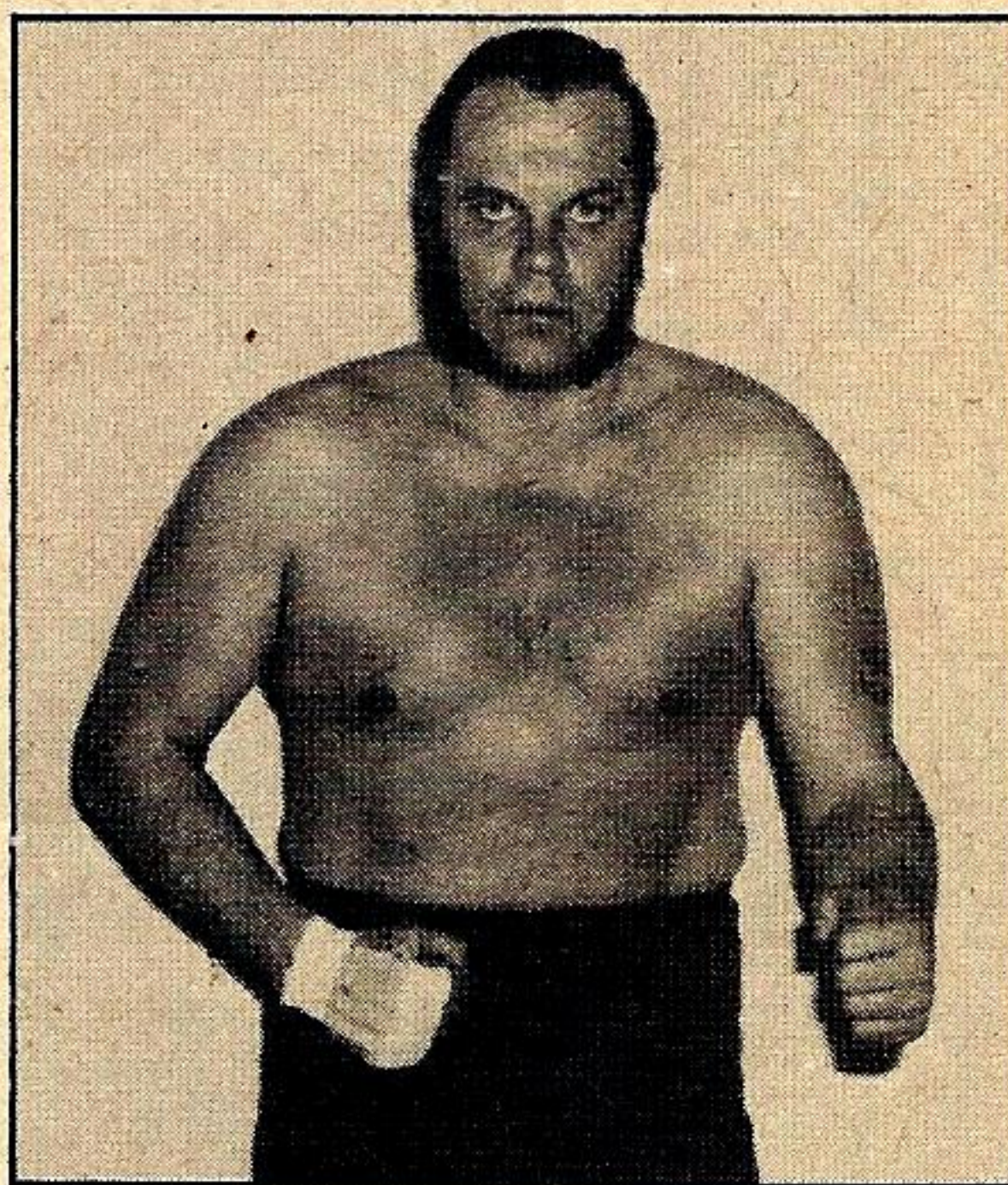
(Continued from Page 10)

the transition from a despicable cheater to become "The American Dream" makes him just that much greater.

Dusty's legion of fans (of which I am proud to be a member) is so large that if every one of his fans were worth five dollars, Dusty would undoubtedly be a multi-millionaire.

I do, however, respect the opinions of the people who believe Dusty will revert back to his old ways. I just can't help but feel they will soon be eating their own words when Dusty defeats Terry Funk and wins the world title!

MARK D. CAIN
Jacksonville, Fla.



Stan Stasiak is the victim of fan hatred mainly because he is threatening the career of the popular masked Mr. Wrestling II.

CHAMPION RIC FLAIR?

I am a big wrestling fan from the mid-Atlantic area. I see Ric Flair wrestle all the time, and I know he is far from being the next world champion of any wrestling alliance. In response to your article, "Ric Flair Is the Next Champion of the World" (THE WRESTLER/August 1976), I would like to say that is nonsense.

Ric Flair is a big mouth who spends half his time hiding behind his villainous friends, Blackjack Mulligan and Angelo Mosca. Flair has used brass knuckles several times to defend himself against opponents he cannot defeat—men like Wahoo McDaniel, Dusty Rhodes, Rufus R. Jones, and many others. Recently against McDaniel, Ric found a board with nails sticking out of it to use against Wahoo. I recall once Rufus R. Jones

met Flair and was beating him, until the Andersons had to come to Ric's assistance. Even with his foreign objects, Ric cannot defeat men like McDaniel, Paul Jones, and others.

Flair has simply received too much publicity. He isn't worthy of it. Flair is a good wrestler, but he isn't that good.

JIMMY CORBETT
Raleigh, N.C.

A DELIGHT TO HIS FANS

I just finished reading your story, "The Doctors Told Me I'd Never Wrestle Again!" (THE WRESTLER/August 1976). I think Bruno is taking the injury like the champion he is. In the story Bruno shows his loyalty towards his fans as well as his family. Bruno is a great champion and a gentleman. I just hope he can recover fully so he can once again delight his many fans all over the world.

ALAN PETTIPES
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

FANS EVERYWHERE

After reading "The Doctors Told Me I'd Never Wrestle Again!" I believe the world should realize the fact that Bruno Sammartino is the greatest wrestler ever.

I have never seen Bruno in action because I live in NWA territory, but I do not think I have ever seen such courage and determination in anyone, wrestler or otherwise, before. I personally think Bruno is wrestling's greatest contributor.

In closing, let me say this: Bruno, I just want you to know that you have adoring fans everywhere who love you and wish you all the luck in the world. I know I do.

CINDY GRIFFIN
Ocilla, Ga.

WHO'S HE FOOLING?

I have just finished reading Stan Stasiak's article, "I'm Going to Reveal the Identity of Mr. Wrestling II!" (THE WRESTLER/July 1976). Who does that clown Stasiak think he is fooling anyway? He would not even know his own name if people didn't keep telling it to him. In my opinion, Stan Stasiak is a worthless bum who doesn't have a brain in his head. I hope Mr. Wrestling II catches up to that crumb and beats him to a bloody pulp!

JOHN MORRISSEY
Staten Island, N.Y. □

YOU ASKED US

(Continued from Page 18)

- A: Yes they are, Billy. "I consider Dusty one of my closest friends," the masked man notes. Dusty adds, "Wrestling II is one of the best. He's cool, man, real cool!"
- Q: Does Dominic DeNucci think Stan Hansen's "lariat" was loaded the night he got hit with it?—Charles Boyle, Staten Island, New York
- A: "I'm sure it was loaded!" Dom explained. "There is no way he could have done what he did to me without loading that thing with a piece of steel—or something like that."
- Q: Where is Red Bastien?—Peter Cunger, Houston, Texas
- A: The "flyin' redhead" is alive and well and grappling in the mid-Atlantic region.
- Q: Was Bruno Sammartino pinned in a title match by Jim Valiant? I have been told Valiant claims this is true—Ernie de la Cruz, Agana, Guam
- A: It is not true, Ernie. But Valiant still tries to get away with saying, "I wrestled Bruno a half dozen times and pinned him in each match—two straight falls."
- Q: Could you tell me the whereabouts of Billy "Red" Lyons?—Mark DiBerardino, Amsterdam, Ohio
- A: Billy wrestles regularly in Toronto and he's one of the most popular wrestlers in that part of the country.
- Q: What ever happened to Larry Zbyszko and Bill White?—Bob Eagleson Jr., North Bergen, New Jersey
- A: Both Larry and Bill are currently in the Carolinas.
- Q: Is it true that Sir Dudley Clements was killed?—Paul Pressley, Atlanta, Georgia
- A: Yes, it's true. Clements died in an automobile accident. Brute Bernard was also in the same vehicle and was injured in the crash. He hopes to return to the mat wars soon and very well may be there by the time you read this.
- Q: Has John Tolos ever unmasked any wrestler?—Nick Benich, Garden Grove, California
- A: "I've unmasked so many wrestlers I can't remember who the hell they were," boasts Tolos. "I'm king of the unmaskers!" □

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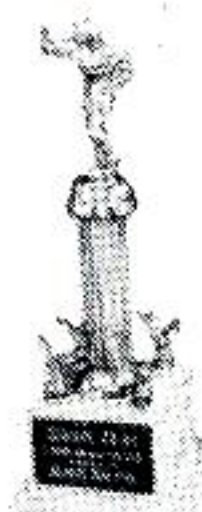
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